THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

New Authors

Again we have to begin this running comment on the new authors of the spring by sounding a note of suspicion. In response to our call to the various publishers for portraits and biographical sketches of those men and women on their lists who are represented by first books we find the usual amount of material. But again we are confronted with the strangely familiar names and the strangely familiar faces. For example, one of the first responses to be received comes from the Century Company introducing Mr. Walter Hale, author of *By Motor to the Firing Line* which, in serial form, and under another title, ran last autumn and winter in the pages of the *Century Magazine*. By the wildest stretch of the imagination we cannot consider Mr. Hale a stranger, nor is it easy to regard him in the light of a new author. For years his position among American etchers has been conspicuous and distinguished, and his name has been associated with that of his wife, Louise Closser Hale, in such books as *A Motor Car Divorce,* and *We Discovered New England*. But the text of these books was done by Mrs. Hale. Two years ago Mr. Hale brought out over his own name a book that was still born through no lack of merit of its own. That was *The Ideal Motor Tour in France*. "It took the greatest war in history to kill my book," whimsically comments Mr. Hale, for hardly had the book left the presses than the German hordes began their sweep through Belgium on their way to northern France. "I wish I could bring it up to date, and call it *Sunny Days at Hartmannsweiler-Kopf,* or give a zippy, comprehensive title, like *A Motor Flight in War Time* or, *Whirling Under the Whizzing Shells from the Trenches to the Troglodytes.*" So in view of all circumstances *By Motor Flight to the Firing Line* may be regarded as a first book. At any rate the Century Company choose so to consider it.

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"When I went to France last June with Owen Johnson," writes Mr. Hale, "I had no thought of writing a book. I had arranged to make certain drawings of the historic monuments damaged or destroyed by German shell fire in the Aisne Valley and the Artois sector for *The Century Magazine*. And I was to do a short story on the motor in warfare for *Collier's Weekly*. But France, Paris, the people, the magnitude of the thing overwhelmed me. I found myself writing more diligently than was my wont to Mrs. Hale. I was trying to picture to her the wonderful spirit and exhaltation of the people among whom we had motored for so many happy summers in more peaceful times. I was trying to tell her of this indomitable courage and of the height of self-abnegation to which the women of the

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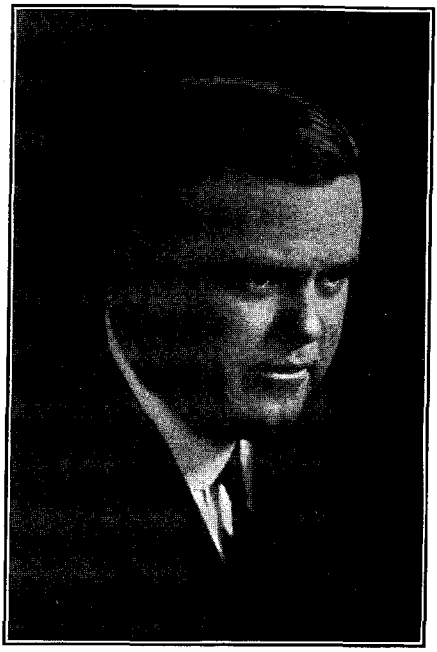
CAMERON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "MR. AND MRS. PIERCE." LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL AND YALE UNIVERSITY, AND FOR THREE YEARS THE EDITOR OF MC CLURE'S



WILLIAM HERSCHELL, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE STREETS AND BYWAYS." HIS VERSES OF THE COMMONPLACES OF LIFE, HAVE HAD A WIDE AUDIENCE IN THE MIDDLE-WEST

ELIJAH V. BROOKSHIRE, AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF HUMAN LIFE." A MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM INDIANA FOR SEVEN YEARS, HE IS NOW A WASHINGTON LAWYER

Photo by J. D. Toloff, Evanston, Ill.

HENRY B. HEMENWAY, AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN PUBLIC HEALTH PROTECTION." DR. HEMENWAY HAS BEEN A PROLIFIC WRITER ON PRACTICAL QUESTIONS OF HEALTH

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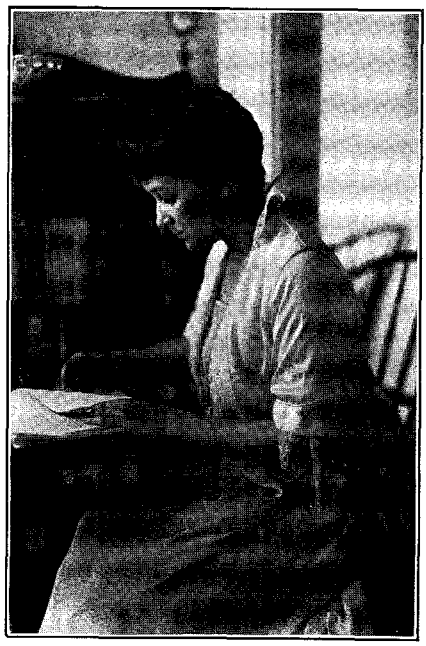
Photo by Jessie Tarbor, Beals, N. Y.

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN THRIFT." MISS RICHARDSON IS NATIONAL CHAIRMAN OF CHILD HYGIENE IN THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS



SOPHIE KERR, AUTHOR OF "LOVE AT LARGE." MISS KERR COMES FROM MARYLAND. SHE HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH PITTSBURGH "GAZETTE-TIMES" AND "THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION"

SALLY NELSON ROBINS, AUTHOR OF "A MAN'S REACH." A VIRGINIAN, MRS. ROBINS WAS AT ONE TIME GENEALOGICAL EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND "TIMES-DESPATCH"

Photo by C. L. Petroldt, N. Y.

FRANCES WILSON HUARD, AUTHOR OF "MY HOME IN THE FIELD OF HONOUR." DAUGHTER OF A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ACTOR

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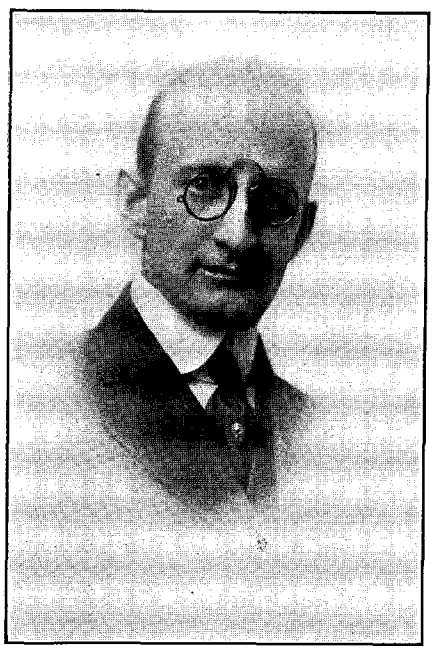
ISABEL PATERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW RIDERS." A CANADIAN, MRS. PATERSON HAS HAD A VARIED NEWSPAPER CAREER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE UNITED STATES

DOROTHY FOSTER GILMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE BLOOM OF YOUTH." A BOSTONIAN BY INHERITANCE, THE DAUGHTER OF BRADLEY GILMAN, AND A RADCLIFFE, 1912, WOMAN



CARL H. MOTE, AUTHOR OF "INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION." BORN IN 1884, IN RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA, HE WAS GRADUATED FROM DE PAUW UNIVERSITY IN 1907

JOHN H. WALSH, AUTHOR OF "CAM CLARKE." A NATIVE OF WISCONSIN, HE WAS APPOINTED TO ANNAPOLIS IN 1897. LATER HE ENTERED THE CONSTRUCTION CORPS

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Photograph by U. S. W. N. Watts.

BURTON KLINE, AUTHOR OF "STRUCK BY LIGHTNING." A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA, MR. KLINE'S BOYHOOD WAS PASSED IN VIRGINIA. HE STUDIED AT HARVARD

Photo by Harris and Ewing, Washington.

CLAUDE BOWERS, AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH ORATORS." AN INDIANA NEWSPAPER MAN WHO HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED WITH POLITICS SINCE HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

ARTHUR SWEETSER, AUTHOR OF "ROADSIDE GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WAR." A HARVARD MAN, CLASS OF 1911, HE TOURED THE WORLD AFTER HIS GRADUATION

CHARLES G. NORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR." MR. NORRIS IS A BROTHER OF THE LATE FRANK NORRIS, AND THE HUSBAND OF KATHLEEN NORRIS

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EDGAR WHITE BURRILL, AUTHOR OF "MASTER SKYLARK." AN AMHERST 1906 MAN, MR. BURRILL IS NOW WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION TEACHING OF COLUMBIA

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "HEARTS AND FACES." HE WAS BORN IN CEYLON, AND SUCCEEDED EDEN PHILLPOTTS ON THE STAFF OF LONDON "BLACK AND WHITE"

JOHN ERSKINE, AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT." MR. ERSKINE IS A COLUMBIA MAN NOW CONNECTED WITH THE UNIVERSITY FACULTY

MAXIMO M. KALAW, AUTHOR OF "THE CASE FOR THE FILIPINOS." HE IS DISTINCTLY A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION ESTABLISHED IN THE ISLANDS

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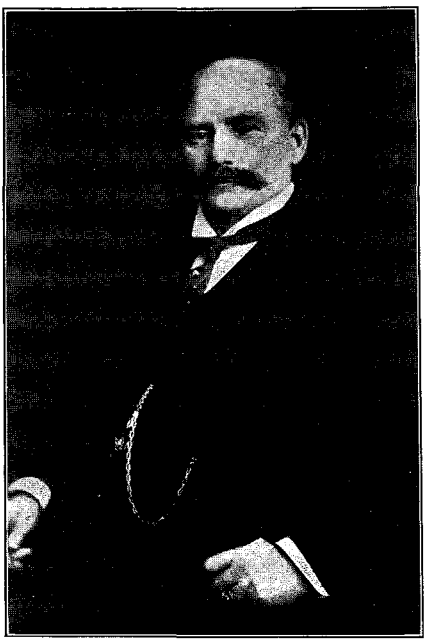

JOHN T. RICHARDS, AUTHOR OF "ABRAHAM LINCOLN: LAWYER STATESMAN." ACCORDING TO HIS PUBLISHERS, MR. RICHARD'S BOOK DESTROYS MANY OLD TRADITIONS

GARDNER S. HARDING, AUTHOR OF "PRESENT DAY CHINA." A HARVARD 1910 MAN, MR. HARDING HAD UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR SEEING THE CHINESE REBELLION

LOUIS HEFT, AUTHOR OF "HOLDERS OF RAILROAD BONDS AND NOTES." A NEW YORK UNIVERSITY MAN, WHO HAS MADE A SPECIAL STUDY OF RAILROAD SECURITIES

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington.

N. MONROE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASES OF MASON BRANT." DURING THE WAR HAS TRAVELLED EXTENSIVELY IN THE BELLIGERENT COUNTRIES

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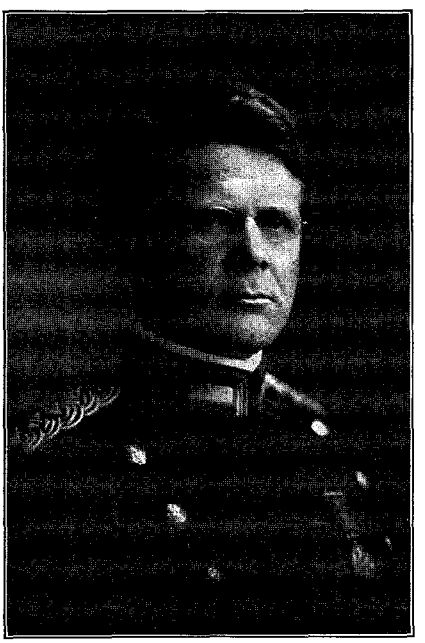
ALMA NEWTON, AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE LETTERS OF A MYSTIC." A SOUTHERN WOMAN OF DISTINGUISHED ANCESTRY, NOW MRS. ALMA NEWTON ANDERSON OF NEW YORK

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

MOLLA BJURSTED, AUTHOR OF "TENNIS FOR WOMEN." THIS NORWEGIAN GIRL'S MOST NOTABLE SUCCESSES HAVE BEEN WON SINCE COMING TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1914



JOHN MC AULEY PALMER, AUTHOR OF "AN ARMY OF THE PEOPLE." A GRANDSON OF GENERAL PALMER, MAJOR PALMER IS HIMSELF A DISTINGUISHED ARMY OFFICER

JAMES NORMAN HALL, AUTHOR OF "KITCHENER'S MOB." MR. HALL, AN IOWAN, A GRINNELL COLLEGE MAN, WAS BICYCLING IN WALES WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT

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nation had lifted themselves in the hour of its greatest crisis. I was trying to visualise for her the countryside of Northern France that we had loved,—its long avenues of trees shot down to mere jagged stumps bordering shell-swept roads, its little red-roofed villages levelled, its church towers pitted with shot holes, the towns near the lines reduced to heaps of broken walls and powdered debris, the ridges of the distant hills serrated as though by some gigantic mining operation. I tried to tell her of the fearful desecration of Rheims, and Soissons, of Arras and Ypres. Later when I came to re-read this voluminous correspondence, I found it freshened my mind on certain memories that were already hazy in the great mass of material gathered in our rushes by motor to and from the front. I thought it might be of interest because it reflected an artist's impressions of France in war-time, rather than the views of the war-correspondent or experienced novelist. If *By Motor to the Firing Line* is successful, it will be due largely to Owen Johnson's loyalty in insisting that I go wherever he go, when the time came to send us to the front. It will also be a proof that virtue is its own reward, and that a certain profit may eventually be derived if one is conscientious in one's correspondence with one's wife.

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From the John Lane Company we have received material about Burton Kline, author of *Struck by Lightning,* Isabel Paterson, author of *The Shadow Riders,* John Murray Gibbon, author of *Hearts and Faces* and Alma Newton, author of *Love Letters of a Mystic.* Burton Kline was born in Pennsylvania, in one of the beauty spots of the State, of Dutch and English stock (the Kline is said to have percolated through Lorraine), and his boyhood was passed in the heart of Virginia. Of subsequent events he writes: "After these days the record might run; briefly: a little learning, a deal of hard work, a little play, a little alcohol, ditto nicotine, holy matrimony, one child and one book. I never had time to take a degree anywhere, from kindergarten to Harvard. A lucky opening on the Boston *Transcript* pulled me away from sophomoric possibilities at Harvard and made me a patriarch at a stroke. I strayed far enough to have seen the Thames, the Seine, and the Rhine, but never the Mississippi—the mark of a good American." Alma Newton is the daughter of Colonel Algernon Emmett Newton of Louisiana, the great grand granddaughter of David Hunt of Mississippi, a descendant of George Hunt Pendleton, at one time United States Minister to Berlin; and is now Mrs. Alma Newton Anderson of New York. Within a month following the publication of *Love Letters of a Mystic,* Mrs. Anderson received a commission to write a play in collaboration with a well-known editor and dramatic critic, and was deluged with offers to be featured as a moving picture star.

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John Murray Gibbon, the author of *Hearts and Faces,* is the second son of Sir William Gibbon of Bournemouth, England, and was born in the island of Ceylon in 1875. He was educated at school and college in Aberdeen, Scotland, spending his vacations at Gottingden and other universities in Germany, and passing on with a scholarship to Christ Church, Oxford. It had been his intention to complete for the Indian Civil Service, but after his graduation from Oxford a position was offered to him on the staff of *Black and White.* On that illustrated weekly Gibbon succeeded the Dartmoor novelist, Eden Phillpotts, who had decided to devote his whole time to original work. In order to qualify himself better for the position Mr. Gibbons spent his evenings in learning to draw, until he became proficient enough to be elected to the Langham, an association confined strictly to artists. Eventually he became editor of *Black and White,* but an illness forced him to retire. He spent some time in

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Algiers, and then studied in Colarossis's atélier in Paris before returning to London, where he was connected with various papers, especially the *Illustrated London News*. For some years Mr. Gibbon had entertained the desire to emigrate to America. Finally the opportunity presented itself of entering the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in which he now holds a responsible position. Although *Hearts and Faces* is his first novel, Mr. Gibbon edited a volume of fairy tales entitled *Old King Cole,* in which several of the stories were from his own pen, and also wrote *Scots in Canada,* a history of the Scottish settlements in the Dominion. Mr. Gibbon is a member of the Circumnavigators Club of New York, the qualification for which is to have travelled round the world.

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Isabel Paterson, the author of *The Shadow Riders,* is a Canadian by birth and parentage, of English and Irish extraction. She was born on the Manitoulin Island. Her father, Francis Bowler, settled, after some years of pioneering in the western States, in Alberta, and there divided his time between ranching and raising a family of nine children. After a short business career in Calgary, Mrs. Paterson turned, by chance, to a newspaper career. She was an editorial writer for the *Inland Herald,* Spokane, and the Vancouver *World,* and dramatic critic for the Vancouver *Province*. Three years ago she went to New York, and worked on the New York *World* and the New York *American*.

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Dorothy Foster Gilman, the author of *The Bloom of Youth* (Small, Maynard and Company), is by inheritance a Bostonian. Her father, Bradley Gilman, is a well-known clergyman and author who was graduated from Harvard in 1880. Miss Gilman prepared for Radcliffe College at the Gilman School in Cambridge, and at Miss Winsor's in Boston. She was graduated from Radcliffe in 1912. At Radcliffe Miss Gilman was a member of the English Club, and in her senior year the head of the *Radcliffe Magazine*.

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From the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia come *The Strange Cases of Mason Brant* by Nevil Monroe Hopkins, and *A Man's Reach* by Sallie Nelson Robins. Dr. Hopkins is described as engineer and educator, traveller and diplomat. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1872. He studied at George Washington University and as a graduate student at Harvard. During the Spanish-American War he served in a special torpedo corps for mining the harbours of the United States. An appointment as Electrical Engineer of the Navy Department was conferred upon Dr. Hopkins under the Roosevelt Administration. This appointment included the design and construction of all the great power plants authorised by Congress in the Navy Yards throughout the United States. Among his other scientific activities he was one of the founders of the Institute of Industrial Research and in charge of the Division of Electrical Engineering in that Institute. Before the outbreak of the European War he served as attaché at the American Embassy in Paris. When the German Army marched upon Paris he offered his services in the French Red Cross. During the war he has travelled extensively in the belligerent countries, including Germany, upon business connected with the welfare of Americans and other non-combatants. He has followed up these activities by lecturing in the United States for the benefit of French orphans and the Belgian and Serbian relief.

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The contribution of the South, particularly the work of the Southern woman, is more and more in evidence as the years go on in the literary activities of our nation. Sallie Nelson Robins, the author of *A Man's Reach,* is a Virginian, whose birthplace, "Timberneck," is said to be within a stone's throw of the scene of John Smith's rescue by Poco-

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hontas. She claims descent from the Carters, Burwells, Randolphs, Armisteads, Pages, Digges, Robinsons, Wormeleys, Nelsons, and Catletts. She bore the name of a famous Virginia beauty, her ancestress, Sallie Berkeley. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Robins found herself with five children to educate, and became an officer of the Virginian Historical Society. In that capacity she acquired a great store of geneological lore and a wide acquaintance with the history of the State. She has been Geneological Editor of the Richmond *Times Despatch,* Historian of the Colonial Dames of Virginia, and a member and officer of various progressive and charitable women's clubs. Her home in Albemarle County is adjacent to Castle Hill, the home of Amelie Rives, Princess Troubetzskoy.

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From the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis come Anna Steese Richardson's *Adventures in Thrift,* and Henry B. Hemenway's *American Public Health Perfection.* Miss Richardson is National Chairman of Child Hygiene in the National Congress of Mothers. She is a staff editor of *McClure's Magazine* and the *Ladies' World,* and a regular contributor to the *Woman's Home Companion* and *Pictorial Review.* She organised the Better Babies Movement which led, in forty States, to the physical and mental examination of children under five years. Dr. Hemenway is a native of Montpelier, Vermont. He took his degrees of A.B. and M.D. at Northwestern University. He has been a prolific writer on questions of health, and has had a wide range of practical experience, beginning with a term as Health Officer of Kalamazoo, Michigan. In 1910-11 he was Vice-President of the American Academy of Medicine. Also from the Bobbs-Merrill Company is *Industrial Arbitration* by Carl H. Mote. Born in 1884, in Randolph County, Indiana, Mr. Mote was graduated from De Pauw University in 1907. Until 1909 he was a teacher. Then for four years he was engaged in newspaper work. During this period, he also studied law, but has never practiced.

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Two more first books from the Bobbs-Merrill Company are *Songs of the Streets and Byways* by William Herschell, and *The Irish Orators* by Claude G. Bowers. Mr. Herschell is an Indianapolis newspaper man, a hyphenate to the extent of being a Scotch-Hoosier, and was born in Spencer, Indiana, in 1873. His father was a railroad blacksmith and the family flittered about various railroad centres in Indiana for several years. At fifteen William, the oldest of six children, was exiled from the public school of Huntingburg for having played truant to carry a Republican banner in a Democratic town. It was a transparency reading: "A Vote For Cleveland Means Souphouses." The next morning the school principal announced that: "Inasmuch as William Herschell had gone into politics he could not possibly wish further education." So the boy was apprenticed in a railroad shop where he remained until 1894, when, with the beginning of the American Railway Union strike, he joined the forces of Eugene V. Debs and became a secretary in the organisation. At the conclusion of the strike he found the railway shops closed to him. He worked his way from Chicago to Buffalo on a Grand Trunk stock train, and then went to Canada, where he found employment for a time. Returning to the United States he worked in an electric light plant at North Tonawanda, New York and in a Buffalo contract shop. Then he wandered back to Indiana and entered journalism.

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For three years William Herschell earned a meagre living as a general factotum on the Princeton *Evening News.* The day came when the proprietor of the paper was reduced to borrowing enough wrapping paper from a butcher to get out the issue, which was labelled "A Souvenir Edition Dedicated to Our Creditors." Naturally the *Evening*

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News was soon absorbed by another paper, and Herschell went to the Evansville *Journal,* then to the Indianapolis *Press,* the Terre Haute *Tribune,* the Indianapolis *Journal,* and, finally, fourteen years ago, to the Indianapolis *News,* where he has remained ever since. Five years ago he hit upon the idea of writing simple rhymes about the urchins in the street, firemen, policemen, draymen, lame dogs, and other familiar things in city life. The caption of his verses was "Songs of the City Streets," and he soon added country life to his world and wrote "Ballads of the Byways." These verses, which have been read wherever the Indianapolis *News* has been read, are the substance of *Songs of the Streets and Byways.* Like Mr. Herschell, Claude G. Bowers had been a newspaper man. He began his career as editorial writer on the Terre Haute *Star* and the Indianapolis *Sentinal.* He has always been actively identified in politics and has taken the stump in every campaign since his twenty-first year. He was nominated for Congress before he was old enough to qualify, served as delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1908, and for five years was a member of the Board of Public Works of Terre Haute. He resigned that position to become private secretary to Senator Kern.

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A first novel published by the E. P. Dutton Company is *The Honey Pot,* by Countess Barcynska. About two years ago a short story appeared in one of the London magazines entitled "Death in the Pot." As the title suggests it was after the manner of Edgar Allan Poe. The tale attracted some attention, and a number of persons wrote to find out more about the Countess Barcynska. The editor of the magazine did not know, nor did any one else in London except her business representative, who would not tell. The first story was followed by another of an entirely different character, the scenes being laid in New York. Then came a third dealing with Paris studio life. A series of letters entitled "The Little Mother Who Sits at Home," was issued both in this country and in England, but *The Honey Pot* is the author's first novel. The book provoked the guess that the Countess Barcynska had once been on the stage, and had married a title. The guess has amused the Countess and has tempted her to lift the veil a little. "Geographically, but not physically," she writes, "I am a 'Little Russian' from the government at Poltava. It will probably be exciting to learn that Poltava is noted for its grindstones. As a descendant of Pushkin, I have a natural love for all the arts. Every Little Russian has. I always wrote, even as a child, in English, having been taught it from the time I could speak. I came to England about six years ago, and like Joseph Conrad, adopted the language for literary purposes." The Countess disclaims any personal experiences on the stage. She lives in England, and somewhere in the country, but even her publishers do not know her exact address.

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A first novel published by G. P. Putnam's Sons is *Unhappy in Thy Daring,* by Marius Lyle. This book received the prize of twelve hundred and fifty dollars in a recent fiction competition in England. Mr. Lyle was born in a lonely hamlet on the border of Wales. When he was sixteen his father tried to induce him to enter one of the factories at Whitchurch, but such an existence seemed intolerable, so he left home, and for the next few years lived as a wanderer. One day he chanced upon a copy of Borrow's *Lavengro.* The discovery was the turning point of his career; for it was *Lavengro* that first incited him to write. He had lived the life of a vagabond, and he tried to describe his experiences. Seated on the sheltered side of a hay rick one blustery March day he began his autobiography. "I had an idea," he writes, "that this manuscript had only to be offered to the public for it to seize upon so priceless a treasure; but the sight of a badly dressed youth standing at a street corner and offering

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a bundle of straggly lettered sheets for sale drew no sympathy from the conservative British public; and I was speedily deprived of my documents, for a group of boys attacked me, snatched away the papers and tore them into a thousand pieces. At the time the loss was terrible, but I have since reflected that they deserved no better fate."

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"I pass over the miserable period which succeeded the destruction of my first literary efforts," continues Mr. Lyle, "if I were not actually starving in body, the monotony of my employment was gradually submerging my mind. I was hired by a bookseller, a printer, a typewriter. It was when employed by the latter that I came across a number of the *Times* Literary Supplement with a notice of the Melrose Prize Novel Competition. The idea of competing seized me; and I was also determined to succeed. The plot was already sketched out in my mind, founded on facts related by a friend; I had only to enlarge and modify; and I had four months for the writing and the typing of it. I made up my mind that at all hazards I must win it. In this I was helped by a book that had lately come into my possession, one that described the methods and value of concentration; and no sooner was my book despatched than I began to devote a portion of each day to visualising mentally my reception of the letter which should announce my success; and I kept on repeating to myself: 'If another man succeed by one effort, you will succeed by a hundred efforts. If another man succeed by ten efforts, you will succeed by a thousand efforts.' And the statement that one's request would be granted according to the frequency and intensity of the demands was continually in my mind. Mentally I saw the letter travelling toward me, being brought in by the postman and being delivered to me. I saw myself tearing open the envelope and reading the contents. . . And when the letter did arrive, it was worded almost identically with the one I had seen in my mind for so many months."

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Also from G. P. Putnam's Sons comes *Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory,* by George W. Nasmyth. Mr. Nasmyth was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1882 and was graduated from Cornell. He was an instructor at Ithaca from 1906 to 1910, and then studied three years at the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Zurich. As leader of the peace movement among students he has visited the universities of twenty-two different countries. When he was still an undergraduate at Cornell he and Louis P. Lochner of the University of Wisconsin were the prime movers in organising the Cosmopolitan Clubs, which have already exerted a wide influence throughout American colleges. Dr. Nasmyth has been the President of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, of the International Federation of Students, of the International Congress of Students, and of the Harvard International Polity Club, a director of the International Bureau of Students, and of the World Peace Foundation. Although *Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory* is his first book, he is the author of numerous pamphlets and articles on international and social problems. Another Putnam first book is Elijah Voorhees Brookshire's *The Law of Human Life.* Mr. Brookshire was born in 1856, and was brought up in Western Indiana. He educated himself for the law, and was admitted to the Bar at Crawfordsville in 1883. Crawfordsville, the seat of Wabash College, is known as the Hoosier Athens. It has been the home of several literary celebrities, among them General Lew Wallace and Maurice Thompson. Mr. Brookshire was elected to Congress in 1888, and served there until 1895. Since 1897 he has maintained a law office in Washington.

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The Century Company publish Edgar White Burrill's dramatisation of *Master Skylark.* Mr. Burrill was born in

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Boston in 1883. While a student at the Worcester Classical High School he appeared as Macbeth in Shakespeare's tragedy. At Amherst, where Mr. Burrill was graduated in 1906, his interest in the drama was further stimulated, and at Lake Forest College and Northwestern University he lectured on Shakespeare in the modern drama, in addition to his regular work as instructor. At the same time he appeared on many Chautauqua platforms and before some of the most distinctive clubs in America. He has visited most of the countries whose literature he has discussed, spending a summer at Oxford, and also making investigations into Russian prison and economic conditions. At the present time he is a member of the English class in the Department of Extension Teaching of Columbia University. The dramatisation of *Master Skylark* from the story by John Bennett, was first made seven years ago. Mr. Burrill had for a long time recognised the value of Mr. Bennett's tale for imparting to students the actual atmosphere of the Elizabethan times. The revised version was completed only last summer in North Brookfield, Massachusetts.

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The Century Company also publish Gardner S. Harding's *Present Day China*. Mr. Harding was born in 1887 of mixed Cape Cod and Vermont ancestry. His people were sea captains in the clipper days. At the age of seventeen he went to Europe on a cattle ship, starting with a capital of fifty dollars. On his return he reached Boston possessing six cents, one cent for the ferry ride across the harbour, and five more to save him from walking home. Then he went to Harvard, and took an active part in the exciting college revolution when the Class of 1910 split uncompromisingly into "Gold Coasters" and "Yard Democrats." Mr. Harding belonged to the *sans-culotte* faction. Five days after graduation he left for England to be American editor of the Wiener International News Agency, and stayed there for three and a half years. For his Syndicate he interviewed Chesterton, Shaw, W. T. Stead, and Hilaire Belloc, went through the mills and mines of the north, through the East End and the co-operative movement and the campaign for Home Rule. As a correspondent for the London *Daily Herald* he visited France, Belgium and Germany. It was in May, 1913, that Mr. Harding went to China. One of his letters of introduction was to Putnam Weale, the author of that very unusual book, *Indiscreet Letters from Pekin*. Through Weale and through Chinese friends he met most of the men then at the top of the revolutionary surge. He was with Sun Yat Sen the night the revolution broke out. Mr. Harding returned to this country in the early months of 1914 and has since been lecturing and contributing to magazines.

• • •

Harper and Brothers publish Sophie Kerr's *Love at Large*. Miss Kerr comes from the eastern shore of Maryland. After her college course and a year of post graduate work she became associated with the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*. Later she joined the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*. A first novel from which the publishers, the Macmillan Company, apparently expect much is Nathan Kussy's *The Abyss*. The author was born in Newark, New Jersey in 1872. He has been writing all his life, but until *The Abyss* he has had nothing accepted save a few newspaper sketches which have netted him about forty dollars. But repeated failure only spurred him to fresh efforts. As early as 1892 he recorded in his diary his determination to succeed and his belief that "what Dickens is to England I will be to America." On *The Abyss* Mr. Kussy has been writing for more than five years. The novel tells of the life of a little Jewish lad, an orphan, in the underworld, of his association with beggars, criminals, and the outcasts of society, and of his never ceasing struggle to rise out of the muck. For his material the author has drawn freely on his scrap-book collection. For example, one

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of the incidents of the story tells of a child who was disguised as a monkey and forced to go around in the streets performing tricks and amusing the children for stray pennies. This incident, improbable as it may seem, is based on an actual occurrence described in a clipping from the New York *World* of December twenty-seventh, 1896.

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Four books by new authors from the Houghton Mifflin Company are *The Story of an American Singer,* by Geraldine Farrar; *Kitchener's Mob,* by James Norman Hall; *Abraham Lincoln, Lawyer Statesman,* by John T. Richards, and *A Honeymoon Experiment,* by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Chase. Although information about Miss Farrar seems somewhat superfluous, it may be recalled that she is a native of Massachusetts, that she first sang in public at the age of three, that she was educated musically in Paris and Berlin, and made her début at the Royal Opera House, Berlin as Marguerite in *Faust* in 1901. Mr. Hall is a young Iowan, a graduate of Grinnell College, who was bicycling in Wales when the war broke out. He went to London, joined the mob parading tumultuously through Trafalgar Square, and the next morning he enlisted. John T. Richards is a Chicago lawyer who, to quote his publishers, "has found something new to tell about Lincoln, and who incidentally destroys many old traditions." Mr. Chase is a Harvard man now engaged in business in Boston. Mrs. Chase was born in West Newton, Massachusetts, and is a graduate of Smith College. Both husband and wife are members of the Fabian Club of Boston.

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Maximo M. Kalaw, author of the case for the Filipinos (The Century Company) was born at Lipa, Batangas Province, Philippine Islands, in 1891. He attended the public schools of Lipa and Manila, and later the University of the Philippines. He is distinctly a product of the American system of education established in the Islands. He was graduated in law in 1914 at the Georgetown University Law School. In the second year in the Philippine University he was elected editor-in-chief of the university paper, the *College Folio.* His work attracted the attention of the Honourable Manuel L. Cuezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, who in 1911, employed him to come to Washington as his secretary, and as manager of the magazine *The Filipino People,* devoted to the cause of Philippine independence. For five years therefore, Mr. Kalaw has been connected with the Philippine Independence Campaign in America. Two first books from the press of E. P. Dutton and Company are Henry Hazlett's *Thinking as a Science* and Louis Heft's *Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes.* Mr. Hazlett is an editorial writer on one of the New York dailies. Mr. Heft is a graduate of New York University, who, since his admission to the Bar has been concerned principally with securities and and with estates involving securities. Louis U. Wilkinson, the author of *The Buffoon* (Alfred A. Knopf) is a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge University, and serves on the staff of Oxford University Extension Delegacy. As a lecturer and scholar he is known in this country, in England, and in Germany.

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If environment counts for anything it has been only a matter of time with Mr. Charles G. Norris. As the brother of the late Frank Norris and the husband of Kathleen Norris, his first novel was bound to come sooner or later. Its title happens to be *The Amateur,* and it is published by the George H. Doran Company. Although born in Chicago most of Mr. Norris's early impressions were of California and of Paris. His first desire to write came when he returned from Paris. He was then ten years old. By the time he was eleven he had written a long story entitled *In the Reign of the Grand Monarch* which dealt with the career of Louis XIV, and was about two hundred thousand

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words in length. During his undergraduate days at the University of California he did little writing. He now assigns as a reason that Richard Walton Tully and Eleanor Gates threw him into temporary eclipse with their work. After leaving the University he was associated with *Country Life in America,* then with the *Sunset Magazine* of San Francisco, and later with the *American Magazine.* During the five years that he was with the last named publication he was constantly thinking of the novel he would like to write when he had the time. A year ago last August, his wife, Kathleen Norris, was taken ill and was ordered by her physician to go away for her health. The Norrises journeyed to California, and Charles G. Norris, for the first time in his life, was able to take up the work that he had so long planned. *The Amateur* is described as a novel of the art life of New York City, and to a certain extent a record of the author's own experiences among artists.

• • •

Frances Wilson Huard, the author of *My Home in the Field of Honour* (George H. Doran Company), is a daughter of Francis Wilson, the American actor, and was born in New York City. At the age of thirteen she went abroad to study music, never returning to this country except to visit. She was married in 1905 to Charles Huard, the well-known French painter and illustrator. Madame Huard first began writing in order to collaborate with her husband. At the outbreak of the war Charles Huard served as a private in the army, but in January, 1915, he was taken out of the trenches and made official painter attached to the Sixth Army of France. The country home of the Huards, at Villiers, sixty miles northwest of Paris, was occupied by troops of General von Kluck during his historic drive at the French capitol. *My Home in the Field of Honour* is an account of Madame Huard's experiences from the time she had to make a hurried flight from the chateau until she returned to it after the Germans were driven back for the purpose of establishing a hospital. Her Paris home is now occupied by Gabriel d'Annunzio. Early in August, 1914, she rented the place to him for the duration of the war, expecting to return to it herself within three months. Madame Huard is now in this country collecting money for French hospitals. Readers of this magazine may recall a very illuminating article by Madame Huard on "Balzac the Business Man" which appeared in the issue for January, 1914.

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From Dodd, Mead and Company come two first novels, Cameron Mackenzie's *Mr. and Mrs. Pierce* and Allen R. Dodd's *Captain Gardiner of the International Police.* Mr. Mackenzie went to Yale from Lawrenceville, and at the New Jersey school had as schoolmates Owen Johnson, George Agnew Chamberlain, and Stephen French Whitman. They were all editors in succession of the Lawrenceville *Literary Magazine.* Then came the parting of the ways, Owen Johnson and Cameron Mackenzie going to Yale, and Stephen French Whitman and George Agnew Chamberlain to Princeton. For three years Mr. Mackenzie was the editor of *McClure's Magazine,* succeeding S. S. McClure upon the latter's retirement. Mr. Dodd, whose book, by the way, is issued under the pseudonym "Robert Allen," is a graduate of the Montclair Academy and of Yale in the Class of 1909. During his undergraduate days he was an editor of the *Yale Courant,* and contributed many articles to the various college papers. He is now an instructor in English at the University of Pittsburgh.

• • •

A first novel that comes from the press of the Macmillan Company is John H. Walsh's *Cam Clarke.* Mr. Walsh was born in Marquette County, Wisconsin, in 1879. He lived most of his childhood in the State of Washington, but resided for short periods in Kansas and Nebraska. In 1897 he was appointed to the United States Naval

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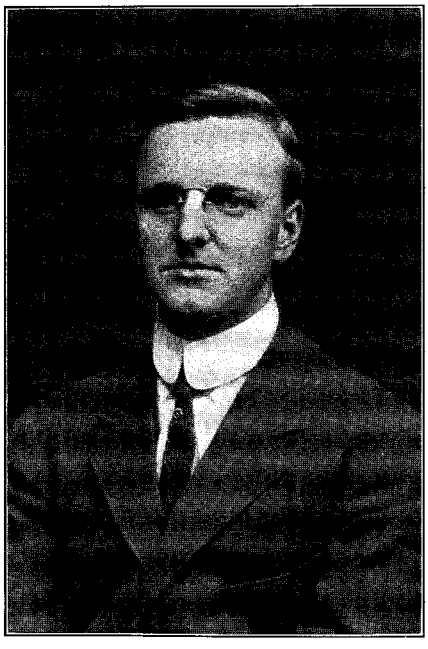
STUART CHASE ("A HONEYMOON EXPERIMENT"). MR. CHASE IS A HARVARD MAN, NOW ENGAGED IN BUSINESS IN BOSTON, AND BELONGS TO THE FABIAN CLUB

MRS. STUART CHASE ("A HONEYMOON EXPERIMENT"). MRS. CHASE IS A GRADUATE OF SMITH COLLEGE, LIKE HER HUSBAND, SHE BELONGS TO THE FABIAN CLUB



ALLEN R. DODD, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN GARDINER OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE." A YALE 1909 MAN, MR. DODD WRITES UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF "ROBERT ALLEN"

HENRY HAZLITT, AUTHOR OF "THINKING AS A SCIENCE." MR. HAZLITT IS AN EDITORIAL WRITER ON ONE OF THE NEW YORK CITY DAILY PAPERS

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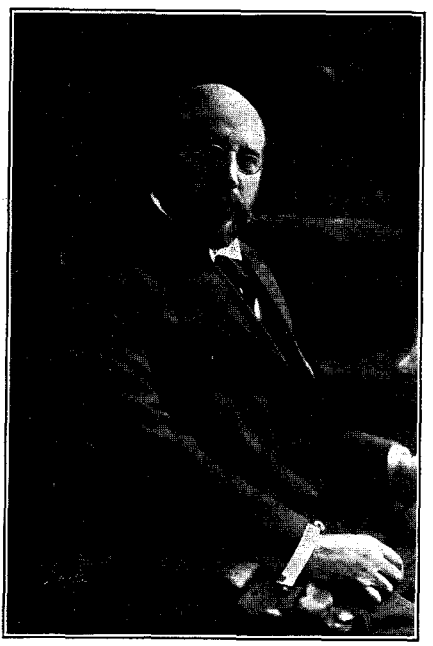
FRED BALLARD, AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICA"

MARY ALDIS, AUTHOR OF "PLAYS FOR SMALL STAGES"



E. H. LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "THOSE ABOUT TRENCH"

KATHARINE TAYLOR CRAIG, AUTHOR OF "STARS OF DESTINY"

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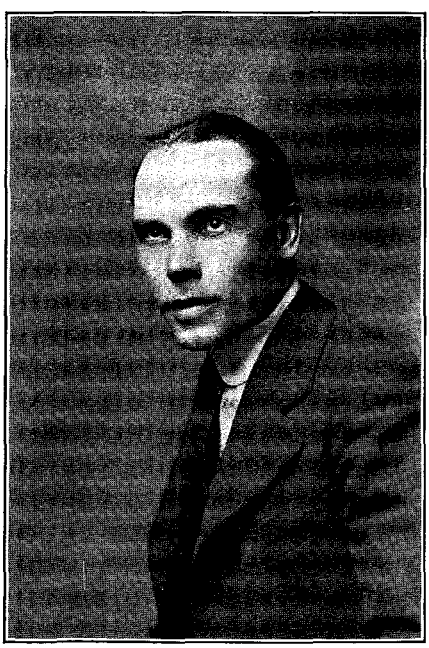
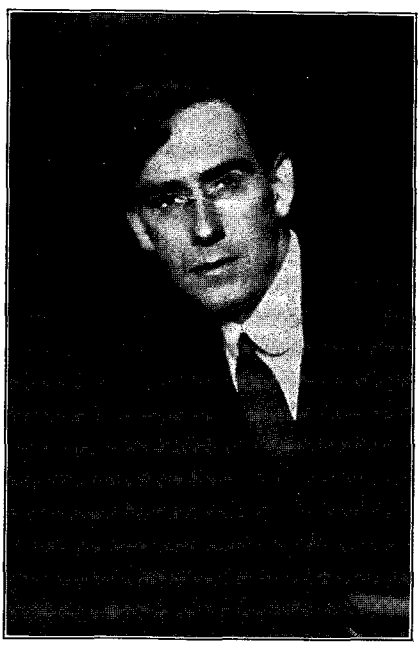
NATHAN KUSSY, AUTHOR OF "THE ABYSS"

Portrait by Victor Georg.

GERALDINE FARRAR, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA"



SAMUEL MC COY, AUTHOR OF "TIPPECANOE"



LOUIS U. WILKINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE BUFFOON"

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Academy at Annapolis by the present Senator, James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, then a Congressman from the State of Washington. From Annapolis Mr. Walsh was graduated in 1901 and went to sea as a midshipman. For three years he cruised on men-of-war in various parts of the Pacific Ocean. Later he entered the Construction Corps of the

WRAPPER OF THE BRITISH EDITION OF O. HENRY'S "THE TRIMMED LAMP"

navy, receiving special training for the work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which institution he has the M.S. degree. Of recent years he has been engaged in the repairing, designing, and building of American men-of-war, with duties on the east and west coasts and in the Philippines. Also from the Macmillan Company come two war books that are first books, Edward D. Toland's *The Aftermath of Battle* and Arthur Sweetser's *Roadside Glimpses of the Great War*. Of Mr. Toland and his book we wrote last month, telling something of the interesting career of the author since his graduation from Princeton in 1908. Mr. Sweetser is a Harvard man of the Class of 1911. After his graduation, he made a trip around the world, visiting India, Burma, Java, the Philippines, China, and Japan. Returning home in the summer of 1912 he entered newspaper work, first with the Springfield *Republican,* and then with the United Press Association. He has contributed to various publications, among them the New York *Evening Post,* the Boston *Transcript, The Independent, The Outlook,* and *The World's Work.*

• • •

There is a fine, springtime, open air flavour to the portrait that we present of Miss Molla Bjurstedt, who has written a book on *Tennis for Women* which is published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Miss Bjurstedt tells how she took up the game first thirteen years ago, when there was very little tennis in Norway, and very few good players. In 1904, with the present Crown Prince of Sweden, Gustav Adolf, as a partner, she entered the mixed doubles in the World's Indoor Championship at Stockholm. The pair were quickly beaten and Miss Bjurstedt was also beaten in the first round of the singles. But her game was steadily improving, and in the same year she won the Woman's Outdoor Tennis Championship of Norway. She has since won it every time she has entered—eight times. Having finished school at home, she went to a boarding-school in Wiesbaden, principally to learn German, and then to Paris for a year to perfect her French. In 1908 she was in London, and played rather unsuccessfully in one or two tournaments. At the Olympic Games of 1912 she took third prize, losing in the third round to Mlle. Broquedis, the French champion, and the eventual winner of the tournament. She came first to America in 1914, and her almost uninterrupted success on the courts since has made her one of the most conspicuous figures of the tennis world.

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John McAuley Palmer, the author of *An Army of the People* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), was born in Carlinville, Illinois, in 1870. He is a grandson of the late General John N. Palmer, who served in the Civil War, and who was later Governor of Illinois, United States Senator, and Candidate for the Presidency on the Gold Democratic ticket in 1896. John McAuley Palmer was graduated from West Point in 1892, and was then assigned to the Fifteenth United States Infantry; serving in that regiment as Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain. He was made a Major of Infantry in 1914 and assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry. While with the Fifteenth he served in Cuba in 1899. The following year he was ordered with the first battalion of his regiment to China to help deal with the Boxer uprising. In 1901, as a captain, he was in command of Fort Porter, Buffalo, New York, and from there was transferred for duty at West Point. For five years he was an instructor at the Academy. Rejoining his regiment in the Philippines in 1906, he acted as governor of the District of Lanao in the Moro Province until August, 1907. After a few months travel in Japan he returned to the United States with his regiment and was stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah. In 1908 he entered the Army Service School at Fort Leavenworth, graduating from the Army School of the Line in 1909, and from the Army Staff College in 1910. He was detailed to the General Staff Corps of the army in May, 1911, being stationed at Washington.

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While on the General Staff Captain Palmer was a member of the committee which prepared *A Report on the Organisation of the Land Forces of the United States,* a statement of national military policy that was published officially by the Secretary of War in 1912. In the autumn of that year he was ordered to Europe as an observer of the annual manœuvres of the German and French armies. After a brief relief from duty he rejoined his regiment at Tientsin, China, in March, 1913. In China he remained until August, 1914, when he received his promotion to a majorship and was transferred to the Twenty-fourth Infantry stationed at Manila. While in the Philippines he served on various boards of officers in connection

THE COVER OF THE SWEDISH EDITION OF "FRECKLES"

with the defences of the island. In October, 1915, he returned to the United States, and early in the present year he was redetailed to the General Staff Board at the Army War College in Washington. *An Army of the People* was written with a view of presenting the salient features of the problem of national preparedness in simple and popular form. In writing the book Major Palmer adopted the fiction that Congress had already established an

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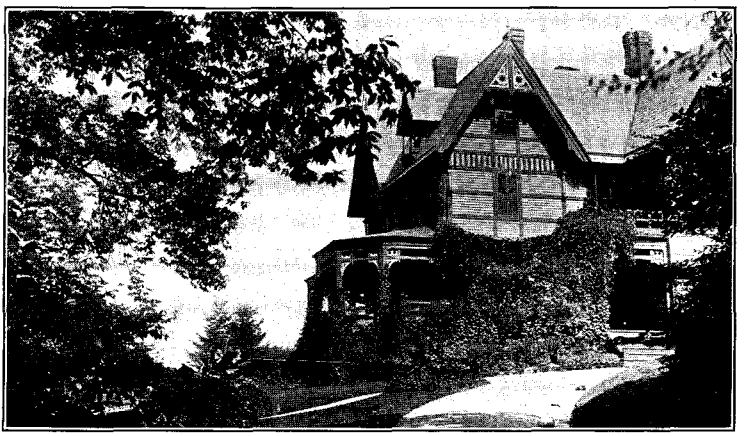

THE DOBBS FERRY HOME OF CHARLES L. BRACE, WHICH WAS DESCRIBED AS THE HOME OF ROYAL MACKLIN IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "CAPTAIN MACKLIN"

American National Army and that he was simply writing a popular history of an existing institution. He described his conception of the American National Army of the future as he might have described the army of Switzerland or any other actual existing force.

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The Home of Macklin

"On no other book have I ever worked so hard," Richard Harding Davis once said of *Captain Macklin*. The fact that only a few of the readers of the story seemed to understand what he was trying to do was a bitter disappointment. For two or three years after *Captain Macklin* Mr. Davis abstained from writing fiction, turning most of his attention to the construction of farces. For *Captain Macklin* was not merely a tale of swashbuckling adventure, but a very subtle and well wrought character study. A romance of revolution in Honduras, the discriminating reader took away with him the vivid memory of a house in Dobbs Ferry, overlooking the Hudson. It was there that most of Royal Macklin's boyhood was passed; it was there that he came to know his cousin, Beatrice; and it was there that he received the message from General Laguerre calling him to new military service under the Tricolour in the Far East. The house had a definite original in Dobbs Ferry. It was the home of Mr. Charles L. Brace, of New York, the founder of the Children's Aid Society. Mr. Davis visited there in his boyhood.

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"Zelig" and Some Others

Two or three months ago we commented on Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's summing up in the Boston *Transcript* of the Short Stories of 1915. In the course of the year Mr. O'Brien read approximately twenty-two hundred short stories appearing in forty-six periodicals. From the twenty-two hundred he picked an honour list of ninety-one stories. To this list Katherine Fullerton Gerould contributed six stories, Wilbur Daniel Steele four stories, Lord Dusany, Ben Hecht, and Fannie Hurst three stories each, and Lincoln Colcord, Rupert Hughes, Walter J. Mullenberg, Shumas O'Brien, and Robert W. Snedden two each. But the very best short story of 1915, according to Mr. O'Brien, was "Zelig" by Benjamin Rosenblatt, which appeared, after many rejections, in the *Bellman* of Minneapolis. Straightway a number of enterprising publishers and publishers representatives had visions of

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EMMA WOLF, AUTHOR OF "FULFILLMENT"

future masterpieces, that, incidentally, would be "best sellers," and wrote suave letters to Mr. Rosenblatt expressing their interest in his present work and in his literary plans for the future. We wonder how many of them thought it worth while to sit down and read "Zelig" for themselves.

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Now for Mr. O'Brien's patience and industry we have a profound admiration. For his judgment we cannot muster up honestly even a half-hearted respect. "Zelig" is not the best short story of 1915, nor the second best, nor the twentieth best. A good story, yes, but a tale remote, depending psychologically on the understanding of an utterly alien mind. It was, we think, because Mr. O'Brien did not understand that psychology, had no means of judging it false or true, that he was so impressed. Psychology, what humbugs are practised in thy name! You are a novelist. The heroine of your story is a young woman subjected to the shock of a sudden grief. What follows? The daze of a moment, and then an outburst of passionate grief. That is logical, that is normal, but it is not an effect. But suppose, with your tongue in your cheek, you describe her in the stress of emotion, and substitute for the natural outlet some perfectly preposterous obsession. "A very curious thing happened. Belinda received the blow blindly. About her lips was a quiver of half laughter. Strangely automatic are the workings of the human mind. That day at Bar Harbour. It all came back so vividly. She was conscious of nothing but a ravenous appetite for gooseberry tarts. The treachery of Sheldon's desertion, the terrible consequences it threatened, for the moment meant nothing. She thought only of gooseberry tarts." The obsession may be Catherine wheels, or a colour, or the sound of church bells, or the echo of some long forgotten song. Just the substitution of something unexpected and *outré*. In the minds of a great many readers the "gooseberry tart" will stamp you as a master psychologist.

J. HARTLEY MANNERS, AUTHOR OF "WRECKAGE"

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There is a certain formula to "Zelig," that pathetic story of the old Jew come from Little Russia to the New York Ghetto. It is *une tranche de la vie*. But have not most of the great short stories of the world been defiant of formula? Take the most permanent, if not the best short story Kipling ever wrote, "The Man Who Would Be King." It is a great tale despite, and not because of any established rules. Exactly the same holds for "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." We are inclined to think that had those two stories appeared in 1915 they would have been among the obscure twenty-one hundred and nine in Mr. O'Brien's list, and that they would have had (hypothetically speaking) such companions as O. Henry's "A Municipal Report," "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," and "Mammon and the Archer," Richard Harding Davis's "The Exiles," Robert W. Chambers's "A Repairer of Reputations," Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story," Edwin Lefevre's "The Woman and Her Bonds," Owen Johnson's "The Future President," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's "An Humble Romance" and Stewart Edward White's "Rawhide." Yet we venture the opinion that all these are pretty good stories.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS AT HOHOKUS, N. J.
MR. DAVIS'S LATEST BOOK IS "NOTHING A YEAR"

• • •

There is one short story that for years has been held up as a model for all ambitious writers, and as a model has probably wrought a great deal of harm. That is Guy de Maupassant's "The Necklace," unquestionably one of the most perfect if not the most perfect of

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short tales. But the harm has come because in their slavish imitation of the form followers have entirely lost sight of the soul of the story. To compress a tale to eleven hundred words as Maupassant did "La Parure" is not to achieve a masterpiece. After all what is the secret of the greatness of "The Necklace." Simplicity, utter simplicity. Simplicity of narration and above all simplicity of psychology. In the story of the Loisels there is no introduction of the gooseberry tart. None is needed. Tell this story to a child of twelve and it will be understood as easily as "Jack and the Bean Stalk," or "Cinderella and the Fairy Slipper." Again it is absolutely independent of race, place, or period. That it concerned a French husband and wife in the city of Paris is of no more importance than the colour of the binding of the book in which it appears. The tale itself, its problem and its tragedy, would fit quite as well the Mandarin Wu Fang in the Pekin of the Seventh Dynasty, or Herr and Frau Von Strafe of Leipzig, or the Wentley-Harcourts of County Kent, or Mr. and Mrs. Silas W. Shaw of Medicine Hat, Oklahoma. It is something better than a slice of life. It is the poignant pathos of life itself.

• • •

Hindenburg at London

A year and a half ago we had occasion to print some paragraphs about a book that had been published in Germany two years before the outbreak of the great war. That book described a conflict of the future in which the armies of Germany and Italy invaded and crushed France. According to the narrative cities were burned or made to look like "dead ruins of the Middle Ages," France was partitioned between her conquerors, and the French people, under the iron yoke, were obliterated by consumption and deportation to penal colonies. We read that book with amazement. We contrasted it with another book dealing with an imaginary war—an American book. That was the late Frank R. Stockton's *The Great War Syndicate* which, we venture to think, was a book which reflected the martial ambitions of our nation. Describing a conflict between Great Britain and the United States it showed us victorious. Best of all it showed us great and generous in victory. We exacted no tribute. We burned no cities. We obliterated no provinces. We inflicted no humiliation. We implanted no heritage of hate. Also we pointed out that such a book as the German book could never have appeared in this country. No American publisher would have touched it. Fiction, whatever its nature may be, however fantastic its form, must strike some responsive chord in the human heart or mind. To inspire us to patriotic exaltation a man must write in the spirit of Captain Phillips's "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying" or of General Grant's return of the mounts of the vanquished Confederacy "Because you will need them at the plough."

• • •

Now comes a book of more recent German authorship of which, we are told, four million copies have been sold in Germany. Compared with the earlier book, which was written in days of peace, the newcomer must be regarded with leniency, for it was born in the fever of hate. It is called *Hindenburg's March Into London,* and describes an invasion of England and the eventual subjugation of that country by the Kaiser's armies and fleets of the air and sea. As an expression of the national ambition of the man who wrote the book, and of the readers of the four million copies of it alleged to have been sold, *Hindenburg's March Into London* is not a book to which we could in strict justice object. A German picturing the Prussian helmets masters in Trafalgar Square, and England thoroughly crushed and prostrate, is perfectly fair play. But although this book is far less cruel than the former book there is still much to amaze the American mind. That prisoners under certain conditions

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are lined up against the wall and shot is hard, but it is war. But why this literary licking of the lips over the spectacle, why this continuous gloating over the thought of human blood? The terrible tragedy of Louvain is extolled. "The heart of England will not be instructed even by the fate of Belgium" a German Major, a hero, instructs his soldiers. "We shall repeat the lesson of Louvain." The Belgians of 1914 are referred to as "blackguardly Belgians." In a battle before London the order to take no prisoners is explained: "When fighting bestial, snarling scum, the German soldier observes only the laws of the hunt of beasts of prey." Here, almost at random, is a quotation. It is but one of fifty:

The next step is to draw the bars of the cage tighter. A fearful shedding of blood commences! Everything confronting the German arms falls, and those who fall are trampled underfoot by those behind. Gurkhas writhe in their death agony like dying beasts of prey. The blacks with red poppies in their woolly heads roll on the ground showing their teeth and making appalling grimaces. Some stutteringly ask for pardon and make to kiss the hands of the German soldiers, but they would have no more of those souls of slaves. . . .

Thousands upon thousands of dead lie around. A black scoundrel, apparently dead, suddenly rises and cuts down from behind a German captain of the guards. At this the fury of the German soldiers knows no bounds. Now, they show no mercy; everyone lying there receives a stroke which settles him; not only those who treacherously sham death, but those long dead are roughly handled. The German soldiers angrily defend themselves against criminal attacks and designs. Horror is in supreme command.

• • •

Throughout the Civil War there dwelt, in the city of Richmond, a woman of known northern sympathies who was strongly suspected (and with very good reason) of harbouring escaped Federal soldiers from Libby Prison, and of conveying military information to the Union generals. She was not shot, as Miss Cavell was shot. After the war she continued to live in the city until the end of her life, and for many years was the postmistress of Richmond. That is not Southern, any more than it is Northern, but it is American. One of the principles of the science of modern warfare as it is understood in the Wilhelmstrasse is the sending ahead in times of peace of a vast invisible army to prepare the way. We have always had the idea that the men and women engaged in this branch of the service have been regarded by their countrymen as German patriots. We have always believed that a fraulein who conveyed military information to German headquarters would be regarded as a heroine. But from *Hindenburg's March Into London* we learn that what is patriotism from the German goose is black villainy from the English goose. In the course of the march a certain Lieutenant Haussmann takes possession of an English country house. One of the daughters of the house attempts to send by carrier pigeon a message to the British line telling of the presence of the Germans. Lieutenant Haussmann discovers the scheme, blocks it, and gives orders to take away all the persons in the house.

They raise a great outcry. Asseverations of innocence, wringing of hands, fainting fits, kicking and scratching—sirens become termagants. Margery falls foul of the ungentlemanly Hun officer and clenches her fist at him. The Pomeranians make as *though to grasp their gun-stocks.*

The noble lord is as white as a sheet and, tottering, bears the sweat of dread on his brow. He knows that to-morrow perhaps the sighs of death will go forth, against a wall.

• • •

Kipling and the 'Bus Owner

This is the newest and the best of the stories in Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins's *Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation.* When Kipling lived at Rottingdean, in the old house which faces the vicarage, he was annoyed by the driver of the local 'bus,

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who often pointed his whip when he encountered the poet, and announced in a stentorian voice to his human freight, "Here we have Mr. Kipling, the soldier-poet." Kipling suffered this in silence, but things came to a crisis when the Jehu came into collision with his favourite tree, doing much damage to it. He wrote at once a vigourous letter of complaint to the 'bus owner, who was landlord of the White Horse Inn. Boniface laid the letter before the select company of his bar-parlour, who one and all advised calm indifference. Also, a man with an eye to the main chance offered the landlord ten shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both cash and advice were accepted. A second and stronger letter followed, and Boniface carried the autograph to a bookseller and demanded a pound for it, since the violence of the letter was quite double strength. The bookseller eagerly snapped it up, and the merry landlord warmed to the game, dreaming of more missives. But next day Kipling entered briskly and very wrathful. "Why don't I answer your letter, sir? Why I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than 'bus driving."

• • •

The next best story deals with the days when Kipling was living in his Vermont home. It was then his habit to pay all his household bills by cheque. Many of these cheques were very small, and the shrewd Yankee tradesmen soon found out that autograph hunters would pay much over face value for them. One shop keeper obliged his "autograph" clients with a duplicate memorandum of the account. For example: a bill against Kipling for five pounds of cheese, accompanied by an autographed cheque was a souvenir that commanded a good price. The consequence was, that when Kipling sent his bank book to be balanced, it invariably showed more to his credit than there should have been. He was unable to account for the discrepancy, until one day he saw one of his cheques given for a case of bottled beer framed and hanging in a Boston book shop. The first thing he did, when he returned to his home, was to burn the cheque books.

• • •

Why are Manuscripts Rejected?

In connection with the symposium, "Why Are Manuscripts Rejected?", published elsewhere in this issue, we are printing here excerpts from an informal letter. The informal letter accompanied a formal communication which is appearing in its proper place. Naturally we are merely indicating certain names. The writer tells us that several years ago while editing ———'s, he received a beautiful little story from —— ———. He knew that it was too much of a prose poem for ———'s; it was one of those rare things that actually need an illustration to bring out its full beauty. So he wrote the author expressing his very real regret at feeling compelled to send it back and asked him if it had been to *The Century*. A month or so later he met Mr. ——, who was profuse in his thanks for the letter. The author went on to say that the story had been to every magazine that he knew of in this country except ———'s and *The Century,* and had in every case been returned with a form rejection slip. "Much as he liked the story when he had written it," our correspondent recalls, "he said that if I had returned it without comment, he would have been convinced that he was wrong, and would have consigned it to the waste paper basket." As it was *The Century,* which had for some reason not occurred to him as a possible market, not only took the tale at once, but gave it a full page illustration in tint.

• • •

Our correspondent has some very definite ideas on the subject of the reading of manuscripts in magazine offices. "Here, I think," he writes, "is where the trouble lies: the first reader, the one who weeds out the great mass of stuff, is usually the newest and least experienced of all the readers. When a story by an

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unknown writer is very much out of the rut, this reader decides, 'No; that isn't at all the sort of thing that we print,' and it doesn't go any higher. It takes the very best editor to appreciate the extraordinary—the story that 'isn't our sort.' The best reader should be the first reader. The trouble is that after a year of it he would no longer be the best reader; he'd be mentally bilious. Another thing that acts against the extraordinary story is that at many magazines there are too many readers; the story gets read to death. Any story that goes through five readers without a negative vote is bound to be commonplace. No really extraordinary story can go through five readers without at least one negative vote. I found this out in editing anecdotes at ———'s. I'd rather print something at which two people howled in glee and three people couldn't see at all than something that all five kindly admitted was 'very amusing.' The ideal staff to my mind is the smallest staff possible with a good man at the bottom. In picking real stories impulse counts for more than learned debate. There were a number of good professional reasons why O. Henry's first stories should not have been printed."

• • •

The Coiner

No matter how great may be the command of an acquired language there is always the inevitable pitfall. For example, there was Paul Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, who died twelve or thirteen years ago. Max O'Rell was the author of *John Bull and His Island, Brother Jonathan and His Continent, A Frenchman in America,* and other books made up of keen, caustic, yet never ill-natured comments upon English and American life in various phases. He was a very popular lecturer in England and in this country, he had lived among English people for a long time, and his wife was an English woman. Yet Richard Whiteing, in his recently published *My Harvest,* certain chapters of which appeared in THE BOOKMAN last summer and autumn, recalls what may be characterised as a slight linguistic indiscretion. It was an evening at the White Friars Club of London. Max O'Rell was in the chair, and Rapson, the great Orientalist, then at the British Museum, later an Oxford professor, was the guest of the night. At the Museum Rapson belonged to the department of Coins and Medals; and Max O'Rell wanted to say something nice about him as a numismatist. When the time came he stood up: "Gentlemen," he began, "we are honoured to-night with the presence of a well-known coiner——" The rest was lost in an inevitable roar, with Rapson as the loudest contributor. O'Rell tried to join in the merriment, but he was too late; it had evidently caught him unawares.

NEW WOMAN

BY ARLITA DODGE

Twice-born, she comes out of the night
That shrouded her, and gropes her way
Into the wan, white edge of light
That presages another day.
A vision, like the wraiths that rise
On windy marshes, when the air
Reveals to unbelieving eyes
A misty figure beckoning there.

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A homing bird along the track
It left upon a wayward wing,
Lost child of Time, come wandering back
To ask a second welcoming.
A creature new, as if the breed
From Chaos came, as if in vain
The centuries harvested their seed—
A child that must grow up again.

Triumphant from the melting-pot
She comes, by secret magic blent,
Honoured by those who know it not,
Imperfect, yet magnificent.
Strange crucible, wherein such tears
As women shed, their scars and stains
Were thrown commingled with the fears
Of slavery in silver chains.

Oh, Sculptor Time, whose art creates
Figures subservient to thy call,
Pause not—a noble statue waits
Unfinished on its pedestal.
"New Woman," rough-hewn, crudely wrought—
Made animate at thy command—
Yearns for the Artist touch that brought
Her contours forth, the Artist hand
That chipped at her, to set her free
That she may come forth, unconfined,
From the cold stone that answers thee
As harpstrings do the wandering wind.

Let other Masters touch her youth
With long-lost fire; let Destiny
Add to her miracle of truth
Her old-world Open Sesame.
Let Life prepare for her alone
A draft that shall intoxicate,
Of kisses concubines have known,
The virgin's love, the harlot's hate.

Bring back the laugh that ruined Troy,
Delilah's lure, and Hebe's smile,
The spell that made a woman's toy
Of Cæsar by the flowing Nile.

And, as a sheltering tree will screen
The sleeper on the warm earth's breast,
So may Tomorrow, brooding, lean
Across her dreams, her radiant rest.

So heralded, her birth shall be
Beheld with joy. A starrier span
Draws very near, whose dawn shall see
Come forth, twice-born, a Mate for Man.

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WHY ARE MANUSCRIPTS REJECTED?

A SYMPOSIUM

REFLECTING EDITORIAL VIEWS FROM AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, THE OUTLOOK, THE PICTORIAL REVIEW, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, THE SMART SET, VANITY FAIR, AND THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Fifty-six years ago a man who had contributed very materially to England's prose fiction of all time accepted the editorship of a new magazine. He sat in the editorial chair for a matter of two years. Then he resigned, discouraged, disappointed, and downhearted. One of the principal reasons for this resignation, discouragement, disappointment, and downheartedness, is suggested in the title of this symposium. Thackeray as the editor of "The Cornhill" did not like to reject or cause to be rejected the proffered manuscript. Since his day the world has seen many editors, but very few of them, we think, have derived much real pleasure from sending back these contributions that represent so much ardour, and effort, and ambition. But there are still a good many persons in the world who do not understand that, and the editorial chair still has its "thorns in the cushion." "Who is this man who declines my offering?" asks Luckless. "What are his motives of envy or malice?" Others, more charitably inclined, ascribe to him lack of judgment, inability to distinguish between the wheat and the chaff, or prejudice in favour of old friends. Old friends indeed! They do not know that the greatest joy of his existence comes with the discovery of an absolutely new writer. They do not see that in charging him with making his selections of materials upon a basis of personal friendship they are crediting him with an altruism which he does not possess. But let those editors who have so courteously and generously contributed to this symposium in the hope that it may help to bring about a better understanding, speak for themselves.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

FIRST of all let me say that well written stories are *not* rejected by *Ainslee's* because of their failure to meet any fixed requirements of theme or subject. At one time *Ainslee's* thought it preferred fiction possessing a "society" interest. Along came O. Henry and Joseph C. Lincoln. Their names were unknown, so it was the stories themselves that disproved this idea. Our next fallacy was based upon the old *Sun* theory that we all are provincials at heart; that a dog fight on Fifth Avenue is of greater interest to New Yorkers than a war in Europe. We decided that a good *Ainslee* story must have an American setting, or at least a strong American interest. Along came decidedly English stories by Leonard Merrick, Provost-Batersby, Jeffery Farnol, and William J. Locke, none of whom then possessed a "name" in this country. And so it went, one little pet requirement after another, bowled over almost as soon as we had set it up.

The rejection of a well written story

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by *Ainslee's* is in most cases due to its lack of what in people we call "personality." Often a poorer story in point of writing and construction finds acceptance because of this quality, just as in every day life we are sometimes strongly drawn to the man of many faults, while his irreproachable neighbour, upright and respected, makes not the slightest appeal to us. It is this intangible something that draws us alike to people and stories even though they respectively eat peas with a knife and split their infinitives. If they lack this personality, however well-bred and law-abiding they may be, whether flesh-and-blood people or ink-and-paper ones, we politely reject their companionship.

Robert Rudd Whiting.

The American Magazine

Manuscripts are often rejected because the editor makes a mistake. The editor is like other people—fortunate if he maintains a decent batting average of good judgment.

I cannot understand, however, why any writer should have the idea that an editor, with intention, will do things which will help destroy his magazine. Manuscript readers are to the magazine what the receiving teller is to the bank. The banker will lose money and prestige if he is careless with the commodity on which his business is based. So will the editor. One deals in money; the other in reading matter. Of course, the truth is—as every editor knows—that an editorial office is particularly keen to get hold of new writers. The best reading matter is as frequently obtained from absolutely new writers as it is from famous writers. In fact, an editor is particularly anxious for an author's first work, because what it lacks in craftsmanship, it frequently makes up in freshness.

There is another point that authors ought to understand. No matter what his stock may be—no matter how much material he may have on hand—the editor, if he has a passion for making the best magazine that he can, will keep on working over his product until the presses start. Which means, from the point of view of the author, that the editor is forever in the market for the new and superior thing. The editor may say that he is overstocked, he may believe it, but if he is a real editor, he will forget that fact in the presence of a fresh and wonderful manuscript.

New writers should not overlook the importance of carefully reading those magazines to which they want to contribute. One of the most foolish things in the world is to write with no knowledge of what the world about you is reading. It is my belief that really great writers are almost invariably tremendous readers. But, in any event, new writers who want to sell their manuscripts to magazines ought to read those magazines. There is nothing like knowing the market, and how can one know the market without studying it? Also, the market is a good place to go for definite practical suggestions. Read the magazines for what you can write for them—is a good rule.

This brings us to the point about policy. A magazine usually has a definite aim. Perfectly good stuff may be turned down by an editor which he would take if he were editing a periodical with a different policy. A magazine is not a hodgepodge. It is not a place where an editor publishes miscellaneous stuff that he thinks is good and interesting. It is a place where particular kinds of information and inspiration are provided for a particular set of readers. Authors who are accessible to the editor—those who live near the place of publication—get an idea of this policy from personal conferences with the editor, as well as from the magazine itself. Other contributors have to use the mails. This is good business procedure, and there is no possible excuse for the author feeling aggrieved if the editor decides against his manuscript. Decisions against manuscripts time and time again have not the slightest relation to the quality of the stuff submitted.

Always remember this—no real editor

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dreads to read manuscripts; *he wants to read them.* He does not want to miss a chance at new talent. This is his business—to discover and help develop new talent. To have been the first editor to publish the work of a new author who afterward became famous is, of course, the greatest pride of an editor.

John M. Siddall.

The Atlantic Monthly

It has always seemed to me that the best method of selecting manuscripts for a magazine is to follow sedulously the habits of Dr. Fell's critic. If I am not interested in a manuscript, I never print it, regardless of the number of people to whom it may possibly appeal. This business of attempting to hit a popular taste which zigzags instead of progressing, shifting from day to day, and seldom recognising to-morrow the things it loved yesterday, is too hazardous a pastime for my conservative disposition. I habitually think of *The Atlantic's* contributors as representing the guests at a dinner party. I do not want them all to agree with me, but I do not care to ask anybody whose words do not seem to me worth listening to or whose manners are out of place in company.

It is a simple rule of thumb, then, by which I judge a manuscript; but it has the enormous advantage of being definite, and, though it may endanger every canon of criticism, it gives a magazine personality which, to my thinking, is its very soul.

Ellery Sedgwick.

The Blue Book, Green Book, and Red Book Magazines

It is impossible to give a general reason for the rejection of manuscripts. The great bulk of those which come to a magazine are returned because they are utterly impossible. For those which have possibilities, yet are rejected, the debarring factors are numerous. Instead of trying to enumerate them, I should like, if I may, to give and illustrate a suggestion to new writers—and some older writers, for that matter. Many good stories have been lost to the public because their authors accepted the fact that the first editor—or the first several editors—to whom they were sent rejected them. No story should go to the discard until every magazine in the country has an opportunity to reject it.

Because I believe this point to be of importance, I gained the permission of Mr. Edwin Balmer to tell of one of his experiences. A story which he had written was rejected by seventeen editors, and accepted by the eighteenth at the highest price Mr. Balmer had received for a short story up to that time. In addition, it produced an order for four stories along similar lines. Mr. Balmer has absolute faith in his own work. I attribute much of his success to that factor. He is in a position now where his stories are sought in advance of the writing, but before that condition came, he spent no time trying to determine the cause for rejections. If a manuscript came back, he devoted his thought to deciding upon the next editor to whom it should be sent.

Theoretically, an ideal system would be one in which each editor wrote a personal letter to detail why each story was rejected. Mr. Balmer's story shows how badly this would work in practice. If any one of the seventeen editors had detailed why he rejected that story, and Mr. Balmer had changed it to meet the criticisms, he might have destroyed the story in the eyes of the man who finally accepted it. It is just as profitless for the writer to try to figure the reasons for himself. In most cases he will guess wrong, especially if he be a new writer. The best plan for him is simply to accept that it does not suit that particular magazine at that particular time, and proceed to seek a market elsewhere.

Most of all, the new writer should avoid assuming that his story has not received consideration. Many beginners really believe that magazines buy only "names," and that the story by the newcomer is tossed aside without reading. To prove this, any number of devices, such as pasting together two or three

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pages in the manuscript, have been developed. Many stories are not read from start to finish. I read an average of fifty thousand words a day. Each of my assistants averages as much or more. Why then should we read through a story if the first three or four pages do not get our interest? Isn't it fair to assume that if these pages do not hold us, they will not hold the reader?

But we do read enough of every manuscript that comes to the office to decide in our own minds whether there is any chance of availability for our purposes. We've got to. We can't take chances on a winning story getting past us. We realise, of course, that one will get past now and then, as in the case of Mr. Balmer's story, but we spend a vast amount of time and nervous energy in reducing that chance to the minimum. Competition for readers is too keen to make any other course possible.

We buy the majority of our stories from writers who have "names." That is natural. Workmanship in story writing gains with experience just as it does in law or architecture, or surgery, or any other profession. If it were not true that the experienced writers sell the most stories at the highest prices, there would be precious little incentive to writers.

We are keen for "discoveries." So are the other editors. There is an excellent illustration of this in the issue of *The American Magazine* which appeared on the news-stands the day this was written. The story which received the greatest prominence—even to a photograph and an account of the writer and his work as a preface—was by Jack Lait, whose work is new to magazine readers. We have to have new writers in the business. There aren't enough thoroughly seasoned story-tellers to go around. And besides, even the best of the men who have won their spurs fail to do good work now and then.

With the exception of one group of publications, I don't think any magazine consciously buys for the name alone. Most editors will order stories in advance, but only in the cases where writers have maintained a certain standard long enough to warrant the belief that they will not fall below it. Often a case which seems to indicate the purchase of a "name" is nothing of the sort. In a recent issue of *The Red Book Magazine* we made a feature of a short story by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. We rejected this story more than a year ago, and accepted it on its second visit to our office. During the intervening time Mr. Wodehouse had two serials and a number of short stories featured in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

A very good case of a manuscript being rejected without reading, the writer becoming famous, and the first magazine purchasing the old story because of that fame could be made from these facts. Instead, the explanation is simple. At the time the story first came to us for consideration, we had in hand four others of similar lightness in the telling. We had no use for another. When it came the second time, we had nothing like it in the office, and we needed something of the sort. With this story in mind, I might add to the suggestion in my first paragraph: No story should go into the discard until it has been the rounds of all the magazines—*and then gone around again.*

Ray Long.

The Century

The physical limitations alone of the *Century Magazine* bar out the bulk of the material offered. We receive from sixty to seventy contributions a day, including verse, and a given issue contains not two dozen items. The surprising thing is the number of writers who really know their trade; yet, perhaps because of the temper of the times, the most acceptable material comes from the man writing out of the fulness of his experience rather than through the vicarious work of the professional writer. This is especially true of papers reflecting the War. But it is also true of fiction that has in it some autobiographical material. In this latter class the women are more often successful because they

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are apt to be less self-conscious and more naturally prone to self-revelation than men.

Contrary to the general impression, the editor is constantly looking for the new writer of promise. The literary discovery is the one touch of romance and adventure in an otherwise routine existence. And there is more joy in the *Century* office over a new man brought to light—a man, for instance, like Stacy Aumonier, author of *The Friends*—than over a dozen fixed luminaries signed on. But though there is to-day a very high average of what may be called clever mediocrity, there are very few high peaks in a year's chart of literary production; and most of these peaks are still held by our English friends. Perhaps this is because in America writing is almost universally a means to an end, whereas in England there are those to whom artistic achievement itself is the goal.

Of the minor writers, the English have undoubtedly the greater facility—too often lifeless—and the Americans, in spite of their crudeness, the greater promise for the future.

It is, of course, true that a writer with an established audience and a known method is *persona grata* with many editors. He marks the line of least resistance. He can be depended upon to "deliver the goods." He is likely to crowd out the younger writer. But this applies to the magazine that is built to order—a sort of standardised product which aims to give the public only what it is used to receiving. The more flexible magazine which has a very real concept of its mission as an educational and directing force deprecates this policy, and is willing to put forth considerable effort to develop the new writer, with the entirely selfish—but admirable—motive that in this way, and in this way only, a magazine of any pretensions can grow with the times and reflect the life of its day.

A great many good stories are rejected every month because of a similarity in theme to some previously accepted *ms.* This happens with surprising frequency. A great many others display splendid craftsmanship wasted on unlikely, unlovely or trivial themes. These are the brilliant exercises of the novitiate, important only in their promise. The young author's natural affection for his own work often blinds him to its limitations from the editor's point of view. And it *is* a fact that the magazine demands more of a new writer than of one with a reputation. The work must show a warmth, a vitality, a freshness of touch—and the faultless style of a spent writer is a poor substitute for these qualities. The high hurdles come first in this race for fame—as properly they should!

The beginner is apt to go to one extreme or the other. Careless of form, he makes a frantic bid for popularity, and produces a "thriller"; or, eager to be recognised at once as a master, he polishes and polishes his semi-precious stone, hopeful that by some magic it will turn into a diamond. In each case the man is too conscious of an audience. The result is a *cliché*. The elements of the story unite in a marriage of convenience rather than in a love-match. Neither impudence nor preciosity is a successful suitor of Art. She demands to be loved for herself and not for her favors.

Douglas Doty.

Collier's Weekly

The great bulk of the manuscripts we buy is divided into articles and fiction. Of articles we receive fully five times as many acceptable ones as we can print. Of fiction we cannot get enough of the kind that appeals to us as good.

The number of articles we print a week does not average over two. One of these is very apt to have been conceived and planned in the office, such as our war articles, our political articles and the like. This leaves very little demand on our part for articles from chance contributors who send their manuscripts through the mail. The result is that we are compelled to decline a great many articles which, if we had the space, would be entirely acceptable,

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either without change or with a certain amount of adaptation.

Of fiction, as I say, we cannot get as much as we should like. The incoming mail is searched with the greatest care and we accept just as many as come at all close to our standard. Speaking of manuscripts generally, I think it is largely like the phrase that was used either by or about "Maggie" in Barrie's play, *What Every Woman Knows:* it is all a matter of charm. If you have it, you need not have much else. If you have not got it, nothing else will do. I really think all the arts are the same. If the artist has charm he attracts. I can remember only two fiction manuscripts I ever accepted which were purely what might be called synthetic efforts, efforts in which the intelligence only was used, omitting emotional feeling. Of course, even if the writer has charm he may yet fail to achieve some unique standard of technique. Short stories which were accepted and made great successes in the popular magazine of fifteen to twenty years ago would not be accepted to-day. This is due to the fact that a vogue has been created for stories with a different technique—stories, one might almost say, with a different formula. This formula, in one degree or another, has O. Henry for its father, grandfather, or great-grandfather.

Mark Sullivan.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

The freest art market in the world is that of fiction, inclusive of the short story. The writer who has the gift of telling tales that interest his fellow beings is not dependent either upon the whims or the judgment of any editor. If one editor makes a mistake, or if his conditions of supply or of immediate programme are such that he cannot buy a fine short story at the time it is offered, some one else will get it—that's all. Not every good novel is a good serial, but the supply of novels with serial pulling power never catches up with the demand.

Non-fiction articles, from the fact that they express opinion, are of course considered and purchased on a journalistic basis. I hardly believe, therefore, that your question, "Why are Manuscripts Rejected," refers to articles as a class.

Why, then *are* fiction manuscripts rejected?

The fine story never is rejected by the whole market, but it may not be bought by the first or second magazine to which it is offered. Business as well as literary reasons make the market situation. The magazine that wants the story may consider the author's price too high, and the magazine that is willing to pay the price may find that it couldn't use that particular story soon enough to warrant its purchase. But neither of these reasons reflects upon the merit of the story, and, having merit, the third magazine likely will want the story and be willing to pay the author's price.

So the fine short story gets along all right, and so does the competent serial.

It is mediocrity that gives bulk to rejection totals. The mediocre story compares to the real story in the way that the tailor's dummy compares to a man. It may be clothed in fair words, but it isn't human.

The really talented new author, too, will get many rejection letters, but they are only a part of the scenery of the road up which he is climbing. The only way to learn to write well is to write, write, and then write. Much of the early writing of genius itself will be bad writing—as genius, looking back, sometimes will admit.

The more undigested matter rejected, therefore, the better for talent and genius. Their way to "success" is too easy for their own good. They need the discipline of discouragement, toil and earned victory.

Edgar Sisson.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

In comparison with the number of reasons why manuscripts are accepted for magazine publication the reasons

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why a manuscript may be rejected are so many that the wonder is that any manuscripts are accepted at all. I can think of only two good reasons why a story should be published: because the editor likes it or thinks the readers of his magazine will like it. On the other hand, I can give at least eleven reasons for making use of the stamps which the author has considerately enclosed. Manuscripts are rejected because they are either unfit, unsuitable, untimely, not in accord with editorial policy, too high priced, similar to something published or awaiting publication, too long, or too short, or because another magazine is on the firing line, or the editor doesn't like them, or (perhaps this should be put in inconspicuous type) the author has broken a convention of society and is *persona non grata* to many readers.

Lest the publication of this formidable list cut off all our offerings—which we should exceedingly regret—let me explain some of the reasons for rejection just enumerated. The first objection and the eleventh are the most conducive to misunderstanding between author and editor. Open warfare is avoided, however, in the first case by means of a discreetly worded rejection slip and in the other by discreet silence. Perhaps editorial labours would be greatly lessened if all the magazine editors would agree upon a form letter to be sent out with every returned manuscript that seemed hopelessly unfit. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that ninety per cent. of the manuscripts submitted are not worth, as copy, the paper they are written on. Not even genius could make them worth printing. And yet in office after office they are read because that magazine does not exist which can afford to run the risk of missing the chance to give to the world a new writer. Time in a magazine office is not counted from the day when a famous and high-priced author signed a contract to deliver a story, but from the day when, out of the unsolicited mail, the reader picked the story which added a new name to the magazine's list of favourite authors. This may happen on an average once a year, though such a date is more likely to stand for several years, for, I repeat, ninety per cent. of the manuscripts offered for publication are totally unfit, and not more than one or two per cent. of the remainder are worthy of serious consideration.

Unsuitableness accounts for the rejection of a large number of manuscripts. The stories are interesting and well written, but are offered to the wrong magazine. Very possibly an author will send a story to a magazine which he thinks needs new blood and a new line of thought. The responsibility for the magazine rests upon the editor, however, and it is his place, not the author's, to decide whether the offering fits his publication.

A manuscript may be untimely in various ways. If it were universally understood that most magazine articles and stories are purchased at least four months in advance of publication—six or eight months probably being the average—there would be fewer manuscripts to reject because fewer would be submitted. The amateur writer does not think of a topic until the season when it would be suitable is almost upon us. Not knowing that magazine editors never enjoy the present season because they are thinking of the one ahead, he rushes off a manuscript—and the editor rushes it back. Again, there is the writer who does not wake up to the fact that an event is good for copy until long after the public has quit thinking about it. Another class of writer noses out things that will "break" some time, but are not yet within the range of public interest. These things must go back because the editor's job is to provide his readers with material in which they are interested now.

The statement that manuscripts are rejected because they are at variance with editorial policy explains itself.

Occasionally a good story is rejected because the editor does not look upon it with the same favour that its author does, and returns it rather than dicker

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over the price. This, however, seldom affects the new writer.

Many stories worthy of publication are rejected because they are similar to something that has been printed or that is being made ready. In the latter case the author is deserving of sympathy. Unfortunately many writers deliberately court rejections by sending in articles similar to one they have read in the magazine—apparently on the theory that if the subject was worth treating once it is worth a second article. It does not seem to occur to them that if the editor had considered it worth a second article he would have provided for it.

Many stories are rejected because they are too long for one instalment and too short for division. The author may argue that a good story is never too long, in which case the editor can, if he thinks it wise, reply that the story in question would require the companionship of certain other articles and stories to make a well-balanced magazine and that its length would make such a selection impossible. On the other hand, some stories are so short as to be useful only as fillers, and fillers are never a very good stock in trade.

Occasionally an editor is so fortunate as to print an article that attracts wide and instant attention. Just as often as this happy event occurs the editors of the other magazines are offered a variey of articles on the same topic. Occasionally the subject is of so great interest that the other editors rush in, as do gold seekers, to get the benefit of the find. As a rule, however, the policy is to let the first magazine reap the whole reward of its enterprise—or its luck. Because magazine editors have this feeling—which may be actuated by brotherly kindness or by jealousy—many manuscripts, valuable in themselves, are rejected.

All editors are at times accused of lacking judgment. The charge is only too true. I should not attempt to refute it. The *Boston Transcript* has starred, when they appeared in other magazines, several stories which I have rejected. This has not abated in the slightest my confidence in my own judgment, for I have printed several stories which other editors, whose judgment I admire, have rejected. An editor likes a story, or he does not like it. If he feels that his readers also will not like it the only thing for him to do is to reject it. Occasionally his own feeling is so strong that the reader's interest does not enter into the matter at all; he is not willing to submit the story to the test.

My last reason for the rejection of a manuscript is one that might almost be omitted because it is so seldom employed. There are occasions, however, when there is need for it, and so it should be kept within reach. Not that I think it is within the province of an editor to act as a judge of any one's conduct; his duty ends when he has passed judgment upon a manuscript with the best interest of his readers—which in the end is the best interest of his magazine—before him as a guide. Every magazine that goes into a subscriber's home either does or does not keep the faith between editor and reader. The reader has a right to take it for granted that the editor stands sponsor for everything in his magazine, and if anything is printed bearing the name of one who has openly and flagrantly broken a law of society the inference cannot be escaped that the editor either does not consider the offense seriously or hopes to profit by the author's notoriety. It may be objected that this is putting a premium on secret sin. A sin committed in secret harms only the participants; a sin that is paraded in public and yet condoned by those who should mold opinion spreads its evil far and wide. The relationship of art to anything else may be denied. I think the spirit of the artist breathes through everything he does. There is a possibility that my last reason for rejecting a manuscript could be employed more often than it is.

W. F. Bigelow.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

It would be quite possible to make an elaborate statement of facts as a con-

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tribution to your symposium on the question, "Why Are Manuscripts Rejected?" but so far as *Harper's Magazine* is concerned, the real answer may be given in a few words. We reject such manuscripts as seem to the editors unworthy in quality and interest or unsuited in character to the type of magazine which we are publishing. That is the answer.

So far as fiction is concerned, the fact that a manuscript bears the name of an author of established reputation counts for little with us unless the work itself shows that such reputation is deserved. Where it is possible, we read manuscripts without reference to the author's identity. And we believe that we publish more fiction by new writers than any other illustrated magazine. No story which is fit for publication in a magazine of general circulation is declined because it is a story of a certain type. The best stories of all types are eagerly sought.

As to articles, the case is somewhat different. In the fields of science, archæology, exploration, travel, and nature, great names are won only by important achievements. To publish articles by the distinguished writers in these fields is a guarantee of authority and value. Yet even articles by these writers are often declined if they fail in the essential quality of interest. The fact that a magazine has already on hand an abundance of material in some particular field, may be a cause for declining worthy articles in this same field. But this is not a frequent occurrence in the case of *Harper's Magazine*.

Every successful magazine is guided by a policy based on experience. The policy of *Harper's Magazine* is a most liberal one. It is simply that every story, every article and every serial, must be of a sort which is certain to interest a large audience of discriminating and highly intelligent readers. Contributions which do not seem to us to be in this class are naturally declined.

But, after all, the business of the editor is not so much to reject manuscripts as to find work worthy of acceptance. He must remain an incorrigible optimist always hoping to discover the good and the new. He may make a temporarily successful magazine by publishing only work of certain types. He will never make a great one.

Harper's Weekly

"The editors regret their inability to make use of your manuscript . . ."

The editors, of course, regret no such thing. They are tickled to death. By rejecting it they avoid the unpleasantness of making a possibly difficult decision. They also save time and obviate, in one case, the fear of a manuscript's becoming "dead" before it can be used.

The contributor's receipt further states that "the rejection does not necessarily imply a lack of merit." This is untrue. The contribution *must* lack merit—or it would not be rejected. No matter how many pieces "just like it" the editor has on hand, he would keep it, if it were good enough.

It lacks merit—but what is "merit"?

The despot who has "Circulation Manager" printed on his office door denies that "merit" means "intrinsic value." He says it means "punch." In this age of competition, he says, "you have to be *different* to get the circulation." Loss of circulation means loss of prestige. Worse than that, it means loss of advertising. Consequently "novelty" becomes the editor's watchword.

His contributors—most of them—realise this. They try to keep up with him. They send him *vers libre,* adaptations of Edgar Lee Masters, and hot shots on birth control. But he has just had all that, and wants something new. They can never quite catch up to him. Or if they do, he puts the blame on himself. If his contributors can give him what he is looking for, he reasons, he certainly must be behind the times.

The solution is obvious. First—the editor must realise that even a contributor is capable of originality. Second—the public must rise and smite the vicious Circulation Manager. People

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must buy a magazine for its contents—and not because, each week, it looks a little more like nothing in particular. When the day of intelligent magazine-buying comes, the editor may say that "rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit"—and mean *merit*.

But even in that happy day it is doubtful whether he can truthfully say that "he *regrets* the rejection." Not so long as he's human.

The Ladies' Home Journal

Don't think me unwilling to enter into your plans, but, firstly, I haven't the time to write for other periodicals; secondly, the subject of the rejected manuscript has been so thoroughly thrashed out that I wouldn't know what to say, even if I had the time; and, thirdly, the young author wouldn't believe us anyhow. But if you can find the right word to tell the young author that the editor considers it the greatest feather in his cap when he can find a new author, you tell him so. We go so far in this office sometimes as to recopy the first or last page of a manuscript that has a famous name to it, so that the reader won't know whose manuscript he is reading. But you know all this, and I hope some one else can find a new word to tell the young author the truth.

*Edward Bok.**

McClure's

That old legend, tradition—what you will—goes on existing, that editors "play favourites"; that it is impossible for the new writer to "get by"; that there is a little clique, and, once within it, there is plain sailing and a "career" in store for one. When will this drivel die? For seven years I was on *The Smart Set*—a magazine which, I think every one will admit, did more ten years ago to encourage the young American author than any publication in this country. O. Henry, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Justus Miles Forman, James Branch Cabell, the Baroness von Hutten—these are but a few whose first work appeared in the pages of *The Smart Set*. And we revived such men as Edgar Fawcett, Arthur Symons, and Edgar Saltus.

Half the joy of being an editor is in discovering new people. I have been managing editor of *McClure's* now for over a year; and save for Cameron Mackenzie, David Douglas, and one or two more, I haven't found a single new writer of promise and distinction. And this after delving diligently and faithfully into the daily mail myself. We stand ready to pay liberally for worthwhile fiction. We are anxious to encourage the author with a future. Where is he? I could give one guess. He is writing for the "movies." Lured by the alleged big prices paid for scenarios, he is evolving plots for Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. But what is he creating that will endure?

Now, to write good fiction, one must reveal not only a definite plot sense, but far more important still, a talent for characterisation. The actor, not the scenario writer, gives this to the screen. And so, any young writer who begins by attempting only moving-picture plays, is not really learning to write. He is flashing only an outline before the world; he is writing in shorthand; he is not even having to use his typewriter, much less his pen.

It is all very well for the trained and established author to dabble with the movies. But you will find the wise writer leaving the scenariosation of his work to men who do nothing else—to sublimated hacks who perhaps do not care a great deal about art.

I grow pessimistic sometimes over the future of American literature. The made-to-order serial is an unhealthy force. I know only one or two writers who bravely say, "I write my novels as I write them; if they happen to make good serials as well as good books, all right. But I am not writing with my eye on several markets. I am writing

*At first sight Mr. Bok's letter is a courteous refusal to contribute to this Symposium. But as it contains one very interesting little point we have obtained his permission to print it just the same.

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because I love my work. I am doing my little best for Literature." The reason there has been such an interest recently in poetry is easy to discover. The poets are sincere. They are not thinking of motion-picture rights. They are not thinking, while their pens are in their hands, of the almighty dollar. They are sincere. Of how many novelists can we say this?

Manuscripts, nine times out of ten, are rejected because they are unworthy. We editors are so hungry for good material that we search eagerly for the new note, the new point of view, the new enthusiasm. A really fine story never gets away from an editor—unless it is a question of an author's inflated price. Never was a time more propitious for the promising young writer. But where is he?

Charles Hanson Towne.

Munsey's Magazine

Ninety per cent. of the manuscripts submitted to the magazines are rejected because they are not interesting.

It is true that a great many unsuccessful writers are under the impression that a magazine office is a secret society, in which the editor is the arch conspirator, and that his sole mission on earth is to strangle genius and thwart the rebirth of a Dickens, a Hugo, a Thackeray, or a Kipling, thus impoverishing the literature of the future. They clamour for encouragement; but what they really seek is toleration.

There are some writers to whom the acceptance of a manuscript acts as a great stimulus, beneficial to them and to literature—a sort of vitality that expresses itself in the form of loftier ideals and higher achievements. They are unshaken by the occasional rejection of manuscripts; they realise that they have selected a hard and difficult road to travel; they are shod for rocky highways; dressed for rough weather and equipped to climb Olympia, to face the tempests that rage ever at its apex. From that pinnacle they step into the serenity of Heaven, which is the abode of knowledge.

There is another class of writers who regard the rejection of a manuscript as a personal assault at the hands of an editor whom they classify as incompetent. If several editors reject their manuscripts they conclude that literature is at a low ebb and the business has fallen into evil ways. If all editors reject their manuscripts, they spread the dire news that a cabal has been formed against them and that an editorial clique exists, through which only glib men and beautiful women can break and bask in the sunshine of the cashier's department.

If the truth were known, we editors are infinitely more exhilarated at the sight of a new writer than any writer could possibly be upon discovering a so-called friendly editor.

It is not often that a great writer is conscious of his gifts until some editorial scoundrel sits down and points out to him the reasons for his greatness. I have seen authors blush and fall into hesitating speech at the advent of approval. To be sure they emerge from this bashful stage; but in the embryo it is a delightful phase and one not infrequently encountered among the beginners.

It is a waste of space to deal here with manuscripts out of tune with the policy of a publication; or fiction along lines that have been done to death; or special articles that are already in hand, or manuscripts perishable because of their untimeliness. The contributing public cannot possibly keep in such close touch with the fiction and the trend in magazine events as do the editors. Many therefore are misinformed as to the value of their contributions. A story that would have been tremendously valuable a year ago could easily be worthless to-day. A type of novel that, moving in its cycle, would have interested the entire community five years ago, could not be sold on push carts to-day for a nickel a copy. Editors and publishers know this. Authors do not.

The fabulous revenues paid certain

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writers for a type of story that is essentially low-grade, has served to unseat the reason of a number of other writers capable of equally bad work.

Public approval is a peculiar thing. There are Charlie Chaplin tendencies toward books the same as in films. The dexterity with which the book-buyers flop from one type of fiction to another, keeps the authors more or less in the air, along with the editors. None of us is perfect—unless it is those who cannot sell their manuscripts.

For reasons that I have never been able to fathom, a large percentage of the writing gentry are under the impression that no previous experience is required in the profession of letters. Temporarily embarrassed society people; lawyers without much practice; doctors who have more time than patien-(ts—ce)—take your choice in the spelling—and young college men with fine athletic records, to say nothing of a large number of people who do not like any kind of work, rush into literature.

There is yet another set of desperadoes who have been informed by their friends that they are brilliant letter-writers, scintillant conversationalists, and, incidentally, born authors.

"You ought to put some of your bright conversation into a story," some imp from Egypt whispers in their ears. Or that instead of spreading their vivacious humour around in the company of idlers, they ought to put it in a book and sell it for $1.25 a copy net.

Surely the noble profession of literature is in distress when all of these incompetents take up their pens as contributors.

It is a physical impossibility for any one editor to address himself in correspondence to all his contributors. There are in the United States to-day at least one million people writing for the various publications. A large percentage of their production goes sloshing about the country from office to office, from agent to agent, from editor to editor. When these manuscripts become battered and soiled and mutilated, they are re-typed, a few details changed, hurriedly brought up to date and thrust out into the world again. Peradventure one of these tourists finds a resting place and a cheque is sent to the author. Does he regard himself as a peculiarly fortunate young man? No. He makes it the basis for a wholesale denunciation of all the other editors in the world.

ROBERT H. DAVIS, OF "MUNSEY'S." MR. DAVIS TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE. WITH HIM ARE OWEN DAVIS AND IRVIN COBB. MR. DAVIS TELLS US THAT O. HENRY WENT TO HIS GRAVE MARVELLING AT HIS POPULARITY

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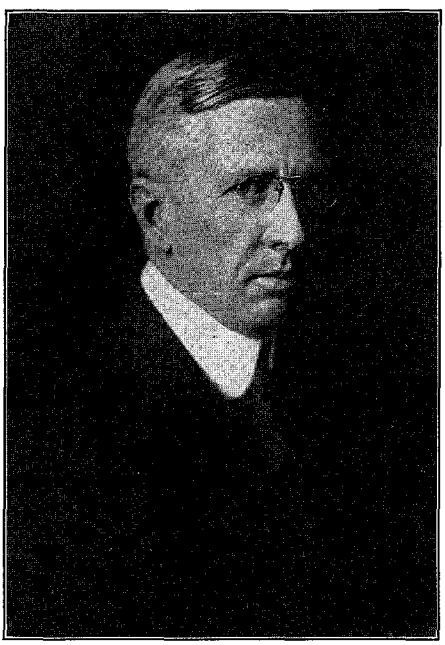
The writer has received many manuscripts from beginners, occasionally accompanied by the request for an honest criticism. "Tell me frankly what you think of my story. What it lacks, wherein lies its weakness." In most instances a cordial correspondence has grown out of such requests, but occasionally a writer asking for an honest opinion, upon receiving it, returns to the fray with violence and would, if conditions were apropos, establish a Hatfield-McCoy feud that would terminate only with the death of all concerned.



MARK SULLIVAN, OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," WHO SAYS THAT SHORT STORIES WHICH WERE ACCEPTED AND MADE GREAT SUCCESSES IN THE POPULAR MAGAZINES OF FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS AGO WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTED TO-DAY

"Why are manuscripts rejected?" is a nation-wide cry. Those who have succeeded know the cost of success. The failures seem to be unaware of the causes that contribute to their down-fall.

One might as well expect to become a great musical virtuoso because he has heard all the good music. Some people think they can write because they have read all the good books.

It will surprise some of you to know that the late O. Henry went to his grave marvelling at his popularity.

"Do you suppose it is wise," said he, "for me to go on writing short stories? When I see them in cold type they seem awfully slight and thin and feeble."

Montague Glass, as far back as 1906, told a friend that he thought of giving literature up because he couldn't make it pay.

"I don't seem to be able to sell enough manuscripts. It is very discouraging."

The author of *Potash and Perlmutter* was quite serious about his retirement. An editor who believed in him urged patience and even went so far as to offer him some special work, along with sincere encouragement. Well, Glass stayed, and now he hates to take the money.

As late as February, 1914, I had the pleasure of introducing Joseph Conrad to Sir Gilbert Parker in the Hotel Savoy in London. To their eternal credit both men greeted each other with a kind of homage that startled me.

The next day Conrad told me that Parker's approbation of his work reminded him of the first time the late E. W. Henley offered him a helping hand. "I was quite overwhelmed," said this superman.

Such modesty is becoming. I sometimes believe it is the sign of greatness.

Irvin Cobb once told W. W. Jacobs in London that he liked his stories. The author of *Dialstone Lane* and *Many Cargoes* actually blushed and lost his appetite. He thought the great American humourist was "spoofing" him.

Anthony Hope told me with his own lips that he wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda* more or less as a joke. Its reception at the hands of the reading public paralysed its author and to this day he cannot see why it should have taken the English speaking world by storm.

Greatness as a rule goes hand in hand with reluctance.

For three days at Hyère, France, I played golf with E. Phillips Oppenheim. He talked about everything but himself.

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I succeeded finally in getting the manuscript of his next novel, *The Hillman*.

At the depot his last request, put forth in the form of a pitiful appeal, was:

"Tell me, why do you want my work? America has been very kind to me. What is the reason?"

"Possibly," I replied, "it is because you think *like* them instead of *for* them."

"It is all very amazing to me," he continued. "I wonder they do not get tired of me."

Well, America won't get tired of Oppenheim until he gets tired of America.

I don't suppose Irvin Cobb will forgive me for this, but I once asked him why he turned out fiction so rapidly.

"My boy," said the Paducah marvel, lifting all embargoes on confidence, "the public is going to wake up some day and dismiss me. This is too good to be

ROBERT RUDD WHITING, OF "AINSLEE'S," WHO BELIEVES THAT PERSONALITY COUNTS IN STORIES AS WELL AS IN PEOPLE

DOUGLAS DOTY, OF "THE CENTURY," WHO FEELS THAT THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S NATURAL AFFECTION FOR HIS OWN WORK OFTEN BLINDS HIM TO ITS LIMITATIONS FROM THE EDITOR'S POINT OF VIEW

true. I propose to take it while they are not looking. It's now or never."

Mary Roberts Rinehart, after having written several excellent short stories, was driven by her friends into writing a novel. Later she contemplated giving up her writing altogether. The public wouldn't permit it.

Fanny Hurst, after selling a few manuscripts to New York editors, seriously contemplated returning to St. Louis and the journalistic life. Destiny upset that plan.

Edwin Lefevre, with whom I am fairly friendly, told me that every time he saw one of his manuscripts in cold type he was sorry he hadn't re-written it. Is he modest? Well no. Intelligent? Yes.

Rex Beach some day expects to revise his novels and bring out a corrected edition. That's what he says.

Whenever George Barr McCutcheon hands out a copy of any of his books he apologises for the mistakes it contains.

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Portrait by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

JOHN M. SIDDALL, OF "THE AMERICAN," WHO POINTS OUT TO NEW WRITERS THE IMPORTANCE OF READING CAREFULLY THOSE MAGAZINES TO WHICH THEY WANT TO CONTRIBUTE

James Lane Allen, at whose feet no man may sit without gleaning something of great value, once remarked to the writer:

"Many people confuse imaginative power with the creative faculty. For example: One may imagine a great picture or a great story; but he who creates the great picture or the great story, thus giving it existence, is greater than he who only imagines it."

In private ears I have frequently breathed this doctrine as mine own, but for the public eye I herewith acknowledge it to be the conclusions of James Lane Allen.

There never has been such a market for good fiction as there is to-day. This is the golden age for writers. Any man or woman with an original idea or even an original way of handling an old idea, can sell their manuscripts as fast as they can turn them out.

Some one has said that there are only seven plots. Rot! There are only eight notes in music, but whoever said there are only eight tunes?

The habitat of fiction has been pretty hard hit. Jules Verne went up in the air as far as anybody could go, as well as under the sea. Wells went into the pseudo-scientific world to the limit. Flying machines, occultism, phenomena of nature, thinking machines, wireless telegraphy, and transmigrations have been done without reserve.

There still remains that immortal trinity without which no fiction can possibly survive—life, and love and death. These elements can be injected into any walk of life; used with or without paraphernalia, and are guaranteed to survive in any climate.

There isn't a magazine editor in New York City who is not bending all his energies in search of new material. No story that possesses a single gleam of quality is permitted to escape. The bad manuscripts will continue to go back in bales—that is as it should be. The pure blue flame of capacity cannot be smothered. All the editors in Christendom unionized and combined against one good author, could not destroy him. The public, not the editors, decide whether or no the author shall survive. The inefficients die automatically but very slowly.

A poet once sent the late Henry Cuyler Bunner some bad verse with the query:

"What do I get for this?"

"Fifty yards start," replied the author of *Short Sixes,* passing with a smile upon his lips into Valhalla—the only place where bad writers cannot go.

Robert H. Davis.

The Outlook

The question "Why Are Manuscripts Rejected?" really resolves itself into the other question, "Why Are Good Manuscripts Rejected?"—for no explanation is needed for the rejection of weak, objectionable or ineffective manuscripts. Every periodical returns many good articles, knowing them to be good. The editor's first and chief duty is not

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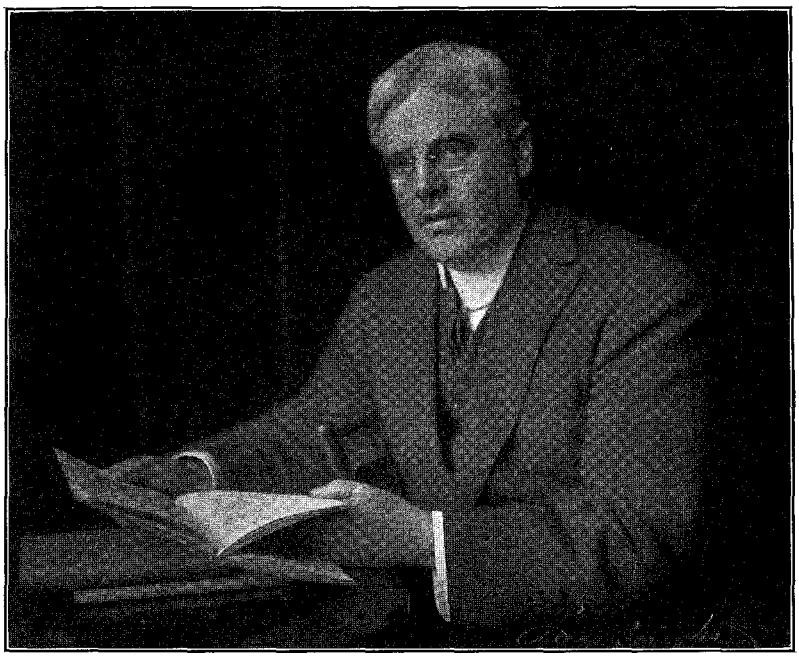

GRAHAM HALL, OF "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

to the contributor but to his magazine, and there are many reasons why it may not be desirable for the magazine to use articles which, considered individually, are excellent. Perhaps the most common reason for returning such articles is that they do not in subject or treatment fit the special needs of the magazine in question. Thus, *The Outlook* is constantly receiving articles well fitted for a monthly or quarterly review or, on the other hand, well fitted for a periodical which aims solely at entertainment, but not fitted for a weekly newspaper like *The Outlook*. A second reason is that the editors have an article on the same subject in hand, or have recently printed one, or have articles on subjects so near akin to the one submitted that it becomes undesirable. Another reason, in the case of *The Outlook,* is that the article may be one of opinion rather than of information or observation; in *The Outlook's* scheme of things, the editors express opinions and the contributors furnish the material upon which those opinions are based or present entertaining pen-pictures of life and human character. If we used many articles of opinion from contributors, the paper as a whole would not be well balanced, and there would be a disproportion between opinion and information.

Every editor knows that the majority of articles received are easily classed, almost at a glance, as undesirable; and usually for one of three reasons: Either they are so imperfect and immature on their face that they do not require to be read through—there is a true and common saying that one does not need to drink a bottle of milk to know that it is sour; or, secondly, they deal with subjects not especially fitted for the particular periodical; or, thirdly, while good in themselves, they are less desirable than other matter already accepted and waiting publication. As to this last, no man will buy coal, however excellent, if his bins are already filled, and no editor will buy articles of moderate excellence if he has scores already purchased. On

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, OF "MC CLURE'S MAGAZINE," WHO FEARS THAT THE AUTHOR WITH A FUTURE IS BEING LURED BY THE ALLEGED BIG PRICES PAID FOR SCENARIOS, AND IS EVOLVING PLOTS FOR MARY PICKFORD AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

the other hand, any editor who is worth his salt will disregard the amount of matter already on hand when a manuscript comes to him which is of supreme excellence or of vital and immediate importance.

The Pictorial Review

There was a man in my office yesterday who has written and sold more than two million words of fiction and special articles. His work has appeared in various magazines of standing, including *The Pictorial Review, The Saturday Evening Post,* and *The Woman's Home Companion.* Yet this was the first time he had ever been east of the Mississippi River; the first time he had ever been into a magazine office; the first time he had ever seen an editor. It is the combination of these circumstances that makes his case unusual, because the country is full of writers who are selling their work without knowing the editors.

It hardly seems possible that writers still cling to that old superstition that it takes personal "pull" to get stuff read and sold. It is against all rhyme and reason, because every editor is looking for new writers. He pats himself on the back every time he discovers a good one. It is a red feather in his cap, and he is constantly trying to add new feathers. And outside of this golden glow of satisfaction that comes from a discovery, there is another reason—a commercial one. Editors don't have to pay so much for the work of new writers as they do for old-timers, and nowadays when the old-timers are asking pretty steep prices, this is often a serious consideration. So much for this superannuated superstition that ought to be dead and buried long ago.

On the other hand, editors cannot buy every good thing that comes in. A manuscript may be rejected for a number of reasons: generally because it is not interesting enough. Then again it may be interesting, but the magazine has already covered the ground. Or it may be the editor has too many of that same kind of story. Or because he is overstocked with manuscripts in general. Or the story may not be suited to his kind of publication. But if it is really well done and interesting, it will sell somewhere sometime. All these things are obvious to any writer who stops to think for a moment—but not a bit more obvious than the utter nonsense of the pet superstition of the unsuccessful writer who claims he can't sell his material because he hasn't a personal "pull" with the editor.

Arthur Vance.

The Review of Reviews

Since no two periodicals are edited in the same way, there must be a great diversity of answers to your question, "Why Are Manuscripts Rejected?" I think that most writers of sufficient ability and training to be considered at all understand that it is not an editor's

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sole function to sit as an impartial judge of manuscripts submitted to him for acceptance or rejection. It is his business to create a programme that will meet two tests: First, his own conception of the thing he wishes to do as an editor, and second, his conception of his own especial body of readers in their use of his periodical.

Many an article is submitted to an editor which he himself likes, but which does not suit the purposes of his particular periodical. It would be easy to mention more than one periodical, amply supported by capital, which has failed because it had no consistent plan or purpose. Its editorial conduct was seemingly without aim or meaning, and its constituency could not be defined.

But the periodicals you have in mind in asking your question are directed with somewhat clear intentions by those who make their weekly or monthly programmes, and have some sort of constituency differentiated from among our population of a hundred millions. Thus the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Saturday Evening Post,* both admirably and intelligently edited, have different aims, serve different purposes, and accept or reject manuscripts with entire consistency from their own standpoints.

A periodical devoted in greater part to the interpretation of matters of public interest will acquire the habit of initiating its own programmes. It will have found the writers who can help it perform its tasks; and it must, therefore,—for reasons of space if for no others,—reject the great majority of articles submitted to it without previous warning. Such articles are to a notable extent what may be called "perishable goods." They often arrive in considerable numbers, demanding immediate space in an issue that has either gone to press or has every page allotted. These manuscripts frequently deal with topics that the editor has already recognised to such an extent as his programmes will permit.

A very considerable mass of manuscripts in the field of public affairs is of controversial character, provoked by

Portraits by Marcean, N. Y.

ARTHUR VANCE, OF "THE PICTORIAL REVIEW," WHO POINTS OUT THAT THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW WRITER IS A RED FEATHER IN THE EDITOR'S CAP, AND THAT HE IS CONSTANTLY TRYING TO ADD NEW FEATHERS

something that the editor has previously published. Thus Mr. Simonds has been writing on the great war regularly for the *Review of Reviews,* and we are steadily obliged to reject manuscripts written by readers in this country and elsewhere, who feel impelled to "reply" to Simonds. About half of these argumentative articles denounce him as being pro-Ally, while the other half denounce him as being pro-German, and most of them pity him for his great ignorance. Obviously there can be no space for the printing of any of these polemical discussions.

I have had the pleasure, in the course of a long editorial experience, of seeing a vast number of fairly good articles printed in other periodicals after I have rejected them. In hundreds of instances I have taken the trouble to suggest to a writer that while I was rejecting his article through the necessary limitations of my own methods or programmes, or

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because somebody else had covered the same topic for me, I thought his article would suit me well if I were editing certain other periodicals which I did not hesitate to name.

When these rather obvious things are said with regard to an editor's own methods and programmes and his limitations of space, there remain certain things that might be said to young contributors. I am not, of course, talking about fiction, because that is outside of my own field as an editor.

First, then, most manuscripts are rejected because they are not up to standard. When a really good article comes along, an editor so hates to part with it that it tempts him sorely even when he knows that his programme is full and he cannot increase the number of pages. Even those articles that the editor accepts are in many cases not just what is wanted, and the public at large can hardly imagine how much labour is given by members of an editorial staff to the recasting and revising of a manuscript and to suggestions to the author for building up its weak points until finally it passes muster and is put into page form.

Many manuscripts are rejected because they are diffuse, when they should be condensed and terse. From what I know in general and at large of the work of editing periodicals, I believe that our American editorial offices are exceedingly hospitable toward genuine, workmanlike offerings. Writers who wish to place manuscripts in well-known periodicals ought to be at pains to produce the kind of manuscript, as regards extent and mode of treatment, that would meet the obvious requirements of the editor to whom it is sent.

All these things, I am sure, are the most commonplace answers to your question.

Albert Shaw.

The Smart Set

A chronicle assigning reasons for the rejection of certain species of manuscript by a particular magazine must, obviously, be of interest only to such writers as have had manuscripts rejected by that magazine. And the only purpose that a paper of this kind may serve is, therefore, to bring about, if possible, a better understanding between the rejected author and the rejecting editor. Let us, accordingly, eliminate pretty, but unconvincing, generalities and get to simple facts—at least simple so far as *The Smart Set* is concerned.

My colleague, Mr. H. L. Mencken, and myself abide, in the consideration of manuscripts, by the following litany:

From stories in which a rising young district attorney gets the dead wood upon a burly political boss named Terrence O'Flaherty, and then falls in love with Mignon, his daughter, and has to let him go; and from stories in which a married lady, just about to sail for Capri with her husband's old *corpsbruder,* is dissuaded from her purpose by the news that her husband has lost seven hundred thousand dollars in Wall Street and is on his way home to weep on her shoulder; and from one-act plays in which young Cornelius Van Suydam comes home from The Club at 11:55 P.M. on Christmas Eve, dismisses Dodson, his man, with the compliments of the season, and draws up his chair before the open fire to dream of his girl, thus preparing the way for the entrance of Maxwell, the starving burglar, and for the scene in which Maxwell's little daughter, Fifi, following him up the fire-escape, pleads with him to give up his evil courses; and from poems about the war in which it is argued that thousands of young men will be killed before it is over, and that their mothers will regret to hear of it; and from essays of a sweet and whimsical character, in which the author refers to himself as "we," and ends by quoting Bergson, Washington Irving or Ella Wheeler Wilcox; and from epigrams based on puns, good or bad; and from stories beginning "It was the autumn of the year 1950"; and from stories embodying quotations from Omar Khayyam, and full of a mellow pessimism; and from stories in which the gay

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nocturnal life of the Latin Quarter is described by an author living in Dubuque, Iowa; and from stories of thought transference, mental healing and haunted houses; and from newspaper stories in which a cub reporter solves the mystery of the Snodgrass murder and is promoted to dramatic critic on the field, or in which a city editor who smokes a corn-cob pipe falls in love with a sob-sister; and from stories about trained nurses, young dramtists, baseball players, heroic locomotive engineers, settlement workers, clergymen, yeggmen, cowboys, Italians, employes of the Hudson Bay Company, and great detectives; and from stories in which the dissolute son of a department store owner tries to seduce a working girl in his father's employ, and then goes on the water wagon and marries her as tribute to her virtue; and from stories in which the members of a yachting party are wrecked on a desert island in the South Pacific, and the niece of the owner of the yacht falls in love with the bo'sun; and from manuscripts accompanied by documents certifying that the incidents and people described are real, though cleverly disguised; and from authors who send in saucy notes when their offerings are returned with insincere thanks; and from lady authors who appear with satirical letters of introduction from the low, raffish rogues who edit rival magazines —good Lord, deliver us!

In an attempt still further to bring about a tonic understanding between contributors and ourselves, we submit, through these BOOKMAN pages, this additional statement of our position:

Our aim, in general, is to interest and amuse the more civilised and sophisticated sort of reader—the man or woman who has lived in large cities, and read good books, and seen good plays, and heard good music, and is tired of politicians, reformers and the newspapers. Our magazine is not what is known as a popular magazine; it hasn't a circulation of one million a month, and it never will have. This fact frees it from any necessity to take a hand in the uplift, or to pretend that it is made sad by the sorrows of the world. It assumes that its typical reader, having a quarter in his pocket to spend for a magazine without either gaudy pictures in it or "inspirational" rubbish, is quite satisfied with both the world and himself, and that even if he isn't, there are times when he doesn't want to worry over schemes of improvement. It is at such times that *The Smart Set* tries to reach him. If offers him, on a small scale, the kind of intelligent entertainment that such a play as Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* offers him on a large scale, or Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* on a still larger scale.

CARL HOVEY, OF "THE METROPOLITAN"

That is, as we have said, it *tries* to do so. The fact that it often falls a good deal short is one to which we are already painfully privy. We do the best we can with the means at hand. If Joseph Conrad's *Youth* were yet unpublished, and if Conrad offered it to us to-morrow, we'd mortgage our salaries to buy it, and stop the presses to get it into the next number. For Anatole

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France's *The Revolt of the Angels* we'd do the same. Or for anything by Arthur Schnitzler as good as *Anatol.* Or for a play by Lord Dunsany comparable to *The Green Gods from the Mountains.* Or (supposing it new) for John Mil-

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, OF THE "SMART SET," WHO ABIDES, IN THE CONSIDERATION OF PROFFERED MANUSCRIPTS, BY A CERTAIN LITANY

lington Synge's *Riders from the Sea.* Or for one of John Masefield's sea songs. Or for a ballad by Otto Julius Bierbaum. Or for an essay by Walter Pater. Or for a single epigram by Oscar Wilde. Failing such masterpieces, we take the next best that offers, and whether that next best be by so well known a man as Dunsany or Dreiser, or by some clever youth just out of college, it is all one to us. We read personally every piece of printable manuscript that comes into this office, and we are unfeignedly delighted every time a newcomer sends in something that is good.

With this programme, it must be plain that we do *not* want the conventional sentimentality of the cheap magazines, the rubber-stamp stuff that presents old ideas, old situations, old points of view. For example, we don't want war stories; they were all written when Zola wrote *The Attack on the Mill,* and the best of them that are now getting into type are feeble and empty. Again, we don't want newspaper stories, or stories of the Canadian Northwest, nor stories about prostitutes, or political stories, or stories of the occult, or stories of A.D. 2,000, or stories of the cow country, or stories about artists or authors; we believe that all of these have been overdone, and that civilised readers are tired of them. Yet again, we don't want plays in which, as the curtain rises, the heroine is explaining the plot into a telephone, or in which either burglars or married women come to the apartments of rich New York bachelors, or in which husbands come home unexpectedly to find their wives kissing their best friends; we believe that these, too, have been done to death. Yet again, we don't want anything "delightfully optimistic," whether in play form, in story form, or in any other form: we believe that the persons who enjoy such mush know where to get it, and that they do not look for it in *The Smart Set.*

True enough, some of the things in our *index expurgatorius* occasionally edge into the magazine, but that is only saying that we are weak mortals, and not as good editors as we ought to be. We take, as we say, the best that offers, and authors would help us a lot if they offered less commonplace and stupid stuff, and more novel, original, and lively stuff. Anything that is thoroughly new is doubly welcome; we always try to give originality the right of way. Every other article in our code is sub-

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ordinate to this one. If you have an idea that is genuinely new, *The Smart Set* is the place for it. But please don't try to fool us with old ones in false faces!

Some authors seem to have a notion that *The Smart Set* wants only society stories. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The magazine addresses itself, not merely to what are called (by the newspapers) society people, but to all persons who are well-fed, educated, worldly-wise, and of good taste. Naturally enough, these persons are more interested in their own class than they are in the struggles and aspirations of garment workers, pickpockets, Pullman porters, pothouse politicians and missionaries to the heathen, and so the people of our stories are usually well-fed and worldly-wise, too, but we like to think that our readers put human interest and artistic value above mere milieu and point of view, and we'd print a new Mulvaney story, if we could get it, as gladly as we'd print a new Henry James story.

Our present chief need is for "novelettes" of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand words. A "novelette," remember, is not a short novel but a long short story; its internal structure must be that of the short story; it must get under weigh, like a short story, in the very first paragraph. We desire a rapid dramatic action in our "novelettes," and after that, dialogue with wit in it. We are very hospitable in this department; we have printed mystery stories, domestic comedies, stories of international society, stories of the super-*vin-rouge* Bohemia; we have even printed a "novelette" with an undertaker for its hero. But spare us the Eternal Triangle! It begins to crinkle and lose its shape. It has done service in too many bad "novelettes."

As for short stories, we have indicated some of our likes and dislikes, and a glance at the magazine will tell the rest of the tale. We desire, above all things, good workmanship. We send back many stories that, with interesting ideas in them, are crudely written. We believe that our readers have a sense of style, that they see the difference between a short story by Lord Dunsany or Lilith Benda and an ordinary short story. We use essays, too, and never have enough of them. But they must be essays that avoid the usual laboured whimsicality and triteness of thought, and plough up some new ground. Here style is two-thirds of the battle. We'd make room any month for an essay that showed truly distinguished writing, no matter how much its doctrines outraged our private notions of the true, the good, and the beautiful.

Poetry? We print twenty or thirty poems every month, and a good many of them get into the anthologies. But don't send us sentimental things of the Poet's Corner variety; we are tired of odes to the meadow thrush, and war-songs arguing that the death of a soldier is a grief to his mother, and clumsy attempts at *vers libre,* and lyrics of amour in which "heart" rhymes with "part." Our short prose pieces, no doubt, you know; a dozen other magazines are imitating them. We want novelty, cleverness, good writing; a little prose poem, a piece of wit, a felicitous turn of phrase—above all, what we have never had before.

Herewith, therefore, is the evidence for the defense in the Case of Two Particular Editors versus the Rejected Manuscript.

George Jean Nathan.

Vanity Fair

You seem to be seeking for a single, satisfying answer to the question: "Why are manuscripts rejected?"

How disingenuous of you to pretend ignorance of this extremely simple matter. How Jesuitical of you to sit there, in all solemnity and with your editorial tongue in your cheek, posing as one who is groping for a path in the darkness, when in reality you can see your way as well as most editors—and far better than *any* author.

There are only two reasons why edi-

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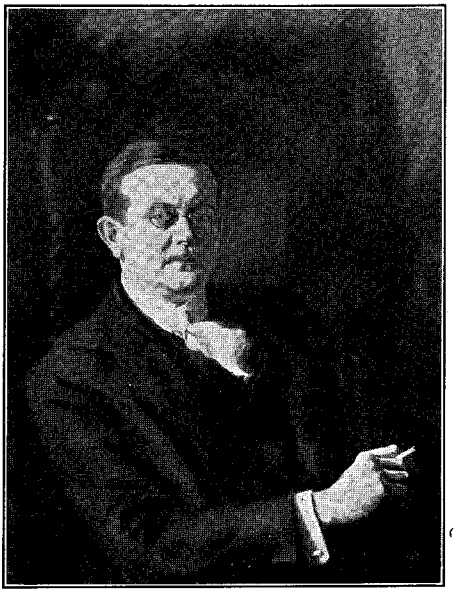
tors treat manuscripts as if they were those little white doves, so movingly described by Dante—those luckless birds that flutter vainly and ineffectually about the world, looking for a warm and comfortable nest; beating their snow-white wings against closed, inhospitable doors, only to be driven back at last by hunger, weariness and despair, to the parent nests that gave them birth.



RAY LONG, OF THE "RED BOOK." FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GRANT T. REYNARD

And now I am coming to the two reasons! Any author knows one of them, and any editor knows the other, but it is given only to that little band of miserable beings who, like myself, have starved and shivered, first as an author and then as an editor, to be vouchsafed a familiarity with *both*.

The first reason (which I learned when I had spent but a year at writing, and which any author will tell you is the more frequent reason of the two) is that editors are proverbially the lowest form of intellectual life. They only return those weary, wounded and bleeding little manuscripts because they don't know enough to *publish* them; because, as a race, they are prejudiced, uncultivated, blind. They seek, with passionate ardour only for those outpourings of the human soul that are stereotyped, conventional, obvious, banal. They are utterly lacking in initiative, intuition, sympathy, *flair*. They are but the driven slaves of the benighted proletariat; or of a band of ignoble advertisers; or—worse and worse—of the wretched being whose tragical misfortune it is to be compelled to employ and feed them. All editors live on flattery. They can be bought or bribed—like so many aldermen or critics. Their outlook on life, and love, and ardour, and humour, and generative artistic heat is no wider than that of the buried, fossilised toad. They are malingerers. They are criminals. There is, in short, something almost slimy and shuddery about the horror of them.

You have always been, of course, wholly ignorant of this first great reason. But, with the *second,* I suspect that you are as familiar as any editor in our city. Speaking for myself I may say that I only became acquainted with it when I gave up writing and took to editing.

And this other reason is that God, for some inscrutable reason, elected to create authors in a coarser and baser mold—if such a thing is conceivable—than that in which He fashioned editors. It is fairly well established that our contemporary authors are on a cerebral par with the black sponge and the blind, invertebrate worm. They are as complacent as actors; as pompous as lawyers; as insincere as writers of diplomatic notes; as obvious and spirit-blighting and interminable as after-dinner speakers. They lack, in their writing, every suggestion of elegance, restraint, gesture and grace. They also lack depth, pathos, sympathy, surprise, philosophy, brevity and wit. Their horizons—on the North, South, East and West—are abruptly bounded by their noses. They are content to write about life without at all troubling to explore or study it. They know nothing whatever of the abysmal craters that smoul-

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der in the depths of all women's hearts. They are, in short, bores, drones, charlatans, misbegotten creatures of shadow and shame.

Now there, Mr. Editor, are your two great reasons; and—like the proverbial jackass of old, who stood rooted and immovable at a point equi-distant from the two alluring horns of his dilemma—you will find me looking (in a fashion at once fatuous and pathetic) at those two quite opposite reasons, searching vainly to weld them into a single, satisfying answer to your wholly preposterous question.

Frank Crowninshield.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Why are manuscripts rejected? Sometimes because the Editor makes a mistake. In this case, the Editor, not the contributor, is the injured party.

The Editor holds a job, like any other human being who works for a living. His particular job is to get out a magazine which shall interest that portion of the magazine reading public which he is pleased to call his clientele. The Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* for example, selects the type of contribution that in his opinion will interest a large proportion of the fifty thousand or so to whom he caters. *The Woman's Home Companion* must contain matter of more universal interest because more than a million people read it.

Now the Editor makes a success or a failure of his career in accordance with the accuracy of his judgment in deciding what kind of material will interest his readers. You will notice that I do not say "please" his readers. The thing is to publish matter that readers will read and remember: to give the magazine some definte personality in their minds. Dullness is the unforgivable sin.

The most exciting thing in an Editor's life is to discover a new writer. This has been said many times, and is not believed by new writers, but it is true. One of the most painful experiences an Editor can have is to witness the success, in another magazine, of the manuscript which he has turned down.

It is entirely true that "manuscripts are not necessarily rejected because of lack of merit," to quote the bromidion of the rejection slip. One of the cleverest, most amusing novels I ever read I

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, OF "VANITY FAIR," WHO CONTEMPLATES THE EDITOR AS AN AUTHOR SEES HIM, AND THE AUTHOR FROM THE EDITORIAL POINT OF VIEW

rejected recently because I believed its appeal was to a rather small, urban, sophisticated audience, rather than to the big audience which *The Woman's Home Companion* reaches.

The subject of "favouritism" is interesting. The only reason why some authors are "favourites" with Editors is because they are favourites with readers. Any other reason is absurd on the face of it. As I said before, an Editor has a regular job, and is as ambitious to succeed in that job as an author is ambitious to succeed in his. He usually has a certain amount of money to spend and he is expected to spend it for material that will fit the policy of his publication.

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There *have* been instances where Editors have been fired! The Editor who knows how to select the material that will make a large number of readers rush to the newsstands with fifteen cents which they are willing to exchange for his particular magazine is the Editor who keeps his job and gets his salary raised occasionally. The Editor who edits to please himself, or his immediate circle of friends, or the board of directors, or other editors, doesn't last long.

All this is to show that the Editor's task is not the simple one of buying a limited number of high priced manuscripts from well known authors. It is the infinitely more difficult one of keeping his magazine always fresh and sparkling, full of new interests and delights and purposes; defining its policy and planning material that will further that policy. The author who can help the Editor in his work is welcomed with open arms. The author who thinks he knows the Editor's job better than the Editor knows it, is likely to meet with rebuffs. After all it is the Editor, not the Author,, who is held responsible for the success of the magazine.

In the office of *The Woman's Home Companion* more than twenty-five thousand manuscripts were read last year, not counting regular department material or contests. Of these less than five hundred were accepted,—one in every fifty. Every one of the twenty-five thousand was read, by a well paid, intelligent, well educated reader, and all those that showed any promise (and many that didn't!) were passed on to the Editor-in-Chief.

Many well written manuscripts were rejected. These are some of the reasons why:

Too long, or of awkward length for our purpose,
Unpleasant theme,
Unoriginal idea,
Something similar already in hand,
Appealing to too small an audience.

Gertrude B. Lane.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS BY WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO HAVE ADVENTURED IN THE MODERN WORK-A-DAY WORLD AND FOUND THEIR PLACES THERE

EDITED BY HELEN J. FERRIS

X—ADVENTURES IN PRACTICAL AESTHETICS

By Antoinette Rehmann Perrett

AFTER I left college, I studied architecture in my father's office. I started right in at the lowest rung of the ladder, tracing plans and typing specifications, putting in every spare minute on lettering and the Greek orders. My father wanted me chiefly for comradeship, and a happy time we had of it. I can hear him yet whistling snatches from the operas while we leaned over our drawing boards of a morning. Of course, I wasn't worth more than five dollars a week at first, but I should never let a low beginner's wage keep me from anything I wanted to do. So many girls lose out in their very life's happiness by being frightened into a sure wage at the very start of their careers. There are usually ways to eke out a living. I had a class of young masons, carpenters and plumbers, for instance, whom I taught three evenings a week at three dollars and fifty cents an evening, which when you come to figure it up gave me a wage of about sixty dollars a month. My first independent job was a tailoring factory and my second a three story flat, but I was

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always thinking about the new art in domestic architecture, studying the work of men like Voysey and Lutyens in England and the theories and colour of the new interior men in Germany, work that is just now beginning to be popularly felt in this country. I was always scheming out small suburban places with interesting architectural rooms. There are people who think such dreams and longings idle, but they are the most important things in life, and if you have any, no matter how futile they may seem, be sure that you can realize them if you will. Before long my scheming found expression in a house of our own. Right here I ought to say that it takes a certain strength of character and courage of a rare order to do independent æsthetic thinking among philistines. Our house, although it seemed very restrained and eminently inoffensive to me, caused something of a sensation in our town, chiefly, I imagine, because it was a bit ahead of the times, but it was this house that brought me very unexpectedly and seemingly by chance the offer of writing architectural articles for *Good Housekeeping,* which I did for almost five years. My father had died and I had given up the practice of architecture, but Mr. Perrett helped me to illustrate my second article and soon after that we were married. We designed all sorts of rooms. I think we must have done about thirty-five children's rooms alone, sixteen in a series for *St. Nicholas.* In fact, we did so many rooms that it seriously interfered with Mr. Perrett's own art work, but it was very fascinating and companionable while it lasted. I did all sorts of articles for *Good Housekeeping.* I remember one on "The Painting of the House" that the editor said he liked, and that brought us some interesting work from one of the great lead corporations. I did a good deal of tramping for that article. Every time I came to a house that I thought might help me, I would slip my pad from my muff and furtively write down the colour and material of side walls and roof, the colour of window and door casings, of window frames, of doors and shutters, of cornices and eaves, watertables, porches, columns, even the texture of curtains and the planting of trees and shrubs. I soon became convinced that painting the house was the most important thing in all this wide world. This absorption is one of the seven wonders of the world, and I am always surprised, when the glow is over, that the article

MISS HELEN J. FERRIS, WHO HAS EDITED THIS SERIES ON "THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN"

is such an everyday, mediocre affair instead of the work of genius that it seemed when I rushed it off at white heat.

I began to write little stories of furniture. I became interested in town planning and in the landscape architecture of the small place. One year I went to Europe and saw a great many new art homes and met a great many interesting people. While there I made a study of the arts and crafts museums and some special studies in the freshness and spontaneity of Gothic domestic architecture and town planning as we saw it in Lim-

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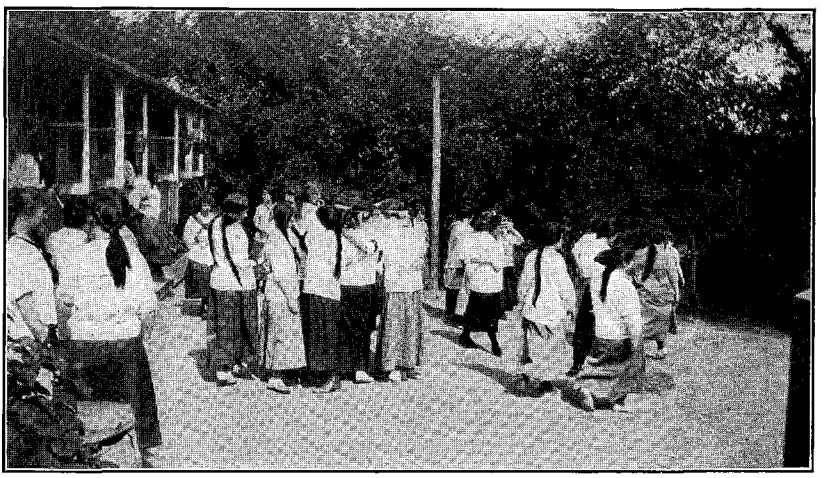
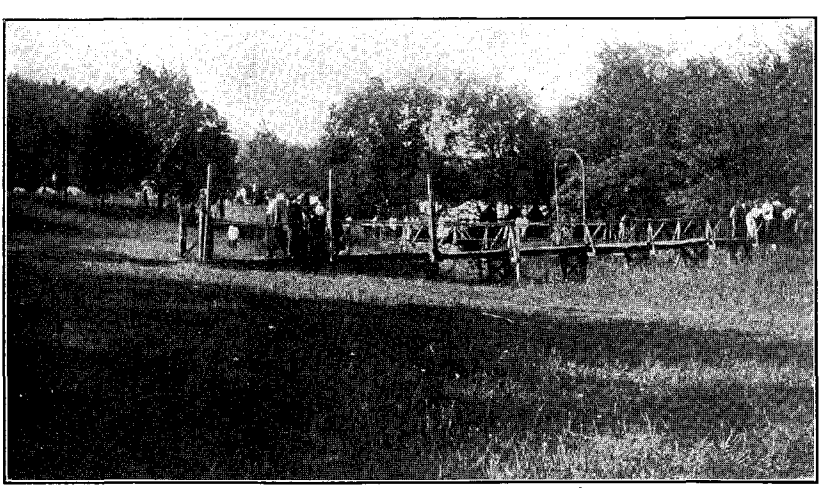


A GROUP AT THE Y. W. C. A. CAMP FOR SELF-SUPPORTING GIRLS AT ALTAMONT

burg, at Burg Eltz and in the Gothic villages of the Moselle.

The way I picked up my knowledge of planting material that I used in my constructive principles for planting about the small house may be suggestive. I happen to live near Branch Brook Park, and so I worked up a series of weekly articles for the editor of our Sunday paper. In the nine months that I kept up my series, there was never a dearth of news. In fact, unless you carry on a similar experiment, you can hardly realise the astonishing wealth of material and the succession of beautiful scenes that artists like the Olmsteds produce in their parks. My husband took photographs each week, charming compositions they were, to illustrate my articles. This led us not only into making a collection of our prints for the Olmsteds, but into making an original collection of its parks for the Hudson County Commission through its architect, Mr. Lowrie. Such work produces all sorts of ramifications. We had, for



IN THE CAMP AT ALTAMONT

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instance, a collection of about fifty kinds of shrub berries posed in our home pottery and baskets. No sooner did they appear in one of the magazines than I was invited to pose berries in the vase collection of one of the museums, a very delightful experience.

Just now I am doing some work which is giving me great pleasure. I am collecting original anecdotes and short human interest paragraphs under the caption, "The Artist's Wife," on themes connected with art in everyday life and with the experiences of an artist. Such work has a way of making you very watchful of the significance of everyday happenings, has a way of vitalising your existence in a most astonishing way. I am mentioning it because my very first contract for writing was for just this kind of paragraph work, daily theme work we called it at college. I always thought it deadly dull then, but it is really a joyous medium of expression. I can remember, too, how proud I used to be at earning twelve dollars a column for it. It is often right valuable for beginners to know what is salable.

These are all smalls bits of work. You may not think them worth telling about. I feel the same way because I hope to do so much better work in the future, but they have made my life thus far seem increasingly fresh and beautiful to me, and I cannot be too grateful for that. Though I am doing such humble little tasks myself, the subjects are great ones and offer to the college women of this new world a very rich and varied field.

XI—The College Graduate in Welfare Work

By Helen J. Ferris, formerly with John Wanamaker, New York

A few weeks ago, the Efficiency engineer of a large business house employing several hundred women and girls, said to me, "Our girls don't do a thing during lunch hours but eat for twenty minutes or so and then gossip. If you ask them where they go evenings, they'll tell you 'to the movies.' Now, we want a young woman to come in and organise clubs and classes among the girls, try to interest them in good books and in learning things, get acquainted with them and help them. I want a college girl."

"Why a college girl?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "in the first place, if I can find the kind of a college girl I want, I know that she'll know what appeals to girls and how to get them interested. Her 'stunts' and all that will give her a point of contact right away. And then her training will show her that she can't stop with rcereation only, but that she'll really have to teach them. Then the first thing you know, our girls will have an interest in life they didn't have before."

"Do you think a position like this one will be a permanent thing," I asked, "or is this interest of your concern in Welfare work just a passing demand?"

"It will be as permanent as the girl wants to make it," he answered. "If business houses were putting it in just because the public seem interested in it at present, and there weren't any real benefit to the business itself, it wouldn't be permanent. But there is a benefit to the business. You let a college woman get to work among the girls and she influences them to be honest, to keep well and strong, to live right. That is why I am looking for a college girl."

It was a pleasure to meet a business man who believed so heartily in my own work. Three years of active, very active service in a large store have only strengthened my belief in the possibilities of the field. My own personal experience in the work among the women and girls of a large store has been interesting and fascinating. I may have tried to teach the girls the lessons they seemed to need, but all the while I myself was learning far more.

Many people often ask what "preparation" I had. I had been a councillor in a camp for working girls during part of a summer, and there I had gotten experience in recreation. But, aside from this, my college training was my principal asset. There has been little of that

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training which has not been called upon, at some time or other, to help me in my work, from class room methods to coaching basket ball, from studying in the library to "running off a show for the class." Perhaps the group club with whom I happen to be working will wish to give a play, or have Current Events study for a club activity. In their recreation hour, they may wish to play games, dance, or "Get up a cheer for the team." For whatever they want, I must be ready, no, more than ready, shall I not say expert? I have found, too, that a powerful stimulus in interesting the girls is to say, "At *college,* when we did this, we ———." Even the Class Drill (Gymnasium) to which we so often went with reluctant feet, becomes in retrospect a most desirable occupation for which the College Girls' enthusiasm never waned and at which we learned to stand and move with perfect grace.

How often I have wished, in the midst of the variety of demands made upon me that I had studied a little harder, learned a little more, when my time was devoted wholly to that. Perhaps a girl comes to me at the library and asks me for a book. She doesn't know what she wants. Upon the wisdom of my choice may rest her future interest in good literature. If I can choose a book which will interest her, she will come back again and again and a new field of enjoyment has been opened up to her. Sometimes I am able to turn the frequent demand for a "good love story" into a passive, barely passive, wish for a biography. The biography may come back unread the next day, or the reader may return it later with the request for another as good. "You never can tell," and it pays to try.

Perhaps the girl who has been playing games so eagerly, sits down beside me for a minute's rest. In the course of the conversation, she tells me that she would like to "learn to talk right." This gives me the opportunity to find a course in English for her. And if, in a few months, she comes to me and thanks me for the help, thanks me in perfect English, then I know that that girl has found permanent benefit in the Club.

Perhaps someone brings to us the name of a girl whom she wishes us to see. It may be just a word of encouragement that is needed, or more material help. To be able to give this, or see that it is given by those who stand ready to help, this is one of the great rewards of the work.

The lines of activity in which the welfare worker engages depends upon the policy of the business organisation by whom she is employed. By some, educational classes are emphasised and the firm wishes primarily to interest the girls in intellectual improvement. Others feel that physical development, recreation, and home visiting to better conditions are of first importance. But no matter what the line of activity, there lies before the welfare worker everywhere the big opportunity of personal contact and influence. The entertainment which she is getting up is just the thing to teach the participants the proper use of their voices, poise, self-control. These very girls may be the ones who would scorn a class, but through the dramatics she has reached them. The games she is playing may bring out in the girls characteristics of unfair play, of selfishness, even of dishonesty. In the game, these may be corrected, without having the girls realize that they are receiving a much needed lesson. In the class which she is teaching, the welfare worker may discover talents which could be used in the business, but which are being wasted because the girl is doing work which does not bring them out. A word to the proper person may give that girl her chance for development.

The wise welfare worker familiarises herself with the work which is being done in the business organisation with which she is connected. She knows what is done in each department, she learns the requirements made of the girls. In this way, she can coöperate with the heads of departments and give her work a more definite aim. If she is

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able to so help a girl that the results show in that girl's daily conduct, in her methods of work, with practical results in the pay envelope, then the welfare worker may well feel that her effort has been far reaching, for she has not only helped the girl but the business organisation.

Wherever the heads of a business house feel the need of systematic training for their employees and of scientific effort to improve them, physically, intellectually, and morally, there is an opening for the college trained woman. There she may use all that college has given her, sharing with others the opportunities for development which were hers at her Alma Mater.

XII—Secretarial Work and the College Woman

By Ann E. Thomas, Assistant, Department of Public Education, American Museum of Natural History

In college, the word "secretary," especially if we are interested in the study of English, has an alluring though somewhat hazily attractive sound. We picture ourselves, perhaps, seated in a large and pleasant office efficiently aiding in the production of a great masterpiece, but we have little definite idea of the duties and opportunities of our position.

Few of us, before we are brought face to face with the problem of selecting a vocation, realize the necessity of looking thoughtfully into the various types of occupations to discover the kind of work required, and our own fitness both in training and temperament to carry it on. Yet, if we are to occupy a position with happiness and profit to those about us and to ourselves, we must do this. What then does secretarial work offer to the woman who enters it? What are its duties, its salary, and its opportunities for promotion and growth? And, after that, what inborn qualities and training should she have to be successful in it? In other words, what can the position give to the secretary, and what should the secretary give to the position?

What the Position Offers the Secretary

Any vocation, if efficient work is to be accomplished, should offer to the employee healthful work surroundings and adequate equipment, a fair salary, an opening for a certain amount of original creative labour, and a chance for growth or promotion or both. The secretarial field is a broad one, having intimate connection with many occupations. If, on these basis of these four tests, we analyse it, we can discover wherein lie its limitations, and wherein its opportunities.

Secretarial work is, for the most part, a vocation in which pleasant office conditions prevail. The employer, as a rule, has them under his personal supervision. He knows, generally, that strained eyes and fingers blue with cold and an out-of-date typewriter are not "good business," and he realizes the advertising value, if nothing else, of healthful surroundings.

Probably the most important office condition, if it may be called that, is the employer himself—his character and his ability. In large business organisations secretarial duties are professionalised, but in all private work the surroundings and secretarial opportunities are a direct reflection of his personality, the big determining factor in all that the position offers the employee.

"What is the salary?" we ask, as soon as we begin to examine a new position. Then we check ourselves, remembering that we must not make it the sole consideration. But the appreciation expressed by dollars and cents is vital. An interesting study of the salaries received for secretarial work was published in 1914 in an article by Margaret Post in the series of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on *Vocations for the Trained Woman*. The amount earned by New England women with and without college training after one, two, three, four and five years' experience is summarised. "The most usual salary found occuring during the *first* year was twelve dollars per week for the college trained girl, ten dollars per week for the girl without college train-

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ing. (For convenience we shall let C represent those who have had a college education and D those who have not had advanced training.) After *two* years' experience the most usual salary found for C was fifteen dollars, for D eleven dollars; after *three* years the salary for C remains fifteen dollars, that for D rises to twelve dollars; after four years the salary of C rises to seventeen dollars, that for D remains fifteen dollars." "After five years' experience we find the largest per cent. of C (twenty-two per cent.) receiving from sixteen to eighteen dollars, and the same per cent. receiving twenty to twenty-two dollars, while the greatest number of D (thirty-five per cent.) receives fourteen to sixteen dollars."

The third test, an opening for a certain amount of original creative labour, secretarial work cannot pass as successfully as it does the first two. If secretarial work is classified in accordance with the opportunities that it offers for initiative, it may be divided into three groups: that in the service of (1) an individual in private work; (2) an individual in the employ of an organisation; and (3) a social, religious, or educational institution or a public body. Within each group one may become either a private, a social, a research, or an executive secretary. The majority of positions is found in the first two groups —in business houses or in the field of general office work where mechanical repetition rather than originality is required.

Practically all secretaries are called upon to perform an infinite number of small duties, everything from the stamping and addressing of envelopes and the sharpening of pencils to the producing at a second's notice—often a terror-inspiring operation—of a necessary paper. Typewriting, the taking of dictation, filing and cataloging are a part of the daily routine. Commercial work offers a large proportion of duties of this more or less mechanical nature. With organisations, or professional men, however, there is sometimes more opportunity for initiative. The secretary of a physician may not only care for the correspondence, but aid him in the publication of papers and the making of laboratory tests, while the secretary of the college professor may solve interesting research problems and do her share in the preparation of books for the press.

"Am I climbing toward something worth while?" we wonder when we enter secretarial work. "Is there chance for growth and promotion?" Here again the answer exposes the limitations and possibilities of the vocation. Owing to the nature of its duties general promotion cannot be great. The special positions of research and of executive secretary open up, however, a broad and interesting field.

To become an executive secretary is the goal toward which the most ambitious strive. Social, philanthropic and charitable institutions, public bodies and business firms all offer a limited number of such openings. "Executive positions," Miss Cummings writes in the *Third Annual Report* of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, "seem to have an eternal fascination because they appear to offer independent action and scope for initiative. They usually prove exceedingly difficult to fill, not because women of marked executive power are lacking but because so few of them have the mastery of a particular subject matter or the technical equipment required in these positions." Generally, exeperience in the work is a prerequisite. The executive secretary has the opportunity of meeting people, speaking in public, dealing conscientiously with situations requiring keen judgment and leadership, and coöperating easily and successfully with those about her.

WHAT THE SECRETARY OFFERS THE POSITION

And now, as a fair bargain is the basis of business, what does the successful secretary offer the position? What should her training have prepared her to give? First of all she brings to her work her mechanical tools, an accurate

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knowledge of shorthand and typewriting —the foundations of the vocation until improved devices have done away with them. Next she offers a knowledge of business methods, filing, cataloging, duplicating devices, and, perhaps, of proof reading.

Lastly, more important than the other two, and though not always asked for always in the end appreciated, is as comprehensive a background of general information as the secretary can gather together. Everything learned may be used. The ability to express oneself rapidly and concisely in correct English is invaluable. A knowledge of French and German is helpful, while a command of the facts of history, economics and sociology is always useful. Aside from this, if the secretary can specialise in the field in which she is most interested and learn in that method of exhaustive research, she can offer to the position that rare quality—the knowledge of how to go about doing a given piece of work.

The personality and character that the secretary brings to the position are every bit as important as the training she offers. The virtues of a lady, tact, cheerfulness, self-control and thoughtfulness, are always necessary. But the secretary should give to her work two especial qualities. An obsolete definition of a secretary is, "one who is intrusted with private and secret matters." The characteristic that this out-of-date meaning suggests is just as important today as it was years ago—it is the ability to be trustworthy, to be absolutely silent about the confidential matters of the office. The other important quality involves a contradiction: it is initiative, combined with self-forgetfulness in the interests of the employer. Teamwork it might be called, but it is more than that. It is that quality that helps one to serve quietly and happily without recognition, content to understand the social value of the task in progress.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN AS SECRETARY

Next to teaching, the college woman enters in largest numbers into secretarial work. She is especially in demand in those occupational groups which offer opportunity for initiative and require a large background of general knowledge.

The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has for the last four years kept a record of the number of college women placed as secretaries.

	Total places. College and non-college trained.	College.
1911-12	201	40
1912-13	216	57
1913-14	160	58
1914-15	186	46

Computing these on the average for the four years, fifty of the one hundred and ninety secretaries place per annum were college women.

In the *Third Annual Report* of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations the distribution of eight hundred college women in various secretarial fields has been generalised. The highest percentages are:

	PER CENT.
Suffrage, social or religious organisations	30
Schools and colleges (Boards of Education, etc.)	14
Publishing houses	8
Public officials	8
Business firms (including banks)	7
Lawyers	7
Hospitals and doctors	6

Recognising, then the demand for the college woman as secretary, it is interesting to discover wherein her training fits or unfits her for the vocation. As the distribution figures indicate, she enters in largest numbers into the educational fields. This is of course directly due to the fact that her general background of information is much greater than is that of the grammar and high school graduate. Her mind has been trained for original work. She knows where to find material and can use judgment in its selection.

Unfortunately, there are some ways in which the college training unfits a woman for secretarial work. When a business man is asked if he will take a college

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woman into his office and he replies, "No, I'd rather take poison," there seems to be something the matter. And there is. The wonderful lesson of the dignity of labour upon which the college woman has heard lectures, and written papers, has not really struck home. She is ashamed to be called a stenographer, and she forgets to treasure such humble virtues as neatness, care, accuracy, attention and reliability.

It is very necessary for the college woman who holds a secretarial position to become a good stenographer, and to forget for the time being, if it stands in her way, that she is a college graduate. She must be willing to start at practically the same salary as her non-college sister and be content to let the understanding of the value of her training come later. The more rapidly she advances in technical skill, the more quickly will she have the opportunity to use her superior education.

Nevertheless, to the college woman stenography is in the long run usually a means and not an end. As a stepping stone, it again and again helps her to advance to more congenial tasks. Sometimes in a publishing house it opens the way to literary work; in a college it may fit her to become a registrar or other administrative head; while in a social or charitable organisation it prepares her for social work. As a vocation for college women, then, secretarial work has many limitations, but as a training school, a preparatory school, it offers broad and varied opportunities.

After reading the vivid personal experiences pictured in the foregoing papers it is difficult to summarise in cold figures the general facts about vocational opportunities for college women. One has been personally conducted on an inspection tour of school gardens, laboratories, department store industrial classes, editorial sanctums, business offices, libraries, community centres. Yet in the swift passage from exhibit to exhibit in this "vocational exposition" one's selective powers may become numbed by the conflicting claims of each new demonstration, and an impartial statement as to general conditions in this new world of opportunity so recently opened may not be out of place. One thing is strikingly apparent. A college woman may turn her hand to almost anything she chooses. She may run a laundry, manage a shop where artistic garments are designed, or a farm for growing roses and violets. She may become a civil engineer, a landscape architect, an interior decorator, or even a contractor for building schools and libraries. She may manage the woman's page of a metropolitan daily, write racy captions for a fashion magazine, or manage the advertising department in a suffrage paper. She may serve midday luncheons to high school pupils, give expert advice as to the service and equipment of hospitals and sanatoria, or equip, decorate and manage a cafeteria where twenty-five hundred business women are accommodated daily.

All these and many other pursuits have come to the attention of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations since it first opened its doors in October, 1911. Many college women, however, have neither the desire nor the degree of enterprise necessary to carry them into the newer lines of work. The current flowing into the teaching profession has been so strong that traditional statistics give the proportion of teachers as ninety per cent. of the college women who enter gainful occupations. Doubtless this proportion has changed in the last decade, just how much will soon be apparent from the study of several thousand records of college women now being made by the Committee on Vocational Opportunities of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ jointly with the Investigation Committee of the Intercollegiate Bureau. The results of that study, soon to be available, will be awaited with the greatest interest.

In the meantime the office records of the Bureau give facts that are significant from several points of view. Remembering that the Bureau has been organised less than five years and that the

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necessity for publicity is contant in a great city where new business enterprises and social movements appear with the growth of mushrooms, it is still safe to assume that its records show the demand for college women in occupations other than teaching with a fair degree of accuracy. At least they show where the demand is conscious, and except in fields of work where exceptional conditions prevail some conclusions may be drawn as to the relation between supply and demand.

And first we must note the simple fact that college women *are* in demand. In the three and a half years ended May 1, 1915, the positions referred to the Bureau by employers numbered 2,962. During the same period 2,988 applicants registered, a difference of only 26. To be sure about 30 per cent. of the applicants were not college women, and a limited number of the positions did not require workers with college degrees, but the surprising fact remains that the demand was practically as great as the supply. If it were possible to go on and report one hundred per cent. of successful placements, our task would indeed be simple and we should lose the stimulus of facing a problem that is baffling in the extreme. For the positions represented about seventy distinct types of work and a very large proportion required technical training of the most exacting sort. Meanwhile our list of applicants filed as "indefinite" because of the vagueness of their interests and lack of special equipment grows with each June and the task of advertising, informing, inspiring these new-comers in the business world is ever with us.

But what are the occupations most readily open to college women and where is the demand greatest? The records show in round numbers the following distribution of the 2,900 positions referred to the Bureau in the period covered: Social workers (eliminating about 200 positions for which men were wanted), 930; stenographers and secretaries with a knowledge of stenography, 900; clerks, proof-readers and office assistants, 200; dietitians, lunchroom managers, house superintendents and matrons, 125; governesses and companions for children, 70; tutors and teachers of non-academic subjects, 60; editors,, writers and research workers, 60; executives, 55; bookkeepers, 45; statisticians, 40; librarians, 35; publicity and financial secretaries, 25; organizers and lecturers, 20; salesmanagers and agents, 20; nurses, 15; and about 100 scattered calls in miscellaneous fields.

As usual, figures tell only part of the story. The relatively large demand for social workers, for example, is no doubt partly due to the fact that the Bureau has a separate Department for Social Workers which stimulates both the demand and the supply. Moreover, included among the calls for social workers are a considerable number for nurses, statisticians, household administrators and teachers of special subjects such as physical education, manual arts and domestic science, whose technique must be gained in other fields before taking up social service as such.

The positions for workers in organised charity and settlements lead numerically. Following closely are calls from child-helping organisations, churches and Christian Associations, preventive and other public health movements, institutions for delinquents, defectives, and the destitute, educational organisations, and from the more limited fields of civic reforms, housing reform, economic research, work for immigrants, industrial welfare, unemployment, and many others.

A recent study of about 4,000 social workers employed in New York City shows that slightly more than 2,800 are women, and a further intensive study of 600 of these shows that about thirty-four per cent. are college graduates. We rightly expect college women to emphasise the social aspects of any occupation, be it homemaking, teaching or business, but in recent years they have also found an increasingly direct outlet for their social energies in the professional forms of social service. These are so varied

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that no gift need remain wrapped in a napkin. On the other hand a vast body of experience gained by her predecessors must be drawn upon by the novice and this new emphasis on method, or technique, has displaced the old notion that a kindly disposition and "a liking for people" qualify one adequately for this highly specialised profession.

Why should a college woman become a stenographer, we are frequently asked. The answer is twofold. First because it is the technical equipment necessary if one wishes to become a secretary—and the dividing line between the two fields is a delicate one to draw—and secondly, it is a most useful tool if one wishes to enter either literary or business pursuits and may appreciably shorten the apprentice period. Consider for a moment, too, the fields of employment from which came the most persistent demand for college trained secretaries. They were—in order of numerical importance—schools and colleges, social and religious organisations, private individuals—including authors, professors and women of affairs—publishing houses, advertising and business offices, scientific and economic research centres, professional clubs and associations, physicians' offices, banks, and woman suffrage organisations, not to mention many other scattered calls. If promotion to responsible posts amid congenial surroundings is the ambition of most college women the variety of choice in this field should draw many who cannot afford to take technical courses which require much time or money.

The Bureau is somewhat apologetic about the number of positions for clerks and office assistants handled in the course of its routine business, because so few of these calls are really worth while. Many of them offer only temporary work, the salaries are very small, and the opportunity for advancement and their value in constructive plan usually limited. The opportunity for well-trained and mature women in the field of home economics increases with the ever-widening view of the possibilities of scientific management in this field. One expert adviser called in by institutions and private families as a consultant commands fifty dollars per day and expenses. Strong executive ability, tact in the management of employees, skill in buying and catering, full knowledge of equipment and upkeep—these are some of the qualifications that spell success.

Space does not permit full comment on all the varied occupations suggested by the list. It should be explained, perhaps, that the positions as governesses and tutors are largely for the summer season; that most of the calls for librarians are in special fields of library work, probably because public libraries go directly to the training schools for their recruits; that the relatively small number of positions in the literary field reflects the over-supply of would-be editors and authors who float from publisher to publisher awaiting the lucky moment when a tiny crack of an opening will permit them to insert their wedge. The Bureau hopes to perform an increasingly useful function in relieving busy editors of the task of interviewing these women when vacancies occur in publishing house staffs.

The group of one hundred miscellaneous calls must not be left to the imagination of our readers as a scrap-heap of dull odds and ends. The delight in our daily routine is heightened by the element of unexpectedness. A night-letter may register a call for a dean of women to fill a sudden vacancy in a southern college for negroes; the telephone may summon an appraiser to inventory the contents of an apartment, an advertising solicitor to work up the programme of a college benefit performance, a teacher of parliamentary law to coach the newly elected president of a large woman's club. The morning mail will bring news of a vacancy for a curator of a distant museum, for a woman physician to supervise child-hygiene in a State board of health, or it will record the proposed sale of an employment agency, with the request that the Bureau find a purchaser. The next caller who enters the door may

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be seeking a laundry superintendent for a large hospital, someone to organise a mass meeting to be held ten days hence, or a financial secretary to take charge of the investments and other business interests of a woman's misionary society. It may be that no similar call will be received again for many, many months, but we can always rest assured that something else equally new and unusual will challenge our resourcefulness from day to day.

Thus the experience of the Intercollegiate Bureau amply confirms the impressions gained from reading the foregoing series of papers that the college woman has an almost limitless choice of vocation. Does this mean then that she is equipped to step from her college campus into the library, the social organisation, the business office? Usually not, and the full significance of stray phrases tucked away in the preceding pages should be carefully borne in mind. Miss Hazeltine writes that a library course requires one or two years of graduate study; Mrs. Prince speaks of a year's training in the School of Salesmanship; Miss Jardine refers to two and a half years of study abroad followed by courses in the New York School of Philanthropy. In this day of highly specialised tasks, the demand for highly specialised skill is unescapable. The general training and the broad outlook of the college woman are her peculiar assets, but they do not excuse her from meeting the searching question, "What one thing can you do supremely well?"

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VIII

The triple combination in Joseph Conrad—his lack of popularity—not a refractor, but a reflector—his tales of the sea—his silent women—ethical value of his work—John Galsworthy—a satirist—his hatred of British hypocrisy—his mistake in "The Dark Flower"—J. M. Barrie—the contrast between "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizzel"—May Sinclair—Mary Willcocks.

MANY years ago, when I read for the first time *The Constitutional History of the United States,* written by a gentleman in the Black Forest called Hermann von Holst, I was impressed by his prefatory remark (in English) that whereas there had been many histories of the United States, none had equalled this in soberness of mind. Although it might have sounded better if some one else had said it, the remark was instructive, and serves to separate sheep from goats in modern novels. What contemporary English novelists write with soberness of mind? Surely not Hall Caine, or Conan Doyle, or Florence Barclay, or Robert Hichens. Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett? Sometimes, but not all the time. Thomas Hardy, always; and with equal soberness though not with equal felicity. Joseph Conrad, J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Miss Sinclair, and Miss Willcocks. No modern novelists have higher ideals than these five.

The ability to write for publication in a language other than one's mother-tongue is not altogether unknown; as is shown by the instances of Turgenev, Maarten Maartens, Oscar Wilde, and Rabindranath Tagore. But the case of Joseph Conrad is unique. He knew no English at all until he was nineteen, and it was not until his thirty-eighth year that he published anything. When he determined to become an author, his perplexity was quite unlike the obstacle

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that balks most writers. The question that Mr. Conrad put to himself was, *"In what language shall I write?"* Now that is not the question that troubles the mind of most men of letters. The question that afflicts their peace is not, In what language shall I write, but What the devil shall I say? I have read a great many novels, and it is plain that in the majority of cases this latter is the paramount issue.

Mr. Conrad's mother-tongue is, of course, Polish; but although he had before him the example of Sienkiewicz, there was to be nothing of Poland in the books to be written, and every reason why he should make a direct appeal to a wider audience than could possibly be found among his countrymen. His first intention was to write in French, a language he had known from childhood; this impulse was strengthened by the fact that he was deeply read in French fiction, and really learned the novelist's art from French masters. He has a keen admiration for Flaubert and De Maupassant; and has successfully imitated their calm, deliberate, impersonal style. But he had sailed many years under an English flag; he knew he must write stories of the sea; his closest friends were all English; and he loved the vigour of the English tongue. His experiences as transmuted into fiction would appeal to Anglo-Saxons more than to any other people; and these causes combined placed him in English literature. It is a great compliment to our language that so thoughtful and ambitious a man should select it out of a possible three.

Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski was born in the south of Poland, on the sixth of December, 1857. He had splendid intellectual ancestry. For generations his family had been men of fine mental powers, and, what is much rarer among the Slavs, of great practical vigour and resolution. His father was a revolutionist in 1862, and was imprisoned, dying in 1870. His mother was exiled to Siberia, and died in 1865. At the age of twelve he had thus lost both his parents, and perhaps began then to develop that calm self-reliance so peculiarly characteristic of him. As a lad, he longed to get away from inland Poland and see the ends of the earth; he particularly had to a high degree what every healthy boy has in some measure—the passion of the sea. In his stories *Heart of Darkness* and *Youth,* there are many autobiographical passages illustrative of his wanderlust.

It was in 1878 that he first saw England. He settled in Lowestoft (shades of Dickens!) and scraped acquaintance with all kinds of fishers and sea-faring men. He shipped on board a coasting-vessel, kept his observant eyes open, studied English, studied navigation, and after some time secured a mate's certificate. Then he made his first voyage to the East, the effect of which on his sensitive mind is shown in *Youth;* this story exhibits his intellectual eagerness and the vivid impression made by an exotic world on his fresh young heart.

For nearly twenty years he was a sailor-man, in the good old times before the supremacy of steam. During the long days out of sight of land he was constantly and unconsciously collecting material for his novels. During the long watches of the night his profound and introspective Slav mind meditated deeply, turning over and over throughts that were some day to appear on the printed page. For even in the most objective of Conrad's books, there is always the reflective cast. His only attempts at composition were to be found in the log-book, and in occasional letters to his kin in Poland.

Once John Galsworthy was a passenger. If gossip be true, the Englishman's attention was attracted to the ship's officer by the latter's loud and fluent and picturesque profanity; all of which he must have used up at sea, for there is almost no swearing in his books. At all events, the two men became intimate friends, and have something higher than admiration for each other's art.

In 1894—great year of modern fiction—Mr. Conrad quit the sea, and looked over the completed manuscript of *Al-*

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mayer's Folly, which he had begun some years before. He took lodgings in London and determined to spend six months in absolute laziness, for, as he expresses it, "he was seized, suddenly and inexplicably, by a desire to rest." He had dropped his last Polish name, for it is not pleasant even to men less sensitive than Conrad to hear their own family appellation invariably mispronounced.

In 1895 appeared his first novel, and since that time the history of his life is the history of his publications, novel following novel at regular and decent intervals. No living man is better qualified for the literary profession. His many years of active life, going down to the sea in ships, have stocked his mind with a superabundance of dramatic material; his wide reading in three modern literatures has taught him much about the art of composition; his sharply sensitive and profoundly reflective Slav temperament has given to his observations and reflections a quaintly original flavour. His face to some extent is a map of his soul. He looks like a competent, fearless, and highly intelligent clipper captain. His eyes have looked on the brutality of nature and the brutality of man, and are unafraid. It is not an adventurous face; it has nothing of George Meredith's recklessness. It is a face that knows the very worst of the ocean and the very worst of the heart of man, and while taking no risks, realising all dangers, is calmly, pessimistically resolute. This is not the man to lead a forlorn hope, but unquestionably the man to leave in charge; grave, steady, reliable.

Apart from his seamanship, he has a really extraordinary endowment and equipment as a novelist. A Slav by birth, a Frenchman in training, an Anglo-Saxon in activity! His Slavonic genius is shown in the skill with which he has acquired the English language; temperamentally, it is shown in his aloofness; his lack of prejudice; his sincerity, dignity, and truthfulness. The most Slavonic of all his novels is, of course, *Under Western Eyes,* reminiscent of Dostoevski; but the temperament appears in them all, with the possible exception of *Victory,* a novel quite unworthy of him, and which he has apparently tried to write in a manner not his own.

His mastery of English is marvellous, because his chief glory is perhaps his style, something that only Stevenson has combined with sea-fiction. Smollett, Scott, Cooper, Marryat, Russell, all distinguished in tales of the ocean, have no particular rhetorical merit. And Jack London is really an amateur sailor. Like all great English writers, Conrad has studied with assiduity the English Bible. There are not many of its phrases in his books, but its influence is there.

Conrad is the heir of Stevenson. Stevenson died in December, 1894, and the very next year appeared Conrad's first novel. It is as though Stevenson's soul had migrated to the new man. How Stevenson would have enjoyed reading *Typhoon* or *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* and what wonderful letters he would have written to Mr. Archer and Mr. Colvin! In 1895 Kipling was in the zenith of his glory, and his tales of the east were inspiring the west. Here was Conrad's opportunity. Stevenson and Kipling, however, were, as they have been rightly called, "observant landsmen"; mere reporters of the deep. Joseph Conrad and Pierre Loti are sea-dogs and artists. And Conrad is more sincere than Loti; he has the Slavonic calmness and clearness of vision. The Frenchman is elaborate, ornamental; indeed, with all his virtues, Pierre Loti is a *poseur,* whether he is talking about the sea or about religion; and he has no reticence. Conrad is more silent, more grave, but just as sensitive as the picturesque Frenchman.

Conrad has never been a popular writer, and a large number of intelligent and well-read persons have never heard his name. His books have not synchronised with public taste. He began his literary career at just the moment when the new Romanticism was fashionable, when everyone was reading *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *A Gentleman of France.* Now there is nothing romantic about

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Conrad except his medium—the sea. At present he is writing in the flood-tide of the biographical novel, something utterly foreign to his manner as thus far displayed. He is the psychologist of sailors; a kind of union of Richardson and Smollett; and there is no place for him except what he can make for himself. Yet, although he has no public, he has great fame—his case being analogous to that of George Meredith and Henry James.

No living writer has been more highly praised by men whose praise is worth having. The verdict of thoughtful and high-standard critics is practically unanimous. Many citations might be made, most of which would seem extravagant; we have space only for one, that written by John Galsworthy in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1908. Mentioning the list of Conrad's novels from 1896 to 1908, Mr. Galsworthy remarked, "the writing of these ten books is probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any great extent." He calls his friend "a seer," and says he has the "cosmic spirit."

Mr. Conrad himself comments, "Praise and blame to my mind are of singularly small import, yet one cares for the recognition of a certain ampleness of purpose." If Mr. Conrad means he does not care whether he is praised or blamed, I do not believe him; but all he actually says here is that he wishes to be taken seriously. He need have no misgivings; his most thoughtful admirers take him seriously, and the great bulk of readers takes him so seriously that they refuse to take him at all. One critic calls the circle of his readers "inexplicably small." There is nothing inexplicable about it. A good many years ago someone said of Browning that he had done less to conciliate and more to influence the public than any other man of his time. Conrad has no more amenity than Browning. Stevenson passed joyously from incident to incident; Conrad holds one incident before our eyes, analysing it, reflecting upon it, describing it,—like a lecturer who talks about something that interests him rather than his audience. Conrad is over-careful for popular taste; over-careful in minuteness and accuracy of description over-careful in analysis, over-careful in the shades of his conversations. And his method of construction, shown at its worst in *Chance,* is irritating to all readers, and to some, maddening. No, the wonder is not that Conrad's readers are so few; the wonder is that they are not fewer. That they are steadily increasing in number is one more evidence of the standards of taste.

Artists who write to please themselves —that is, to satisfy the imperious demands of their conscience—are more happy, I must believe, than the successful caterers to the public. The man who writes novels to please the public is like an actor, a singer, a parlour entertainer; his happiness has passed beyond his control, and is in the keeping of others. A slight diminution in applause casts a shadow on his heart. Sometimes we hear the absurd remark that actors must be tired of coming before the curtain at the tenth or eleventh recall. Why, that is the very breath of life to them! Indifference or perfunctory applause destroys their happiness; and they are entirely at the mercy of the caprice of the public. But a serious artist, who does his best all the time, even with scant recognition, enjoys the pure delight of creation; lack of wide recognition cannot make him unhappy, for the sources of his pleasure are elsewhere; and when, at the end, fame comes to him, as it is bound to come, if he really be a genius, then he has the pleasure of gaining the whole world and saving his own soul.

Admirable writer as he is, Conrad can never rank with the great Slav novelists, Tolstol, Turgenev, Dostoevski. For not only does he lack the universality of these men, his style—probably because he writes in an alien tongue—lacks the transparent quality of the Slav masters. The style of Tolstoi and Turgenev is like plate glass; you do not know

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whether it is there or not, you are so interested in what it reveals, so little aware of the medium of revelation. Now Conrad's well-wrought style is highly self-conscious; it is never a happy accident. He is a most deliberate artist, and has not only pondered deeply about his art, but has not hesitated to write about it. He is, as might be expected, an intense admirer of Henry James, an author who should be offered only to foreign students of the most advanced grades. He calls Mr. James a "great artist," and agrees with him that Fiction is nearer truth than History. History takes documents as a base; fiction, men and women. Both men insist on the dignity of the novel. The artist is the interpreter. Someone has said we cannot understand Romanised Britain because no artists survive who might have interpreted it to us; Rome, at the same period, we know pretty well.

Mr. Conrad, in speaking of what is perhaps his masterpiece, *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897), says, "it is the book by which, not as a novelist perhaps, but as an artist striving for the utmost sincerity of expression, I am willing to stand or fall." Even at that early stage of his career he wrote a preface to his book (suppressed on advice), which would sound pretentious were it not so flamingly sincere; and which gives his artistic creed, a statement of belief to which he has always firmly adhered. Every reader of Conrad's stories should study this preface; and one passage should be quoted here. "The artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition —and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity —the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

This preface might have been written by Fielding to *Tom Jones,* except for one phrase, "the sense of mystery surrounding our lives"; for that sense of mystery does not appear in eighteenth century fiction, and its total absence from *Tom Jones* prevents that novel from being the best novel in the English language. The novel has advanced since 1749.

Conrad stands alone in modern fiction, belonging to no school, and under the influence of no group. He has a praiseworthy impatience with dogmas like Realism, Sentimentalism, Naturalism, Romanticism, saying, "Liberty of the imagination is the most precious possession of a novelist." He insists, too, that no matter how objective a novelist may be, he never describes the world—he describes his own world, the world as he sees it. And in order to describe even this subjective world, he must rid himself not only of artistic dogmas, but philosophical ones, like pessimism and optimism. Optimism may seem jauntily shallow, but pessimism, says Mr. Conrad, is intellectual arrogance. Consistent pessimists are certainly, I think, rarer than consistent optimists. Mr. Conrad says that every attempt to explain this universe ethically is a failure; but, to use his phrase, it is a "spectacular" universe, full of wonder, mystery, delight—above all, interesting. Thus those realists who attempt to represent life as dully monotonous would seem to be barred by Conrad from the ranks of true novelists. For my part, however dull life at times may be, I have never found life, even in its greyest moments, as dull as many books that profess to describe it.

Those that have not yet surrendered to Conrad, and many there be that are offended in him,—and also those who have not read him at all, should read first, *Typhoon* and then *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. Conrad's stories of the

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East sound to me—who have never been there, and am quite willing to see it through better eyes than my own—more truthful than Kipling's. The latter is a born exaggerator, incapable of moderation—witness his remarks in the present war—Conrad is more cool, more aloof. Like his famous Captain in *Typhoon,* Conrad describes the most fearful storms in nature and the most frightful passions in man, with an extraordinary poise—the calm of the observant artist.

The literature of all nations is filled with descriptions of the wrath of the ocean; thousands of writers have done their best to reproduce in the mind of the reader the sublime and terrible spectacle. But I do not think I have read anywhere a more real account than in *Typhoon;* one feels engulfed, like the two men on the bridge. Yet the originality and power of this wonderful story do not lie mainly in the pictures of the storm; the true interest is in the struggle between the hideous forces of nature at their worst, and the skill of one man. Captain McWhirr is the only person who can beat the sea. He conquers the ocean, because he has no more imagination than the ocean, really no more sentient life than the ocean. Nature is ruthless, unconscious, unaware; but so is Captain McWhirr. And in this Captain, nature meets her master, because joined with equal unconsciousness is the power of intention; definite purpose. He is there to save his ship, and he intends to save it. His quelling the riot on board with the same inflexible discipline that he would have observed on a calm night illustrates his character. Conrad has shown us clearly what manner of man he is in the extraordinary incident of the change of flags; and now in the tempest his very inertia wears out the patience of the storm. Had he possessed one spark of self-consciousness, one flash of imagination, his ship would have been lost. He has the invincible courage that goes with essentially stupid minds; he has no fear because the possibility of choice does not even occur to him. Captain McWhirr is as stupid as Destiny itself; and in this adventure seems to defeat Destiny.

In *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* and if I could have only one of Conrad's books, I would take this one, Conrad shows his profound sympathy with the children of the forecastle. I wonder if he exhibited as much sympathy with them when he was in active command as he does in the pages of this book? This is a real "sea-story," with appropriate incidents, but differentiated from its class by profound and subtle psychological analysis. To see what mere thoughtfulness has done to the art of fiction, it is instructive to compare Cooper's Long Tom Coffin in *The Pilot* with old Singleton in this narrative. It is the difference between childhood and maturity. Sea-fiction has "grown up," has become deeply reflective as well as descriptive, is taking itself earnestly. Conrad would not write like Cooper if he could; and Cooper could not have written like Conrad, because between the two came the whole Victorian age of serious thought. This is a tale of the sea, written by one who loves it, who loves it with exaggerated intensity in the safe glow of reminiscence; but it is written with soberness of mind, with the intent to reveal the very heart of human mystery.

Although Conrad denounces pessimism, most of his stories are deeply tragic, are full of the sickness of heart that comes from deferred hopes, full of frustration and despair. He excels particularly in the depiction of remorse. Prometheus was comfortable compared to these men and women of Conrad, whose hearts are torn by the vulture of memory. His tragedies usually happen in far-off places, India or Africa—or they happen to obscure and unimportant people in big western cities. His first book, *Almayer's Folly,* is an illustration of the first, *The Secret Agent* of the second. No imaginative reader can possibly forget the awful scene toward the close of Almayer, where the man carefully obliterates the traces of the girl's footsteps.

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Conrad's women are highly interesting, although unlike any women I have ever met. They have an endless capacity for suffering with no power of articulation. Most women that I have known suffer less and talk more. There is something hideous in the dumb pain of these creatures. They open not their mouths. In the story of Falk, the awful remorse of the man who has eaten a human body is confronted with the stolid silent suffering of the passionate woman who loves him. In *The Secret Agent,* the woman is in hell all the time; but no one can get a word out of her. In *Chance,* it is plain that the young girl is not happy; yet every attempt to elicit from her any speech that shall give a key to her pain so that it can be relieved, is fruitless; all that a friend can do is to adopt a policy of watchful waiting, successful in this instance as it catches the young lady in the quiet but determined effort at suicide. These passive, undemonstrative, silent women have a reticence that is maddening; one feels that if they were physically ill, the greatest diagnostician in the world could make nothing of them; would have to resort to the wildest guesses. We all of us know persons who are undemonstrative, though they are sufficiently rare to seem eccentric; but where has Conrad met these women who are totally unresponsive? who greet small-talk, threats, curses, honest enquiry, and affectionate solicitude with nothing but steadfast eyes, in which the fires of the pit are smouldering? I had rather dwell on the housetop with a contentious woman in a continual dropping of water than with one of these creatures who look so significant and never by any chance say anything.

Conrad himself as a novelist is taciturn, exceedingly chary of comment. Compare him with a garrulous artist like Thackeray, who chatters at his helpless reader with the fluency of a barber! Conrad is unlike the English novelists in his silent gravity, and he is totally unlike the Germans in his brevity and lack of sentiment. He points out to us the wonder of the sea, but he indulges in no rhapsodies thereupon; he shows us the variety of human nature in one forecastle, with no moralising and no gush—merely an occasional query, as, why do those sailors read only Bulwer-Lytton?

Conrad is not always easy reading; partly because of his solidity of phrase, partly because of his peculiar method, illustrated at its extreme in *Chance.* He wishes to get the vital effect of the first person talking without making the chief character speak. Thus we have the interposition of Marlow, who is a good deal of a bore. The reader is four removes from Conrad's mind. We get at the characters and the events of the story through what some one has said to some else, who is a friend of Marlow's, who in turn reports to us. This gives Conrad full opportunity to show his characters in all kinds of reflected lights, and from all manner of angles; but it is sometimes perplexing. The fact is that while Dickens is a refracting telescope, Conrad is a reflector. Dickens turns the lens of his powerful imagination directly on individuals like Micawber or Dick Swiveller, and with their qualities magnified, and brought close to the reader, we see them in a strong light and they become hugely interesting. Conrad does not have us look directly at the object, but rather at a mirror in which the object is reflected. This mirror may be simply the effect produced on some other person or persons by the leading character, or it may be simply the clear surface of Marlow's mind. At all events we regard the charascter in its reflected image, rather than in a direct gaze.

Although no novelist preaches less, Conrad's books are based on the axiom of the moral law. Ethically, his novels are sound. Perhaps the most impressive from the moral point of view is the long story, *Under Western Eyes,* where the student, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by confession, suffered such intolerably acute agony of conscience (sharpened by love) that he could retain the truth not another mo-

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ment; just as Raskolnikov, in *Crime and Punishment,* a book which this one in certain features resembles, had to give himself up to the police.

One reason why Conrad's characters with all the infinite detail we have of them do not seem so real as the persons in Jane Austen, is because the method of portraiture is not photographic. Each one of Jane Austen's men and women is an accurate reproduction. Conrad's people are made in the fusion of memory and thought. They are not given to the reader until the novelist has thought about them intensely. He sees them clearly but loves to speculate about them.

Two of his stories are quite different from the others. After all his studies of despair, it is interesting to read his charming, humourous, sympathetic and altogether delightful tale, *The Point of Honour.* It is a kind of allegory of the struggle between good and evil, with the triumph of good. For the other exception I can find in my mind no favourable comment. The story *Victory* reads as though it were intended to gain for its author a wider audience, as though he had tried to write in a "popular" manner. Despite many fine passages of description, it is poor stuff, and its author should be ashamed of Mr. Jones, who belongs to cheap melodrama. It is to me inconceivable that Conrad should deliberately lower his ideal, or hoist a white flag to the hostile majority. If that were true, *Victory* would be a defeat. I regard it simply as one of those lapses of which nearly all great writers have shown themselves capable.

John Galsworthy is a notable figure in contemporary literature, having enjoyed something like real fame for about ten years. He is a novelist and a dramatist of distinction; a maker of respectable verse; above all, a satirist. He looks on the world with disapproval, and on England with scorn; the latter attitude has of course been modified by the war. I used to wonder what all these writers who have used the great middle-class of England as the butt of their contempt and ridicule would do in the event of a national crisis; for then the only agency that could save England would be this same despised middle-class. Well, they have all become emotional—as emotional as pious dissenters—and solemnly "patriotic," except Bernard Shaw. To him the British are as ridiculous and contemptible in the hour of danger as they were in the days of safety.

His first important book was called *The Island Pharisees,* which might stand as the title of his complete works. Satire is here more preponderant than art, and the novel falls by its weight. The publication of this book seemed to cleanse his bosom of much perilous stuff, for it was followed in two years by his masterpiece, *The Man of Property,* one of the best English novels of the twentieth century. There is a-plenty of satire, but the burlesques of the former book have become real portraits. That family of brothers is a triumph—"where do you get your wine, and what do you pay for it?" Yet even in this fine work occurs the obsession of Mr. Galsworthy, a marriage without love, where the husband shows intolerable cruelty in insisting on embracing his wife, and hideous selfishness in objecting to her gratifying her passions with another man. The husband is certainly an offensive person, and in the Restoration Drama would have received appropriate frontal decorations; but the unprejudiced observer may enquire, If the lady did not and could not love this man, why did she marry him? When women marry, some of them anyhow are old enough to know better; and the real test of character is not the making of an unwise marriage, but the behaviour of a person after the unwise marriage is made. Mr. Galsworthy returns to this theme more than once, and so overstates it in *The Fugitive* as to deprive the play of any hitting power. For it is not only the law of marriage he would have us repeal, it is the law of causation.

Mr. Galsworthy insists that he is not a partisan, but a chronicler; he is certainly acute, thoroughly honest in pur-

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pose, and essentially noble. I like him best where he lives closest to his creed, as in the account of the Fordyce family in *The Man of Property,* in the play *Strife,* and in the most charming of all his novels, *The Patrician.* But he has an actively moral, as well as an artistic, conscience; his temperament is plainly radical, and his sympathies are always with those who are opposed to the present social organisation. The word Respectability makes him see red. No German has said worse things of England's hypocrisy than some of her own present-day novelists.

The much-praised *Country House* I found dull, and the only beneficial effect I obtained from its perusal was deep and refreshing sleep. *The Dark Flower* I found worse than dull; it is a blot in the fair 'scutcheon of its author. In his latest novel, *The Freelands,* a wise woman objects to visiting her sister-in-law because at her house she feels herself "all body;" in *The Dark Flower,* one has the same sensation. The characters are all body, and no soul. Every writer of noble mind—and Mr. Galsworthy surely belongs to that class—must desire not merely many readers, but the *best* readers, the most select, the most intelligent, the most critical. He wishes to have his works read primarily by those who are able to understand them. Now the penalty for emphasising instinct rather than thought, for analysing states of physical sensation rather than states of mind, is the lowering of one's clientèle. For example, a genius like Guy de Maupassant ought to be read only by the most intelligent men and women; whereas, thanks to his sex-obsession, the majority of his readers to-day all over the world are low-browed, morbid adolescents who find in him exactly what they are looking for. This will go on from generation to generation; instead of being read with mental delight, he will be read with a leer.

Despite all the foolish praise heaped upon Théophile Gautier, his most infamous novel holds its circulation through pornography; Mr. Booth Tarkington is quite right when he says that were it not for this element, it would not have twenty readers a year.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. We expect base language from base minds. Therefore such a book as *The Dark Flower* coming from Mr. Galsworthy, is not only in itself distressing; it is a distressing surprise. He writes there as many men in the forties—dangerous years—secretly think; they are regretting the lost opportunities of their physical youth, regretting, not their sins, but old vetoes of conscience. Such a work as *The Dark Flower* has an unpleasantness that a writer of lower grade could not have produced; lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

The first half of *The Freelands* (1915) is wholly delightful; it has all the charm of *The Patrician,* with the added effect of even maturer art. In the burning of the rick the conflagration consumes not merely grass of the field, but all the natural beauty of the story; which straightway becomes tiresome and pedantic. The boy is a dreadful prig, and we can only hope that Nedda will remain as blind to his inherent dullness after marriage as she is before. The great redeeming feature of this novel is the character of Granny Freeland. She is as real as life itself; no one who pays any attention to her can help loving her. The unselfishness, resignation, tenderness, and gentleness that long years have taught her contrast sharply with the egotistic dogmatic assurance of her grandson. For, as Browning says, the young man struts along as though he owned the world; the old man walks the pavement quietly, asking for nothing, merely hoping that nobody will kill him. Her delightful little remedies are ironically shown up by the author; but after all, they are real remedies for real (and curable) troubles.

A German who should read this book might easily be pardoned for believing that the best thing that could happen to Great Britain would be its conquest by Germany.

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J. M. Barrie, the greatest, most profound, most original English dramatist of our time, is so deservedly eminent in that field that we are almost forgetting he belongs also in the history of the English novel. To be sure, he has written only one masterpiece, *Sentimental Tommy,* and he followed that with a deplorable inept sequel, *Tommy and Grizzel.* In 1892 Stevenson wrote to him, "I am proud to think you are a Scotchman. . . . I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius." A few months before his death, informed that he was the boy-model for *Sentimental Tommy,* he wrote, "My dear Barrie, I am a little in the dark about this new work of yours: what is to become of me afterwards? You say carefullly—methought anxiously—that I was no longer me when I grew up? I cannot bear this suspense: what is it? It's no forgery? and *am I hangit?*"

The boy in *Sentimental Tommy* is just as truly the eternal boy as is Tom Sawyer; omit his love for the specific word, he has the charm, the imitativeness, the histrionic vein, the vanity, the laziness, the meanness, the colossal selfishness of all small boys. The Russians tell us not to blame the mirror if the face looks ugly. No honest man can possibly read *Sentimental Tommy* without seeing himself reflected, minus the genius for composition. It is one of the most brilliant and most unpleasant works of our time; unpleasant because it does for every man what Hamlet did for his mother—it tells us what we really are. We cannot help being delighted with its humour—"don't say 'methinks' so often"—but it has caused much melancholy and let us hope beneficial heart-searching.

The sequel, *Tommy and Grizzel,* was not needed in the least. It is as though Mr. Barrie were afraid we should not see the moral, should not see our danger, should not see that the destination whither selfishness leads is tragic both for the protagonist and his associates; he therefore, throwing aside all subtlety, roared a moral in our ears, pointing to the gibbet like any Hogarth. It was bad enough, in all conscience, to have Tess hanged, but to have Tommy hanged is like a very bad joke that leaves the whole company in an embarrassed silence.

To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

In the year 1904 Charlotte Brontë revisited the glimpses of the moon, wrote a strange novel called *The Divine Fire* and returned to the Elysian Fields. She signed the work by the then unfamiliar name of May Sinclair; and although the British audience for whom it was intended paid no attention to it, many thousands of Americans read it with such enthusiasm that echoes were aroused on the other side, and the English are now proud enough to claim what is theirs. In this particular literary conflagration, the divine fire was mingled with much smoke; but the flashes in the darkness were veritable flames, and May Sinclair is to-day the foremost living writer among English-speaking women. She has a hectic, feverish, high-tension manner that is not really unhealthy; it is more the overflowing of pent-up passion. For none of her books is made by the scraping together of what lies in the dusty corners of the mind; and no one of her books is made to order; they are more like escaping steam, that cannot be repressed another instant. They are the outcome, in other words, of fiercely-held convictions. If she could not write, she would burst.

This white-hot intensity is just as characteristic of *The Helpmate, The Judgment of Eve, The Three Sisters, The Belfry,* as it is of *The Divine Fire. The Helpmate* and *The Judgment of Eve* represent exactly opposite points of view, for which, however, these two books afford excellent illustrations. It is amusing to remember that when the former appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* there was a great fluttering in the Boston dovecotes; and if I remember rightly, some kind of editorial apology

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was demanded and given; it seemed that the first chapter was perused in the absence of the Head, and *that,* with the distinguished name of the author, was the warrant to go ahead at full speed. But one steps on a firecracker in the very first chapter!

Miss Sinclair is a looker-on at the game of marriage, which gives her the vantage-ground for observing the mistakes of both players. *The Helpmate* castigates the woman, and *The Judgment of Eve* lashes the man. The whip in each case descends on the guilty party, although women are sure to believe *The Helpmate* most needed, while men will own to the necessity of *The Judgment of Eve.* We love and applaud all literary and oratorical castigation. No man can read about the peevish importunity of the tuppenny husband over his outing suit, without feeling as David did when Nathan pushed the application home. I am sorry that *The Judgment of Eve* has not had a wider circulation. It is exactly the book which every reader will feel that his neighbours ought to read. "How I wish that Mr. Blank could have heard that sermon this morning!"

In *The Three Sisters,* Miss Sinclair approaches perihelion. This is the best book she has written, wrought with an art that has become thoroughly mature. The influence of the three Brontë sisters is more real than apparent; the spirit of the book shows the same unsatisfied thirst for life, the same frustration of passion, that one feels in *Jane Eyre* and in *Wuthering Heights.* Woman's inhumanity to woman is the basis of the plot; and although the scene is laid in a country parsonage, although the rector and his three daughters are all technically virtuous, the divine fire has become sulphurous; it is really the flame of hell. I know of no solution for the problem presented by the novelist except polygamy.

No *man* by any possibility could ever have drawn that oldest sister; she is a "designing creature," presented with extraordinarily subtle art. This is a real novel, an important novel; it has a real story, startlingly real characters, has no thesis, and means nothing except as a significant representation of life.

The most steadily entertaining novel that Miss Sinclair has written is *The Belfry.* The last scenes are a concession to the dominating interest of the Great War, but they were positively necessary to bring out the character of the strange hero. This book again is filled with real people, and British "respectability" is treated, not with the scorn of Galsworthy, Bennett, and Wells, but with all a woman's patience for the stupidity and narrowness of humanity. Her "respectable" folk here are irritating at times, but they are charming, too. I am afraid that the author will have to make a personal explanation to Arnold Bennett, for nearly all readers seem to think that the incorrigible "bounder" in the story is he. The two writers are good friends and perhaps they are enjoying this interpretation.

Miss Sinclair has made astonishing progress in literary art since the composition of *The Divine Fire;* there is no comparison at all between that book and *The Belfry.* No two of her books are alike; she is more than versatile: she has something of the range of humanity itself. What an extraordinary power of contrast is shown in the clergyman of *The Three Sisters* if you compare him with the Canterbury cleric in *The Belfry!* The two men, however, are no more unlike than the two books they adorn. As Miss Sinclair grows older, her eyes become more and more achromatic: in *The Divine Fire,* she saw life through all kinds of fantastic colours; now she sees the world as it really is. And how infinitely more interesting the actual world is than any of our illusions about it!

Miss Mary Patricia Willcocks, of Devonshire, is not nearly so well known as she deserves to be. For many years a school-teacher, the stream of her activity turned in 1905 to fiction, and in 1907 she wrote a novel of great power and charm, *The Wingless Victory.* The

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manuscript completely captured the heart of that seasoned publisher, John Lane; nor do I think any intelligent person could read this book without feeling that the author belongs to literature. The most notable feature of her work is its deep thoughtfulness, its active cerebration, as different from the reflected culture of Mrs. Ward as could well be imagined. She repeated her success in 1908 with *A Man of Genius,* another skilful diagnosis of human sickness. Then, unfortunately, her later novels, *The Way Up,* and *Wings of Desire,* while written with real distinction, are too strongly flavoured with the author's "opinions." The fact that she is a feminist and naturally radical, ought not in the least to have injured her literary work; for she probably held the same convictions when she wrote the *Wingless Victory.* No, she has allowed her "views" to trespass in the pleasant pastures of her art, where they seem at any rate out of place.

But when I remember who she is, what she has accomplished, and that she lives in Devon, I have high hopes.

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: Contemporary Novelists in Great Britain—Samuel Butler—Bernard Shaw—Eden Phillpotts—George Moore and the Experimental Novel—H. G. Wells—W. J. Locke—Alfred Ollivant—Mrs. W. K. Clifford—Mary Cholmondeley—W. B. Maxwell—Leonard Merrick—H. H. Bashford—Hutchinson—St. John Ervine.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER

President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

My first thought on beginning the day's labour is one of thankfulness for the privilege of having a share in the work of the world. It must be most depressing to have the consciousness that you are marooned on an island of indolence or indifference in the midst of this fruitful, hurrying, energising century. I remember some years ago when we were spending fifteen months in Europe, there were times when I was overcome with a desire to get back into the midst of things, to try to do my part, to give something, rather than continually to receive blessings and advantages that had been made possible by the efforts of others.

The daily work of the President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs should really be treated in two separate sections,—the President at home, and the President en route. In this article I shall treat only of the former division. The first task is the opening of the day's mail. Did you ever take time to think what revelations, what inspirations, what discouragements, what sorrows, what joys the package the postman leaves at your door reveals in others and brings to you? Because many people have no idea of the magnitude and the variety of the letters that come to the President, it may be worth while to look over a day's bundle. First of all, the entire list of letters is run through to see if there be one from the absent children: the mother has a right to come first, has she not? Then we find:

(1) A distressing letter from Persia concerning the sufferings of a Christian missionary and family through the ravages of war, showing how their school property has been swept bare by devastating armies. She pays tribute to the gentleness of the Russians. She asks four hundred dollars that she and her children may seek safety in the United

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States and at the same time plead for the succour of their people.

(2) An intelligent woman in England asks help in meeting a civic problem and reports work done in the way of charity.

(3) Two letters from Cuba requesting advice and literature for organising another club.

(4) A letter from Alaska. This letter causes me some amused embarrassment. Last June, I made a trip to Valdez, Alaska, where there is a club holding membership in the General Federation (there is one also at Nome) and I was so impressed with the courage and ability of the women, that I devoted to them one of my official letters and an article for the *Ladies' Home Journal.* This has proved to be perhaps a mistaken kindness, for our Alaska friends. They have been flooded with letters, year-books, newspaper clippings, and with requests of every kind from handling pickles and candies to writing papers on Alaska for far distant clubs. At all events, we are hoping that at the New York Biennial in May, the Alaska Territorial Federation will be born and welcomed into our fold.

(5) A United States Commissioner of Immigration writes in reply to a letter from the President and a clipping from a paper of the Far West; the journal gave an interview with a Belgian woman who was pictured as complaining bitterly of her treatment at our port of entry; the woman was reported as making certain definite statements that reflected sadly upon the management and sanitary conditions. This particular case was investigated and the published report proved to be absolutely false. What a wide vista this episode opens as to the work to be done in cultivating a moral responsibility and a love for truth on the part of everyone who repeats a statement, be that repetition oral or written. It is certainly discouraging when our Government has done noble service in ameliorating the conditions of the immigrant, to be met with such a return.

(6) A request to do a special piece of work for the Child Labour Bill now before Congress.

(7) An appeal to write three letters urging certain points in the Non-partisan Tariff Commission that is before Congress.

(8) A hope that we shall work for the National Park Service.

(9) A demand by a speaker to be placed on the New York programme, to show the ideal dress for women, with the assurance that if the Federation pass favourably upon the resolution, the dress question will be settled! And here the gentle reader wisely smiles to think that any one can feel that the question of dress will be regulated by a resolution passed by any assemblage.

(10) Six petitions for the regulation of moving pictures, to be undertaken by the Federation.

(11) A communication opposing legislative action regulating moving pictures, but favouring the work of the National Board of Censors, and insisting that the public must be awakened, as the fault is with them and not with the film companies.

(12) Five invitations to speak.

(13) Three letters concerning the Smith-Hughes Bill, each one favouring a main feature, but each one differing as to incidentals.

(14) Two letters rebuking the General Federation and women's clubs in general for neglecting certain lines of work. The writers of said letters urged us to open our eyes and see the needs of the world. In reality, the women's clubs of the country have been working diligently for several years on the very points mentioned, and have accomplished gratifying results. Is it not amusing how when some people discover a situation that is new to them, they straightway feel impelled to make it public to everyone else, and without taking time to investigate what has really been accomplished, they rush into letter or into print?

(15) Six cheering reports of the plans of the nation-wide Baby Week.

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The General Federation has asked the clubs of the country to set aside March 4th to March 11th, as a week to be devoted to the welfare of children. Especial efforts are to be made to arouse the entire community to its duty to the child. These six State Presidents show so clearly the well-planned, systematic campaign inaugurated, that it gives one courage to plunge into further work.

(16) A request to secure publication for an article. Said article is twenty-two pages long!

(17) A woman states that she has heard a charge against a well-known educational institution, and wishes the women of the Federation to prevent said institution from carrying out said "diabolical movement." On the very face, the matter stamps itself untrue, and one wonders how any sound mind could have believed it.

(19) Letter from Chairman of the Membership Committee, reporting that seventy-five more new clubs have applied for membership than at this time during the last Biennial period.

(20) A communication from the United States Bureau of Education furnishing certain plans for work among the immigrants.

(21) A plan to save the world from disease. Said plan eighteen pages long.

(22) Two letters from dear personal friends, saved until the very last so as to be read and enjoyed leisurely.

Is it not interesting to see how many points in our national and international life this mail touches?

Sometimes when the mail is unusually heavy, while there is a genuine pleasure in the reading and the digesting, yet there is also an inclination for my head to whirl and for me to ask myself, "How am I ever to get through with it all?"

Right then, however, I recall one of the lessons learned from my husband, long before he was called away from us. Going into his office one day, soon after our marriage, I saw on his desk a file containing a number of memoranda.

"What are these?" I asked.

"Oh, these are the things I expect to do to-day."

"Dear me!" I continued, beginning to feel worried and oppressed. "How in the world will you do it?"

"Why, it's very easy, my dear. You see I am at work on this first one. I don't think for a moment of the others that are waiting on the file. I work deliberately, and when I have finished this item, then I shall take up the second exactly in the same way. By the end of the day, I shall possibly have finished them all, and if not, the world will not come to an end, even if two or three go over until to-morrow."

This lesson has served me well, and when I once related the incident to a group of women, one of them sent the following lines, which have been an additional comfort:

The world is wide,
In time and tide,
And God is guide;
Then do not worry.

That man is blest,
Who does his best,
And leaves the rest;
Then do not hurry.

Acordingly I divide the mail into two groups,—the pressing, and the group admitting of delay. Then, if possible, I close my desk and go into the open air. It would be well if every woman could so order her life (and most of us could if we only would) as to have at least fifteen minutes in the morning to be "alone with herself." It helps one to take away all sense of strain and worry; it opens the door of the soul for peace to come in: it gives a chance for the mind to order and arrange its duties. Mrs. Champ Clark expresses it in her own original manner when she says, "If I can go off and visit with myself half an hour and arrange my brain-cells, and think out my mental programme, I am all right."

Walking on my home street during the morning hours, when all the young people are in the University class rooms

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and Whitis Avenue is deserted, is my best mental tonic. There is nothing like the glorious sunshine of a Texas February morning to soothe, to strengthen, to stimulate. This period of solitude that we all need, especially as we grow older, can be made an hour of spiritual enrichment. Some one in Havana, two weeks ago, told me this story of wonderful Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. A friend visiting her for help, said, "Mrs. Palmer, you do not have the curse of indecision that troubles so many of us. You seem ever to know the right thing to do; you seem to have the solution of every problem." Mrs. Palmer answered: "Nay, not so; there are times when I am all at sea, when my vision is not clear; then I think of the gentle old Bishop who said to me in the days of my girlhood, 'Alice, my child, thou holdest thy cup too low, raise thy cup higher and it will be filled.'"

There is nothing like open air solitude, the blue sky over head, the soft green turf beneath our feet to give us strength to hold the cup higher. This is a part of the day's work, a great part; no day's toil can be well ended in which it does not have a part.

Returning to my desk, I map out my programme for the hours that remain. The first task is that of weighing matters as to their relative importance. There are many duties that present themselves, many pleasures as well, but the days are not long enough to do all, and so one must take time for selection, and this I regard as an important part of the day's work. Have you not seen people running feverishly from this to that, never having time to get the most out of a single hour in the day; always breathless, yet, always late? If these dear folk could only realise that it would be economy of time, of strength, of spirit, to cultivate a sense of values that would enable them to select the vital ones and reserve their strength for these. *A propos,* there are many women who write me that even their social life gets to be a nightmare, because they are continually kept in a mad rush. When asked why they do not decline some of the invitations received, they say the world would not forgive them. But is not this rather an imaginary fear? A certain woman who now occupies one of the highest official positions in the country, has long made a practice of accepting no morning invitations, only three luncheons a week, and not more than four dinners. She is perfectly honest with people. She accepts the first invitations that come and then she says very frankly to those who invite her afterwards, "I am sorry, but I allow myself only three luncheons a week, and I have already accepted Mrs. A.'s, Mrs. B.'s, and Mrs. G.'s." People are not offended at her. On the contrary, I think they value her coming to their affairs all the more, because she does limit herself. She certainly is a more charming guest than the average woman, partly because she brings a certain freshness everywhere she goes.

When the day's programme has been definitely made out, I try to use the best tools at my command to expedite the work. Many of our women on entering into organized work, fail to do this. We write "long-hand" (often to the sorrow and confusion of our friends!) when we might enjoy a typewriter or the still greater luxury of a stenographer. We fail to provide ourselves with proper desk room and to buy the best filing facilities. It is a fortunate woman who has in the family a skilled man who helps her to learn the tools that she may call upon, and insists that she apply the efficiency test to her methods. Some of us have learned only by hard experience, therefore we would like to pass the lessons in easier fashion to those who come after us.

Frequently a problem presents itself on which one cannot pass, even with an hour or two's reflection; then I like to put it away entirely for the day and sometimes it works itself out in the subconscious mind. Often I feel that I am better able to cope with it, when I spend a half-hour talking over topics of general interest with some busy man of af-

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fairs. I cannot explain it, but there are times when I feel a bit stifled, as if I am getting only the woman's viewpoint, and that is when I call upon some man who looks at life from an entirely different angle. It has happened that in the midst of discussing a topic absolutely foreign to my problem light comes on the problem itself.

During these days when we have so many questions concerning peace, preparedness, anti-preparedness, etc., etc., the problems were and are many. It was both encouraging and discouraging to learn during a two weeks' stay in Washington, that our Representatives and Senators were almost as much in doubt as we. It was encouraging because it made one feel that he must exert himself to form an opinion of his very own, because his country has a right to *demand* that opinion of him; discouraging because it made one feel that since the elected leaders lacked much basic information, there was no certainty that their decision would be the wisest. Yet the final result was good. It brought us all closer together, it made us feel that we were all just human. Of course, there are two people who are not uncertain about anything; who know what is best and who know that they know what is best!

A part of the day's work must be recreation. My favourite form is a drive, an automobile ride, a small dinner, a play, or a book. The gripping part of a drama makes me forget I am living, and brings me back to consciousness rested. It is a keen delight to feel that I can lose myself as completely in a novel or at the theatre as I could at twenty. A small dinner does more for me than a large one. When the company is bright, I want to hear everything that is said, hence when the conversation cannot be general, while listening to the neighbour on my right, I am continually throwing out an ear to windward on my left. It is at the small dinners that ideas are born, because they give opportunity for the play of mind on mind, and the touch of thought and counter-thought.

By the close of the day, the work planned generally has been accomplished. While no pleasure is allowed to cause a swerving from duty, yet the programme is kept flexible enough to allow the unexpected to happen, because one of the joys of being in work of this kind is that since you are a voluntary worker, you can choose your own hours and your own methods without feeling that you are interfering with others. This recalls a delightful definition I heard not long since: "What is leisure?" "Leisure is the chance to choose your own job."

ALFRED NOYES ON HENLEY. IN THE JUNE "BOOKMAN"

We regret that certain circumstances—the poetic temperament is still in the world—prevented the publication of the promised Henley article in this issue. But Mr. Noyes's paper, a very brilliant and penetrating bit of writing, is now in our hands and will appear in the June number. Mr. Noyes tells of Henley, the crippled giant, from whose "maimed strength" Robert Louis Stevenson drew the character of John Silver in "Treasure Island."

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SOME FICTION OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I SUPPOSE when the war broke out, more than one of us expected to see almost immediate changes in the face and the character of English fiction. Whether or not the crisis might at once furnish the story-tellers with new materials, it could hardly fail to affect the temper of their work. Primarily, they would have to stop being clever and paradoxical and aggressively amusing. There are moments when the clown may fairly be asked to spare us his monkey-shines. If (like G. B. Shaw) he cannot see that, he may presently find himself cutting a rather pitiful figure in the eyes of his audience. On the other hand, there is no moment, no hour of crisis, at which we can afford to do without the solace and the spur of a sound and rich humour.

"GOSSAMER"

The author of *Spanish Gold* and *The Search Party* can be as witty as any man now going; but if there had been question of his possessing the deeper sense of human character and conduct which belong to the true humourist, it would have been answered finally by his latest book. *Gossamer* is witty enough, in all conscience, but under its brilliant surface a big idea floats, a big emotion flows. It is the sort of interpretation we look for and so rarely find in a literature of crisis. Miss Sinclair, as everybody knows, has shown a very personal and practical interest in the War. But as a novelist she has made merely ornamental use of it, to effect a display, on her Jevons's behalf (in *The Belfry*) of conventional heroism—that is, physical bravery. Canon Hannay has another sort of hero. It is not the story-telling baronet, Digby, though in due season he gets his D.S.O., but Ascher, the man of great affairs who is also the man of simple heart. His author, in creating and interpreting him, does a new thing, a very striking thing. The financier of fiction has been by common consent a frightful or at least a lamentable object. Often he has been represented, to our great content, as an incarnation of force and ruthless greed. The best we have been able to do for him was to picture him as a devoted husband and father, and to credit him with occasional qualms upon the head of his frightfulness. He remains the villain who buys out or crushes out competition, who oppresses labour, robs stockholders, and spreads his tentacles, octopus-wise, to their brutal utmost.

Canon Hannay presents a very different conception of the financier and his function. He sees organised finance not as an octopus, but as a gossamer, a delicate protective web thrown over the fields of human endeavour. "Ascher and men like him," he says, "have spun fine threads, covering every civilised land with a web of credit, infinitely complex, so delicate that a child's hand could tear it. . . . A storm, even a strong breeze comes, and the threads are dragged from their holdings and waved in wild confusion through the air. A man, brutal as war, goes striding through the land, and, without knowing what he does,

*Gossamer. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Conquest. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
God's Puppets. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Stamboul Nights. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Twin Sisters. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Side of the Angels. By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers.
Fulfillment. By Emma Wolf. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
The Rudder. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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bursts the filaments and destroys the shimmering beauty which was before he came. That, I suppose, is what happens. But the passing of a man, however violent he is, is the passing of a man and no more. Even if a troop of men marches across the land their marching is over and done with soon. They have their day, but afterwards there are other days. Nature is infinitely persistent and gossamer is spun again."

Here is the "idea" behind the story. But such ideas are notoriously prone to snatch the reins from the story-teller, insisting upon their own virtue, and turning his tale into a mere contrivance. It is here that the artist proves himself. Canon Hannay has succeeded in embodying his idea, instead of merely tricking it out. Ascher, the financier, is a figure of extraordinary appeal. Gorman, the politician, with his shallow conventional rant against the financiers as parasites and rascals, is himself greedy and unscrupulous. Digby, the aristocrat, though when the test comes he is compelled by the instinct of his class to act in accordance with the code of honour he jeers at, is capable of no large heroic view. As for Ascher, he has no inherited social code to constrain him,—to prevent his being a self-seeker like Gorman, or to incite him to the "conduct of a gentleman." But he has a code, a view of life, which as irresistibly compels him. His skill as a spinner of the great web of the world's credit he looks upon as a thing held in trust. His sense of duty to that trust is able to bear the supreme test which is presently laid upon it.

The War applies that test. Ascher is a German by birth, and has never become a British subject. He knows the war is coming, and has plenty of time to turn a huge part of his securities into cash and go back to Germany. The tie of blood and the theory of patriotism call him. On the other hand, he has lived his life and done his work in England, and his sympathies and point of view are English rather than German. But he will remain in England as an object of suspicion. In the end he cannot persuade himself to be a traitor to the larger cause—the cause of that civilisation which is to undergo a shock so immediate and so tremendous and which can hope to survive only through the survival of international credit—through the devotion and fidelity of Ascher and his kind. And Ascher is faithful. It is a fine conception, finely and consistently wrought out: the conception of a soldier sworn to battle not for his country, but for the world. And it is deeply moving because the man himself, with all his special powers, is so gently human, so wistful of the private peace and happiness which his duty denies him.

"THE CONQUEST"

The Conquest is a story of hardly inferior force, though it deals with a less extraordinary type of the man of power. The John Howard of this narrative has no mystical sense of duty to his kind. Nor, on the other hand, does he desire wealth as a means of luxury. But he is driven by an inborn compulsion toward the attainment of power: it is his predestined means of self-expression. As a boy he sees how that power is to be attained, and begins to move steadily along the chosen path, brushing aside or trampling upon all obstacles, including his own heart, without hesitation and without ruth. He wills to become a great lawyer, and conceives a deep enthusiasm for the law as a profession. But even this is merely a way of entrance to the larger field of finance. At the beginning of his career he sacrifices the woman of his heart, and his own chances of personal happiness, because he discerns in her an idealism which is bound to clash with his purposes. At thirty, in a moment of peril which threatens his whole future, he saves himself by marriage with the daughter of a man who is necessary to him—she, too, must be sacrificed. She discovers his perfidy and refuses him a child. At forty-five, when he has fulfilled his ambition and become virtual ruler of a great city, he suddenly receives his death-sentence—angina pectoris. The

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shock sobers him, in a sense. Looking back upon his life, he can find no high justification for it, no end larger than that attainment of power to which it has been devoted. But (and here, I think, is a touch of fine and true interpretation) he is not suddenly converted. His nature has not changed; he knows that if he had the years to live over, he would live them in the same way: his destiny, such as it is, has fulfilled itself. He feels himself to be, in his strength, as truly a victim of fate as any one among the weaklings he has been destined to overpower. It is true that in his last days, through reunion with the woman of his youthful love, he is moved to make a final sacrificial use of his powers in the cause of those whom his system has oppressed. But his sense of exaltation in the act is, as he suspects, due to its being, not so much an act of atonement, as a final act of strength, a feat of personal prowess such as, under the conditions, no other man could have achieved. So, though he goes down with colours flying, they are the colours of a cause still dubious in his eyes, though inevitably his own. The tale is told with remarkable skill and directness, is so free from irrelevance or decoration as to produce an effect which is rare indeed outside of the dramatic form. For its technical perfection as well as for its content, the book deserves much, in a day when novelists incline to make a merit of formlessness.

"GOD'S PUPPETS"

The octopus view of the man of business has been more than once expressed with vehemence by William Allen White. He sees the financier as the playwrights see him—not as a man with a mission, as Canon Hannay sees him, or a man with a lamentable destiny, as Mr. Nyburg sees him, but as a beast of prey. He sees money-making, the securing of money-power, not only as a selfish thing, but as a corrupting influence upon individual character, and upon the character of the community or nation. As the village bank in the *Spoon River* of Mr. Masters is a centre of fraud and corruption, so are those rival banks of East Raynham which figure in the two more important stories in Mr. White's new collection. "The One a Pharisee" tells the dingy tale of one Boyce Kilworth, who, without principle or scruple, a mere money-hog, succeeds in getting a whole community under his thumb, and in getting himself respected therefor. He deliberately and systematically mishandles the money of his clients in order to finance his larger schemes. For many years, by his extreme adroitness and cunning, he succeeds in hoodwinking depositors and bank-examiners and the world at large. But the moment comes at last when chance reveals a single item of his trickery, and the whole flimsy edifice of his affairs threatens to fall about his ears, involving the ruin of hundreds of his fellow-townsmen. He is overwhelmed with remorse, but solely for the money which is to be lost by others through him. It is the black sheep of his family, the man whose unrespectability the community has always contrasted with his respectability, who comes to the rescue—not for the sake of Kilworth, or of his clients's pockets, but for the sake of their faith in the whitewashed rascal and what he stands for. Here is a suggestion of Canon Hanany's belief in the financier as a trustee; but with Mr. White that belief hardly rises above the plane of an illusion which must be preserved. The Charlie Herrington of "A Prosperous Gentleman" is also a whited sepulchre, hideous within, and thoroughly meriting the revenge fate takes upon him.

Mr. White's style has the fluency and vividness of the experienced magazine-writer. It might be interesting, in view of recent utterances in THE BOOKMAN about the style of American novelists, to consider certain recent books of fiction which have been reprinted from perodicals which cost the public little and pay the author much. Suppose we take, for example, *The Real Adventure,* by Henry Kitchell Webster; *Clipped Wings,* by Rupert Hughes; *Twin Sisters,* by the

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late Justus Miles Forman, and Mr. White's group of short novels and tales. The English of these stories is not slipshod. It leans away from book-language toward the vernacular, as well it may. It prefers a bit of slang to a purism—the cant of the street to the cant of the cloister. It errs, more or less, in the direction of the mechanically "snappy," the stall-fed "punch." But on the whole it is a respectable as well as a notably clear, direct, and spirited medium of expression. Where the magazine has its unlucky influence is in tolerating if not fostering a relative indifference to true characterisation and action as against the sketching of types and the manipulation of "plot." Mr. White's corrupt banker, and luxury-bred Dalilah, and "grafting" politician, have the vividness of convention-bound melodrama and movie, rather than the reality—the embodiment of type in individual—which marks the higher art of the novelist.

"STAMBOUL NIGHTS"

Of the short story less may be demanded. Here is little scope for the development of character: we must be content for the most part with a flashing suggestion, a vital hint of the truth. There is less temptation here, on the other hand, to shift the characters to fit a shifting action. Consequently we often come closer to character in good short stories than in inferior novels. There are a dozen figures in the *Stamboul Nights* of Mr. H. G. Dwight which are likely to stand out in the memory, for a brief time, at least, with uncommon clearness. Mr. Bisbee, the obtuse and well-meaning missionary; Mehmish, the amiable and ingenious murderer; Madame Belize of the Glass House; Nousret Pasha, the Sultan's foster-brother, who presumes, at last, too much; Persis of the golden javelin; his luckless Beatitude, the pseudo-Patriarch; the bathman of "Under the Arch," with his sombre memories of the unforgetable Lisa; the dolorous and yet unconquered Pasha of the Garden: these and other figures linger upon the mind's retina after the book is closed. Whether they will remain there a year or two from now, in company with—well, for a single (relatively) immortal name, Private Ortheris, is doubtful. In his preliminary word to "a possible reader," the writer speaks of "the discouragements through which his somewhat exotic fictions have slowly made their way into print." Exotic they all are in setting and atmosphere. Constantinople is not exactly new ground for a story-teller, but it has never been very successfully "covered" in English; certainly it has never been made as vivid and human as Mr. Dwight makes it. He ascribes such merit as the stories may have largely to his luck in stumbling upon material: "No good fairy, alas, dropped the gift of invention into my cradle, and not one of these stories could really be called mine. Several of them I put on paper almost exactly as they were told me. More of them were pieced together out of odd bits of experience and gossip. The seed of one was contained in a paragraph of the *Matin* which I read one morning in Paris." And so on. This, of course, is a familiar bit of story-teller's guile. It is based upon the strange old fallacy that invention—the kind worth having—is the manufacture of new materials, instead of the discovery and employment of old ones. Mr. Dwight's method was good enough for Shakespeare, has been good enough for all the great story-tellers. The present tales, with all their air of careless improvisation or merely faithful recording, are singularly finished products of the story-teller's art. The author has sedulously (and rightly) studied the masters in this kind. Now and then the influence of some one of them, notably Joseph Conrad or "O. Henry," is too directly evident. For my own part, I feel that Mr. Dwight is most successful and most original in those of his stories which embody the romance and mystery of the East, the sombre intensity of the Oriental temperament—stories like "The House of the Giraffe," or "Under the Arch," or—most perfect of all in its way

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—"In the Pasha's Garden." The half-cynical humour of some of the other tales, has at times an almost official ring—the tone you may profitably adopt for that kind of story, as Kipling discovered long ago, in the days of the *Plain Tales*.

"THE TWIN SISTERS"

The Twin Sisters brings us back to the previous question. It illustrates again the way our popular novelists have of throwing over their characters, even when they have them fairly within their grasp, for the sake of "plot." That is, they throw over invention in the higher sense for invention in the lower. And the joke is that to get the easier effect, no new material is really required. To take the old familiar stories and situations and give them a fresh mechanical twist is to follow the line of least resistance. Get your people believed in if you can—then you may put them through the old tricks with an easy mind! Mr. Forman's story begins as if it were going to be a piece of fresh interpretation; and when it has established that impression, blandly glides into the comfortable groove. The lifelike twentieth-century girl who takes so strong a hold upon us in the opening chapters, very quickly accepts her place among the conventional puppets (however costumed and mannered) of "society" romance. And here are the old, old motives to comfort us. Here is the heroine's choice between one of nature's alleged noblemen (an American), who turns out to be a brute, and a nobleman of the other kind (an Englishman) who easily vindicates the superiority of society over nature, at least in the manufacture of noblemen. Here again is the silly gentleman whose "honour" compels him, simply because he has proposed to her, to marry an undesirable maiden whom he is bound to make unhappy and with whose twin sister he has a passionate understanding. What nonsense it is! And yet how palatable in terms of pure romance! My quarrel with such fiction is that it is so unabashed and artificial a mess of "realistic" detail and romantic glamour and mechanical ingenuity. These persons in high society, American belles and Continental aristocrats, represent a necessary reduction to modern terms of the princes and princesses of the Arabian Nights, or Boccaccio, or the Brothers Grimm. But let us have done with the pretense that, in reading such stories, we are in contact with "real life," simply because in costume and accent these gentry bear some resemblance to the actual "best people"—of the stage and the society column.

"THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS"

The Side of the Angels is a more serious attempt at sincere interpretation of life. It is, indeed, deadly serious—quite surprisingly deficient in humour. But so are at least two others among the six "best-sellers" on THE BOOKMAN's April list. What are we to infer from this? That the American public, with its certified sense of humour, likes to be let off now and then, to relax in the company of the solemn? Or is the phenomenon connected with the limitations of whatever sex may be supposed to determine the commercial successes of the hour? The author of *The Inner Shrine* has one of his favourite moral-emotional themes to deal with here, and develops it with a faithful and heavy hand. Here, to be sure, is Dr. Sim Masterman, who plays the part of humourous philosopher, and has some very good lines, notably in his discussion of the two kinds of love, which he likens to milk and champagne:

"Mind you, I like milk," he says, "I approve of it. In the long run it'll beat champagne any day—especially where you expect babies. I'm only saying that it doesn't come of the same vintage as Veuve Cliquot. Women often wish it did; and when it doesn't they make things uncomfortable. No use. Can't make a Tristan out of good, honest, faithful, William Dobbin, nohow. The thing with the fizz is bound to go flat; and the thing that stands by you, to be relied on all through life, won't have any fizz."

This is the kind of dietetic trope or,

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as it were, argumentum ad stomachum, which few of us can resist. But Dr. Sim's utterances remain those of an eccentric, a recognised "character," in the stage sense. The narrative as a whole lacks the balance-wheel of humour. It is a pretty frankly didactic affair, and keeps the characters very busy playing up to the theme. One cannot possibly feel that they live and move independently of it. Everything is "framed up" in advance, and it is tedious waiting for the moment when the author shall see fit to permit his married but estranged pair to discover what is plain as a pikestaff to everybody else,—and fall into each others arms. The whole function of brother Claude is as melodramatic as his name, and it must be owned that brother Thor, the Tristan-Dobbin, who is so wearisomely on the side of the angels, goes far towards renewing our childish impression that an angel must be a good deal of a prig.

"FULFILLMENT"

A book of very similar temper and limitations is *Fulfillment*. There is not a little wit in it, and much eloquence, some faithful reporting, and a vast amount of emotion. All that it lacks of a sincere story is one or two real people and a few real happenings. Here again, after a perilous prelude, we have a married pair hopelessly and persistently misunderstanding each other. In a way the situation is reversed because this time it is the woman who has given her heart—her champagne-love—elsewhere before marriage, and who must slowly come to a realisation of the palatability of milk. The thing happens often enough, of course, in "real life," but the adjustment of the matter, when it is capable of adjustment, rarely, I suppose, involves all this elaborate business of backing and filling of determined stupidity and artificially deferred reconciliation. This book, like Mr. King's, is earnestly conceived and based upon sound moral and conjugal principles. There must be, after all, a considerable number of persons who prefer a sentimental and slightly voluptuous tract to a story. There is nothing to prevent their calling such commodities novels, if it pleases them.

"THE RUDDER"

Conjugal estrangement has its very important part in a very different sort of novel, *The Rudder*. Here, one would say, is a writer of abundant humour, a writer not likely to be distracted from her human scene by sampler morality, or facile sentiment. *Nathan Burke* attested that, *The Rescue* confirmed it. We seemed to find at work in those books a strong intelligence of the sort generally held to be masculine—an intelligence brooding with friendly irony upon the lives of real men and real women. *Van Cleve* hardly deepened the impression, and *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*, despite its magnificent central figure, roused misgivings in one reader, at least—a fear that the subacid quality of Mrs. Watts's humour might be increasing or emerging pretty steadily. I said something of the sort on reviewing it, and in writing to a critic-friend: "She has a subtle mind," he replied, "a sharp tongue, and an eye for significant detail. Still, I am sometimes inclined to think that her books are clever *tours de force* rather than authentic 'works'." I did not like to admit that to myself, do not like to admit it now, but I begin to "hae ma doots." *Jennie Cushing* had a largeness of conception which atoned for a certain aridity of detail, a certain sharpness in its satirical portions. *The Rudder* appears to have no big idea or big feeling behind it. It possesses a motto, or refrain, about "keeping the rudder true;" but the author, like her harmless little man of letters, seems to say it always with her tongue in her cheek. Certainly her persons, with all their striving this way and that, appear in the end to have drifted rather than steered their way to whatever harbour they may have found. It need not be said that Mrs. Watts brings about no sentimental reunion between her married pair—that indeed is the last thing any sensible per-

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son could desire for either of them. A sensitive and intelligent girl marries a clod, they are unhappy, they part. She is sexually tempted and almost won by a cheap but beautiful demagogue. She weathers these storms of sense, and becomes a useful member of society, with no illusions and no particular regrets. She has a sister, a far more amiable and disinterested person than herself, who goes blind. She has an uncle, the man of letters, who trifles about the scene making mild epigrams, and finally permits himself to marry the rich woman he has been languidly disposed to marry for years. And so on: this is the kind of thing which happens in these pages as, no doubt, it is happening all the time about us. The discouraging thing about the book is that it contains no human figure—not one among them all—who strongly engages the reader's sympathy and interest. One might almost as well be looking out of a window for a couple of hours, listening to the comments of a satirical companion. In short, the book remains, with all its cleverness and veri-similitude, a rather dreary and indifferent chronicle of small beer.

FIRSTLINGS IN FICTION*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

An author with his first book—a kind of happiness not comparable to any other experience in the world. Nor does the author need to be young in order to taste its keenest happiness. Indeed, like many other of life's gifts, its flavour is richer and deeper if the experience has been long delayed. The publishers have been generous this spring in the number of new authors to whom they have given this joy of looking upon their first novels, at last really put into book form. For it is a goodly bunch of firstlings in fiction gathered together in the following article. And they are surprisingly good in quality. I doubt if American publishers have ever before brought out in a single season so many first novels equalling these in craftsmanship and in literary quality. Especially is this true of those by American authors. For nearly all of these evince abilities of certain kinds in which American fiction has been rather lacking, such as care and refinement in the delineation of character and that fusing of material and spiritual observation of life which is necessary to the creation of a rich and graphic setting. This year's first-born novels give their authors just cause for pride and happiness and make encouraging promise for American literature.

*The Abyss. By Nathan Kussy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Shadow Riders. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Company.

Cam Clarke. By John H. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Bloom of Youth. By Dorothy Foster Gilman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. By Cameron Mackenzie. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Portion of a Champion. By Francis O'Sullivan Tighe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Years of Plenty. By Ivor Brown. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Man's Reach. By Sally Nelson Robins. Illustrated in colour by Edmund Frederick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Buffoon. By Louis U. Wilkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

I Pose. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Samaritan Mary. By Sumner Locke. Illustrated by James O. Chapin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Love at Large. By Sophie Kerr. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Amateur. By Charles G. Norris. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Captain Gardiner of the International Police. By Robert Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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"THE ABYSS"

Those who read Nathan Kussy's first novel will appreciate it all the more if they know something of the long series of efforts of which it is the first successful outcome and of what its publication means to the author. To him surely its publication brings a far richer and deeper joy than he could have felt if any one of his more youthful efforts had won through to the light. For one must have many defeats before it is possible to taste the full pleasure of success. Mr. Kussy, who is a lawyer in Newark, has been longing for twenty-five years to be an author and has made many attempts of various kinds. But *The Abyss* is his first book to be published. He spent five years on the writing of it. And it must be said that the quality of its work shows that it was neither conceived nor written in haste. In its workmanship and in its solid literary values it would be a credit to an author of long experience. It is a story of the underworld told in the first person by a Jewish narrator who begins his history with his childhood in a poverty stricken but wholesome and loving home in a very poor quarter of Newark. Thence, by reason of poverty and death, he falls accidentally into the hands of a gang of beggars and criminals and until the end of the book, when he has reached the age of seventeen, he is constantly the associate of hoboes, outcasts, criminals, constantly trying to escape into a cleaner, better, more self-respecting life and constantly beaten back into the engulfing waves of crime and filth and vileness.

The story is told with the greatest attention to detail, but the author has shown commendable skill in making these detailed scenes and incidents deeply interesting by the extent to which he has made them personal and dramatic rather than narrative. Although the tale deals almost constantly with a squalid and revolting world, its scenes are widely varied, they and its people are sometimes picturesque and the narrative is often brightened by the appearance of some fine human quality in the boy's degraded associates. It is remarkable that with a story of such length—five hundred pages—and such a theme that the author never once, as it would have been so easy to do, strikes a false note. Never does he declaim or preach or sentimentalise or allow his narrator to grow soft with pity for himself. Its tone is constantly simple, serious, dignified. The teller of the tale never loses his absorption in the task of presenting the pictures of his past life and he does it with as much detachment as if it were another's story. This, it seems to me, is a signal achievement and proves the author to possess artistic instinct, a feeling for effect, in high degree. The material of the story has been compared to that of *Oliver Twist,* but it seems to me to be handled with more artistry, more restraint and a keener sense of literary values.

It is a story to stir one's heart to its depths. By the bare truth and sheer compellingness of its simply told tale it makes the most damning indictment of modern civilisation that has come from the pen of poet, novelist, playwright or journalist. The author vouches for the truth of many of the most startling incidents. It is another proof of his artistry and feeling for literary values that the incidents which have been taken from real life do not seem impossible in the story, as frequently happens in the hands of authors who do not realize that it is necessary for such episodes to seem true as well as to be true. Mr. Kussy announces that he hopes to write two more novels, in which his young hero will be able to force his way up into sunshine and clean air, thus completing a trilogy of the "Children of the Abyss."

"THE SHADOW RIDERS"

Mrs. Paterson, who is a Canadian newspaper woman, deserves warm congratulations for her first novel because it is so many of the varied kinds of things a novel ought to be. She must be credited with a large, well-rounded, well-done achievement, having fewer and less glaring flaws and faults than a first

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attempt in fiction is well entitled to. The story covers some years, perhaps half a dozen, in the lives and fortunes of a number of people whose business or pleasure has brought them together in a rapidly growing town on the Canadian Transcontinental Railroad in Alberta. Perhaps the author's most signal achievement is the simple, unostentatious way in which she has caught and portrayed the spirit of such a town—its boundless confidence in itself, its crude young vigour, its democracy that now dominates and now cringes before its latent sense of class, its inherent lawlessness subtly penetrating into the lives of its citizens—it is all very like one of our own youthful, clamourous, upstart and overgrown Western communities. But there is a difference, enough of a difference to impart to the book, for readers in the United States, the piquant flavour of a chronicle of life in an alien, although a neighbour and a kindred, land. Aside from its merit as a story the book ought to have wide reading in this country just because it does picture and interpret so truthfully the kindred but different life of our neighbours to the north, which we know and understand and sympathise with far too little. A part of the action takes place a few years ago during the campaign in which the proposal of reciprocity between Canada and the United States went down to defeat. The account of that campaign and of the varied feelings it roused, all an integral part of the story, would be instructive and illuminating reading for certain public men in this country, to say nothing of many others of more humble station.

But it is primarily a story about people and so is brimming with personal and dramatic interest — personal interests that are constantly interwoven with the social, the business, the political, the public interests of the city, the province, the Dominion. There are two love stories. One considers some of the developments of the lesser one of these with doubt, but it ends upon a very real and human note that shows intimate knowledge of feminine psychology. The other love story has for its feminine factor as charming and vital a young woman as one is likely to find in current fiction. She is a dauntless, democratic soul, a true and colourful outgrowth of her parentage and surroundings. One marks especially the freshness, vitality and convincingness of the author's touch and her keen, sure insight into human nature, in her portrayal of almost all of the many and widely varying characters, both men and women, who fill the book.

Mrs. Paterson's novel shows a striking similarity of both method and effects to the work of the better English novelists. It carries the same sense of rich background, although that background of life is so contrastingly different; it has the same air of simplicity and sincerity; it shows the same kind of intimate knowledge and careful study of the life it portrays and it produces the same conviction of utter and transparent truthfulness. But its picture is painted with a bolder, freer stroke, its horizons are wider and more spacious, the wide-ranging winds of man's activities blow more gustily through its pages. It is, in short, a product of literary eugenics.

"CAM CLARKE"

The material of an epic tale, treated in the comic spirit, is in this chronicle of a year or so of life in "the Palouse Country" of eastern Washington a generation or more ago. The story is told in the first person, the narrator having witnessed as a small boy the things of which he writes, and Cam Clarke having been another small boy, his best friend. "As I start writing," he begins his book, "I mean this to be the history of a year of Cam Clarke's life. But I suppose when I have finished it will be something else." He is quite right. It is very much "something else," although Cam Clarke, an always unique and entertaining figure, with "the calmest, most insidious and undeniable way of fighting," is reasonably prominent throughout the tale. It is the chronicle, the epic, the panorama, of the coming of civilisation to a frowsy settlement of the Northwestern

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frontier, of the birth-pains and the on-rushing new life of prosperity and respectability. But the story is told, as few tales of the outposts of civilisation are told, without any overkeen sense of the melodramatic, or even any ordinary sense of the tragic, or tensity of suspense, or high-keyed feeling. Instead, the author looks back with a constantly twinkling eye and a smile of affectionate and genial tolerance. Sometimes—quite often, indeed—he overstrains his facetious manner and sometimes, after the manner of the loud-laughing and coarse-fibred frontier camp, his point of view offends good taste. But his account of how Cam Clarke and his mother Sarah came to Washtucna, of how Washtucna treated them and of what they did for Washtucna, and of how, suddenly, Washtucna awoke to roaring, vigourous, obstreperous life is a rich and colourful tale, full of smiles and chuckles and bits of wisdom and chunks of "horse sense" and quizzical humour. And, incidentally, the story the author tells in the first few pages of how he and his father and the rest of their swarming family went to Washtucna in its simplicity and transparent truth is as skilful and fine a picture as one could wish of the restless, poverty-stricken, futile "mover" whose type has been familiar to every one of the country's successive frontiers a century and a half.

"THE BLOOM OF YOUTH"

A vivacious story of manners written with a strong underlying appreciation of the humour of situation, this tale of Boston society, Harvard youths and Radcliffe girls reflects entertainingly not a little of that "state of mind" which is said to be "Boston." Most of the scenes are laid in the homes and at the gatherings of the socially elect who also furnish nearly all of the characters. One of these is a girl just passed her middle teens who faces with rebellious eyes the implications of the proposition that "unless a Boston girl cultivates freshmen she cannot expect to know seniors, or have Harvard College to play with." She scandalises her mother by insisting upon attending Radcliffe and she horrifies most of her friends by forming a friendship with a Harvard freshman who is a rampant Socialist. The story moves along through the several years of her course with much vivacity, portraying with shrewd observation and more or less caustic humour, the characteristics of several varieties of hereditary Bostonians and the manners and customs of Harvard undergraduates accepting the attentions of Boston society. Observation and discerning insight also are shown in the glimpses the author gives of the atmosphere out of which is evolved the Boston crank. In both development of character and handling of plot, and still more in the creation of a rich and well furnished background, the story is full of promise for the author's future as a novelist.

"MR. AND MRS. PIERCE"

A very good bit of tangle indeed, for a prentice hand, has Mr. Mackenzie made of the incidents of his story. But, skilfully as he has managed his plot, so that the story he tells, as ought to be the case in any good novel, is interesting from first to last, the story itself does not bulk too large in proportion to the people who make it and the life that forms its setting. The author is to be congratulated that in his first book he should show so good a sense of proportion in the elements of fiction and be able to develop all of them richly and skilfully. His Mrs. Pierce, it is true, does show a rather staggering childishness and lack of common sense at the beginning and her men folk to her insistence in a vital matter of which her ignorance is complete with more pliability than even the traditional American husband and guardian are accustomed to display in either fiction or life. Notwithstanding the example of Ibsen's *Nora* one must doubt the possibility of the development of the Mrs. Pierce of the early chapters into the Mrs. Pierce of the latter part of the book. But, with that exception, she is a very much alive creation, fully conceived and portrayed with delicacy and charm. All

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of the important characters show this same quality of thorough and careful modeling and give the reader the same feeling of being alive and real. The book is a good picture, too, of contemporary life in and about New York. Mrs. Pierce is a young and very attractive wife, much in love with her husband, who is fired with the desire to help him along, elevate his financial status, make it possible for him to do big things. So, in a glow of enthusiasm and hope, she sets things going. And in the long run she comes near to smashing everything that is really worth while. It is a charming comedy of manners that just escapes tragedy here and there and ends upon a wholesome, hopeful note into which the author puts some interesting philosophy about the beneficial results of the pounding and squeezing life does to youth.

"THE PORTION OF A CHAMPION"

The pronounced individuality of the name of the author of this book is merely a case of atavism in which he purposely indulges for the sake of harmony between himself and his story. In private life he dispenses with the prologue and the epilogue to his name which grace the title page and serve to identify him in his Irish family tree. But telling a romantic story as he does here of life in Ireland in the fifth century, it is surely quite in keeping that he should "throw back" with his name to that same period and give it a harmonious touch of romance. In the telling of the story he must be credited with having caught the romantic spirit and imbued his tale with it without having recourse to the always somewhat meretricious aid of the rose-colour-and-tinsel style. Apparently he knows at least the facts of the life of that dim time as well as tales and legends and historic chronicles can make it possible for the twentieth century delver into the past to know them and he has not only used them to reconstruct the form and colour of the daily life of common people, chiefs, camps and courts, but he has deduced from the facts the spirit of the time and has put it into his people. Too often the writers of historical novels set back into the historical scenes of centuries ago the men and women of the present time. But Mr. Sullivan's characters are of their own age, and they are also soundly and historically Irish, "Ulster against Leinster" and a Connaughtman fair game. The author deserves warm praise for the simplicity and sincerity and the honest historical spirit in which he has written *The Portion of a Champion*. It tells of the adventures and adversities which befell a fine young fellow, son of the head of a clan, who went forth to see the world and to try his fate. Being young, he had a keen sense of his own importance, and so he tumbled into troubles and vengeance was soon quick at his heels. For the sake of safety and adventures he joined the army of the High King who crossed over to Gaul and marched southward to Italy. And he came home to find that he had won, instead of death, the reward of a hero, plaudits and high position and the love of a spirited girl.

"A MAN'S REACH"

This story of a strong, bright young being's downward rush into degradation and his slow ascent again into the regions of clean and upright and wholesome, serviceable life has its setting in Virginia. And it has for its heroine a remarkably well conceived and portrayed young woman of fire and courage and steadfastness, who questions life full in the face and is not afraid to be entirely frank with herself. It is primarily the story of Randolph Turberville, son of a man in whom weakness dominated strength and of a woman femininely strong and good who, nevertheless, was not strong enough to hold her husband back from the fate of a drunkard nor her son from wasting in dissipation the best years of his young manhood. But interwound with his story are the stories of many others also, so that the whole makes a picture of the life through a quarter century of a charac-

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teristic small city of the Old Dominion. Randolph's mother is a typical, old-time woman of the South. His sweetheart, Lettice Corbin, stands out quite the most vivid character in the book although several others also show commendable achievement and good promise in the vitality with which the author has endowed them. The book will have especial interest for the preachers and teachers of temperance, although it derives its value in that respect solely from the truth of its portrayal and interpretation of life and of one of the ways in which drunkards are made.

"YEARS OF PLENTY"

Any one who feels disgruntled and dejected over the American educational system and its results will find Ivor Brown's story of the school and college years of an English middle-class boy very cheering and encouraging. For his efforts and occupations while he is being educated, as portrayed by Mr. Brown, are so futile as to make American school and college courses look, by comparison, opulent of good. The only reason for the existence of the English system seems to be the cultivation and perpetuation of the class idea upon which English society is founded—a purpose for which it is excellently devised. Professor Thorsten Veblein set forth the theory some years ago that the essential foundation of the aristocratic idea is the being able to pay for unnecessary things. And it would surely be difficult for any young man who has spent much time, effort and money in buying the useless things acquired by Mr. Brown's Martin Leigh during his years at Elfrey School and Oxford University not to think himself set apart by that very expenditure from those who could not afford it.

But, while one marvels at the uselessness and the ineptitude of the lad's occupations, one must be pleased with the skill, the sympathy and the understanding of youth which the author shows all through his pages. His work has a quality of richness and mellowness unusual in a first novel. And especially does one find pleasure in the character conception he has chosen to develop. Too many of the younger English novelists seem to delight in the portrayal of offensive characters. But Mr. Brown's young hero, while he has plenty of faults and is a thoroughly masculine young fellow, is essentially of refined fibre and possesses a certain nobility. In form the story follows a marked tendency in recent English fiction in that it centers interest upon its central figure, studying experiences and the development of character during a number of years, and pays little attention to plot and incident.

"THE BUFFOON"

This novel deals with a group of young and middle-aged Englishmen whose diversions and interests move them round about London and to and from the near-by country, a few of their feminine associates hovering on the outer edges of the action and occasionally taking a prominent place on the stage. In one of the leading characters, who is pictured with striking effect, the publisher says that "many people will recognise a clever, subtle and amusing portrayal of a well-known lecturer." Whoever the individual may be who is thus set bodily into the story, the author has given him ample reason for a libel suit and also has made it impossible, because of the facts of the portraiture, for any one to sue him for libel and thus acknowledge himself the original. This is Mr. Wilkinson's first novel. If it is a just example of the way his mind envisages life it is fervently to be hoped that it will also be his last.

"CAPTAIN GARDINER OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE"

Looking into the future for a generation or more Mr. Allen tells a spirited story of what may happen sometime near or after the middle of this century in the tangling up of international affairs and personal destinies. In the author's choice of material, his manner of handling it and his conceptions of character the work suggests strongly some of E.

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Phillips Oppenheim's popular tales of international intrigue and national peril. But the scenes are played upon a much larger stage than any Mr. Oppenheim has employed, and the interests of civilisation that are at stake are far greater. Projecting his imagination so far into the future Mr. Allen has been able to give it freer play and larger scope. His setting presupposes that after the close of the present war there had been formed an International Federation including the countries of Europe and of both Americas, whose common interests are cared for and directed by a Commission of delegates representing the several nations. Each nation has kept up and developed its army and navy but when the story opens there is a plan on foot to reduce these establishments. Knowing this, China and Japan, who have not entered the Federation, secretly prepare for combined attack upon it. Then follows in Eastern Asia a tremendous conflict between huge armies. Two love stories are intertwined, and the central, dominating interest is afforded by the complicated affairs of Captain Gardiner, his mission to China and the consequences of a temporary breaking of his will power.

"I POSE"

"Yes, I pose, of course," says Miss Benson in the very last sentence of her book, "but the question is—how deep may a pose extend?" And at the beginning she has a preface of just one sentence: "Sometimes I pose, but sometimes I pose as posing."

These cryptic words seem to hint darkly that there are hidden meanings in the book, that those who wish to look below the surface may be rewarded by finding other than surface values, values not patent to the heedless eye. On the surface it is a book of whimsical fooling carried out with refined grotesquery and delicate touch. Its humourous fancies are clever and amusing. The Gardener, who is one of its two chief characters, sets out, travelling on foot, early in the tale and falls in with a Suffragette carrying a mustard coloured bag of sinister implication. They travel about together, take a long sea trip to the Trinity Islands, meet with a great variety of people, have many adventures and all the characters indulge in a great deal of more or less frivolous talk. Sometimes the author's facetious sallies are a bit strained, sometimes her effort to be smart falls short of the aim and results in dullness and sometimes her cryptic fooleries need too much examination to discover their point. But it is a clever book, with the inspiration for many a smile in its pages. And here is a guess at the meaning of the story beneath its surface jesting and fooling and posing: That the Suffragette, who is really a clearly depicted character, drawn with delicate and graphic and clean-cut lines, with her arrested femininity that struggles and tries to bloom under the influence of the Gardener's love, but is checked and withered by her overmastering obsession to do something with the contents of her mustard coloured bag, symbolises the English suffragist party of violence.

"SAMARITAN MARY"

Sumner Locke must be credited with giving ample measure in his first novel. For he has contrived to put into it a pretty romance of young things and spring and two quaint romances of the yellowing leaf, a plot of some complication, enough incident to keep the tale moving along at a good pace, enough suspense to hold the reader in doubt as to whether or not things are going to come out right after all, a full stage of varied characters, nearly all of them showing some freshness of touch in their delineation, and one personage so well endowed with individuality as to hold easily the centre of interest and give the book its title. The story, indeed, seems to have grown out of the character of Mary Settler, "Samaritan Mary," because her heart, notwithstanding her spinsterhood maintained until middle age, is so big and warm and motherly that she croons over and cares for an as-

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sorted lot of human beings of both sexes and varied ages. She has evolved a philosophy of her own about life of sufficient amplitude and readiness to be applied on the instant, in words and action, to whatever situation arises. She talks a great deal in a quaint and often amusing mixture of homely dialect and city slang, and every now and then she utters some rich nugget of truth. But it must be admitted that Samaritan Mary talks too much. Both she and the book would be more interesting if the author —after the usual manner of first-book authors—had not loved her too much to blue-pencil large portions of her talk.

The scene is laid in a country village, apparently in New England or New York, and it starts out with an automobile accident involving a country girl and a man from the city. Both of them are injured enough to be carried into Mary's house and there nursed back to health while unexpected developments and puzzling complications begin at once to grow out of the situation.

"LOVE AT LARGE"

Sophie Kerr's series of nine short stories about Julietta Carson and her husband Lonny Carson and divers of her friends and enemies are so carefully strung together that they make a fairly continuous story of episodes in the life, during a year or two, of their heroine. The book adds another title to the large and growing section of American suburban fiction. It is a class of fiction that seems especially attractive to women writers, perhaps because the suburban type of life is so distinctively a feminine creation. The surroundings and conditions through which Miss Kerr causes her Julietta to flutter and laugh and dominate are, in this respect, typically suburban and perfectly true to the life that is daily lived in dozens of smart, prosperous suburban towns within commuting distance of New York City. It is a life that is made by and for women. Men appear here and there in it, but they are aliens to the life of their women folk. They do, indeed, loom large in the theory of that life and in the minds of the women and their every appearance is welcomed and made much of. But they are, after all, aliens and mere visitors, and they know it. It is to Miss Kerr's credit as a young author who as yet is barely more than experimenting with her talent that she senses and is faithful to this psychological feature of suburban life. Her Julietta Carson, smart, capable, loving fun and laughter, possessing a quick and nimble but rather shallow intelligence is an engaging creature throughout and in the opening story, "Green-Eyes," by far the best of the series, she gets clever and vivid portrayal. It is a gay little comedy and shows a keen sense both of humour and of dramatic situation and might easily be turned into an interesting one-act play. None of the other stories reaches its high level in originality of idea, interesting incident or cleverness of construction. But, taken altogether, they make a truthful picture of the ups and downs and ins and outs of life in a prosperous suburban town.

"THE AMATEUR"

"The writing Norrises" the family surely deserves to be called of which now a third member appears as an author of fiction. For Charles G. Norris is the brother of Frank Norris, whose *The Octopus, The Pit,* and other virile novels caused most readers, before his untimely death a dozen years ago, to see in him the promise of one of the greatest novelists America has produced; and he is the husband of Kathleen Norris whose several books, of which *The Story of Julia Page* is the latest, have had wide reading. His first novel shows that "the writing Norrises" are related not only by family but by fictional methods and are bound together both by ties of blood and by choice of underlying principles in fictional art. For he, too, like his brother and his wife, is a keen and accurate observer of life and a practitioner of the realistic method. The story is concerned with the experiences, during some three or four years,

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of a young fellow from the Mid-West who comes to New York to be an artist. He has chosen the art of illustrating as his speciality; and Mr. Norris has made good use of the knowledge he gained as art editor of a New York magazine to portray with minuteness and full colour, sparing nothing and extenuating nothing, the career of his hero. The young man's life in cheap boarding-houses and the appearance and character of his fellow-boarders, his experiences as he makes his discouraging rounds of magazines and advertising agencies, the art editors and the artists whom he meets, the chance which finally brings him a meretricious success and the influence on him of that success, the vices and luxuries into which he plunges, the misfortunes and the remorse which finally bring him to his senses—all these Mr. Norris recounts in interestingly written narrative with meticulous and photographic accuracy. His knowledge is sure and his touch graphic whether he is describing a popular excursion up the Hudson, an after-theatre supper at Jack's, an art editor in his office, a Sixteenth Street boarding-house, the expensively bedecked studio apartment in which Carey Williams, the hero, sets up his household gods, or that young man's experiences, spiritual and physical, during long weeks in a hospital. One may doubt occasionally the underlying psychology of the story and feel that Carey Williams, having his particular mind and soul and body, sometimes acts as he does because not his own inner imperative but the necessities of the story compel his action. But, if one does not higgle over these rare instances, the portrait is one of notable care and lifelikeness. The same thing is true of the story as a whole, although one would wish for its successor, if and whenever that may come, a wider and more sweeping imaginative vision and less photographic study of one small square of earth. One bit of ironic humour in the story, reported with detached seriousness, deserves mention. Mr. Norris must have written it with keen relish. It details the rapid rise to financial success made by Carey Williams with some red-haired, pretty-girl heads for magazine covers, the way in which fickle New York went temporarily wild over them and the sudden pricking of the bubble.

As for Mr. Norris's title, he seems to take "amateur" in the significance which it is rapidly acquiring in most matters of modern life—except baseball—which makes the amateur merely the muddling incapable who only half succeeds. And that is a pity, for it spoils a good word for which there is no equivalent and so makes the language that much poorer. If one accepts Professor Bliss Perry's definition in his charming essay on "The Amateur Spirit"—than which there has hardly been any truer or more striking—that the amateur plays the game for love of it rather than for a share in the gate money, Mr. Norris's Carey Williams is not an amateur at all, but merely an ordinary weakling.

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS—AN ESTIMATE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

HIS CRITICS

In beginning this series of appreciations of contemporary literary entertainers with the man whose name gives the title to this paper, the present writer has in mind not only an individual story-teller of great dash, spirit, and originality, but also a career which more than that of any other living American novelist, has thrown a glaring and ironic light on the exact value of the so-called judgment, the avowed critical opinion, of what we vaguely term the general reading public. In a certain sense Mr. Richard Harding Davis is a striking exception to the hackneyed rule—in that it is precisely in his own country, in his own world, that he is esteemed a prophet. In other words, despite his immense popularity, for his full meed of serious appreciation and consideration as a literary workman he has had to look to a small class of men of his own profession whose training has enabled them to judge for themselves and to see a talent that is none the less genuine because it is so easily riddled, and has been so often riddled with sarcasm when measured by the elementary and unfledged standards of high school criticism.

In a material way Mr. Davis has had no excuse for complaint. His career has been one of unvarying prosperity. There was, at its beginning, no irritating wait for recognition. He never had cause for the sense of effort wasted, for the feeling of futility. The earliest fugitive sketches, little more than sublimated "Live Topics About Town," dashed off in an hour between two assignments in the newspaper day's work, won him an attention accorded to a certain few writers of genuine talent only after years of endeavour, and to many writers not at all. In his literary career there is no furtive glimpse of Grub Street to awaken the sympathy. It has all been well ordered and prosperous. In fact, one must look to the man's own life in order to find an excuse for the otherwise absurd precocity of a good many of his heroes. In that way one condones Morton Carlton of the *Princess Aline,* who at twenty-six "had become a portrait painter of international reputation;" or Albert Gordon, "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," who after thirty-six months of work along Park Row, and at the mature age of twenty-three, had practically

This paper, which was the first in a series dealing with "Representative American Story Tellers," originally appeared in THE BOOKMAN *for April, 1906. A week or two after the publication of the magazine the writer of the article received a letter addressed in Mr. Davis's handwriting, and bearing a Cuban postmark. "Nothing that has ever been written about what I have written has pleased me so much" was Mr. Davis's comment. Then he went on to admit with great simplicity and frankness the truth of the criticisms with which the paper had charged him. There was long prevalent the belief that Mr. Davis was by nature belligerent, that he keenly resented anything written about his work that was not flattering. That belief was exceedingly unfair. It mattered not how hard the blow, provided it was an honest blow honestly struck. Mr. Davis always accepted it in a generous spirit. It was the petty misinterpretation, the mean distortion, born in envy that irritated him. And he did not allow that to irritate him for very long. He did not have time. There was too much work to be done.*

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exhausted the possibilities of American journalism. In that way one can regard, without a grin, the garb of pluperfect prosperity which clothes his Van Bibbers and his Traverses, and accept complacently the general importance of his Archie Gordons and his Robert Clays. Along these lines the narrative has been an exceedingly pleasant one.

Yet paradoxical as it may seem in the case of a man who for fifteen years has been floating easily on the highest wave of popularity and who has yet to write a book that has not proved immediately an unqualified success, Mr. Davis is probably the most underrated of American story-tellers. The legend of triviality which grew out of the lightness of some of his early sketches has somehow and in the face of facts grown with the years. The charge of immaturity flung at him in place of concrete criticism, very often because concrete criticism was not easy to find, has not yet been downed. There are tens of thousands of persons who have liked him best and who have read him most who have done so with a half-apologetic air. Accustomed to ready-made opinions in literary matters, timid almost to servility, they have echoed ungenerously ill-considered verdicts which were first formulated by voices of envy or personal dislike. Perhaps there is no better way of gauging the shallowness of a man or woman in the matter of literary opinion than by sounding them on the subject of Mr. Richard Harding Davis—provided, of course, they will acknowledge to having read him thoroughly. Nine hundred opinions will condemn him in phrases of stereotyped criticism. Seventy-five will confess to a liking for which they can give no reason. The remaining twenty-five have the liking and know its cause, seeing in him, despite the limitations which they recognise and thoroughly understand, a workman with sincerity and strength who has taken and held a place of no mean importance among contemporary American men of letters.

II

HIS STORIES

In claiming for Mr. Davis recognition of the gifts which he possesses, one may quite readily concede to his critics in the matter of those qualities which he has not. It would be flatly absurd to measure him, for instance, on the ground of his psychology. The deeper meaning has no place in any of his books. His impressions of men and women and things have been *coup d' œil* impressions. His note has not been the political or the artistic, but the social note, possibly the superficially social. A born observer, and trained in the best school for the cultivation of that faculty, he has been content to jot down in his memory the thousand and one little items that have struck him with particular freshness without attempting to analyse or to classify. And perhaps it is due to his own appreciation of the value of this one talent that his work of to-day is as buoyant and spontaneous as it was at the time when he came up from Lehigh and Johns Hopkins to found a little ephemeral periodical, to work for the Philadelphia press, and to write out his impressions of Gallegher.

An estimate of Gallegher, which was the first story which brought to Mr. Davis any general attention, is an estimate of a great part of all his early work. He had a tale to tell, and a good tale, but he went about it in his own way without any thought of the usual formulæ of story-spinning. Gallegher, a rather disreputable office boy in a Philadelphia newspaper, is equipped with a knowingness in worldly matters and an abnormal amount of information of crime and criminals which compensates for his limitations along more conventional lines. There are two points upon which the story rests; the first, Gallegher's recognition and aid in the apprehension of the murderer at Hade for whom the police of three continents are looking; and second, the means by which he enables the newspaper which has discharged him, but to

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which he is still loyal, to "beat the country." In the development of this plot Mr. Davis gives a series of graphic scenes and episodes, rather than a narrative with a beginning, a middle, and an end. You feel that each page in itself has been written in the sheer joy of invention, rather than in accordance with any hard and prearranged plan. You are introduced to Gallegher, to his doubtful accomplishments, and to the shortcomings which lead to his discharge by the newspaper. The brief paragraphs which tell that the two great bits of newspaper news in the country at the time are the fight between the champion of the United States and the would-be champion and the murder of Richard Burbank by his missing secretary have prepared you adequately, if not artistically, for what is to follow, and you share the thrill which Gallegher felt when brushing against the stranger with the missing finger. Thereafter the action rushes pell-mell through situation after situation to the very climax. You are made to feel that there is not an impression, not a line of description, that the author has not acquired at first hand. In the account of the fight in the barn you recognise a sureness in the introduction of curious details of which mere imagination would be incapable and which is only the result of the most minute observation.

Gallegher was the story which reflects most vividly his life and impressions as a Philadelphia newspaper man. About the time of its appearance he had made his way to New York, found employment on the *Evening Sun,* and straightway began to look about him for new types and impressions. He found Mr. Courtland Van Bibber and in a few brief months had raised that worthy to a position of positive celebrity. Someone has cruelly yet cleverly summed up Van Bibber as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman," and in this estimate there is, perhaps, a certain measure of truth. Yet, as a matter of fact, in the beginning Van Bibber was hardly a real character at all or even meant as such. He was simply a very correctly dressed and well manipulated dummy with the right sort of bowing acquaintance on Fifth Avenue and membership in the proper clubs—just the sort of figure that Mr. Davis needed for the expression of the curious whim that might enter his head. He enabled the author to give a point and to work out a solution to all the little "What Would You Do In That Event" problems of everyday life. Mr. Davis sees two young persons whom he suspects of being a runaway couple, dining in a restaurant near Washington Square; he promptly turns it into fiction by introducing Van Bibber as a mouthpiece of his own ideas of propriety; to act as Best Man and to steer off the pursuing elder brother of the groom in the direction of Chicago. He notices a beggar who has repeated the same story of starvation to two or three kindly disposed persons; Van Bibber is brought along as the agent of the proper sort of punishment. He perceives in Delmonico's a servant of dignified bearing holding a table for a master and a master's guests. How does that servant feel? Is not his soul alive to some sensations of mortification and envy? Van Bibber's man comes to solve the problem as Mr. Davis sees it. He muses over the effect an anonymous letter would have upon certain persons. Van Bibber shall try the experiment. Whenever there is a bully to be thrashed, a burglar to be shown the way to a better or worthier life, or a pair of little wan-faced East Side children to be delighted with the joys of the swan boats of Central Park, it is in reality Mr. Davis who is distributing figuratively the rewards and the punishments, with Van Bibber as only the puppet answering obediently to the dexterously pulled strings. There are two stories, however, in which this criticism of Van Bibber must be modified and where he can lay claim to an individuality of his own. These are *Cinderella* and *Her First Appearance,* of which something will be said later.

From Van Bibber and the other tales of that time it is a far cry to *The Exiles,*

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that strange and entirely charming story of a little group of outcasts which, in far-away Tangier, where extradition treaties hold not, and men and women are free from fear of legal pursuit, builds up for itself a certain factitious society and a social code—in which it tries to believe and tries to believe that its neighbour believes. While, as in the case of Gallegher, the story of the exiles—Holcombe threatening Winthrop Allen into restitution—is purely forced invention, it is questionable if Mr. Davis has ever struck a deeper or sincerer note. The pathos is genuine—a pathos born of heartaches and broken lives and a great yearning for the "home" which has cast these people out—the pathos of the man without a country. Brief as the story is, there are several persons who remain indelibly fixed in the memory—Lloyd Carroll and Mrs. Carroll, the fugitive police commissioner Meekin, Miss Terrell, and Mrs. Darhah, "who would answer to Lady Taunton if so addressed." Mr. Davis has the trick of flinging before you a sentence which contains the suggestion of a life and a life's tragedy and stopping there. Of Miss Terrell, for instance, all we know is that she "had been awakened by night and told to leave Monte Carlo before daybreak," that is all. Yet this brief line clings in the imagination, haunting, persistent, building itself up into a whole tragic edifice of sin and shame and sorrow.

Of lighter fibre was the *Princess Aline,* which told of the pursuit of a princess by an American painter and which showed Mr. Davis's skill in that, without resorting to sword play, secret passages, abduction, or any other of the clap-trap contrivances of the romantic novel *à la mode,* he was able to expand a very slight idea into a tale of respectable length. The conventional novel of nowadays along this theme invariably shows the American hero on the terms of greatest intimacy with royalty by the middle of the third chapter, slapping majesty irreverently on the back and poring over the red plush family portrait album with the royal princesses, eventually marrying the crown princess and assuming himself the reins of government. But with Mr. Davis is was another matter, and it is not likely that any reader has regretted the twinge of homesickness which sent the Princess back to Grasse and the manner in which Carlton found his ideals realised in the person of an American girl of his own station in life. It was as it should be, and we are sure that by this time the Princess Aline has lost all of that charm which inspired the painter to his whimsical quest and has become fat and pudgy and altogether commonplace.

Having discovered New York and London and Paris and the shores of the Mediterranean, Mr. Davis now turned his attention southward and builded from his impressions of South America *Soldiers of Fortune,* so far his longest and most ambitious book. It has been figured out that the shortest time in which Robert Clay, the hero of *Soldiers of Fortune,* could have achieved the various feats of arms, diplomacy and engineering ascribed to him would be something in the neighbourhood of one hundred and fifty years. There is no reason to question the accuracy of this estimate. It is undoubtedly true, and it furnishes the basis of a kind of hostile criticism which is absolutely unanswerable, and which at first sight is bound to assume an artificial importance. We are quite ready to concede that *Soldiers of Fortune* is a perfectly ridiculous book, and at the same time to maintain that the fact of its being ridiculous is of no consequence whatever. What is of consequence is the fine dramatic sweep of the story and the vivid impression of the South American dirt and squalor and heat which it leaves in the mind. This impression can be best expressed by quoting the genial MacWilliams.

"There were three of us," he said, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third—? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you are sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper

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with a queer Spanish date-line, and this will all come back to you—this heat, and the palms, and the fever, and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men, and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what you're giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

After *Soldiers of Fortune* Mr. Davis's books are of interest individually and not as indicated points of development. His subsequent work has proved that in the construction of that story he reached his maturity. His next tale of any length, *The King's Jackal,* is striking first of all in its extraordinary resemblance along certain lines to Alphonse Daudet's *Kings in Exile.* It has been said that before writing *The King's Jackal* Mr. Davis had never read Daudet's story, but this is quite incredible. The resemblance is not merely a resemblance in point of the fundamental idea; it extends to the very characters. King Louis of Messina is a little more blackguardly Christian of Illyria; the Countess Zara a more amiable Sephora Leemans; a composite of Prince Kalonay and Miss Carson would be a composite of Elysèe Meraut and Queen Frederica; Colonel Erhaupt and Baron Barrat correspond to King Christian's dissolute henchmen in the Paris clubs; the little Prince of one book is the little Prince of the other.

III

HIS MEN

The man who first summed up Courtlandt Van Bibber as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman" said something that was very funny, and in a measure justified. True he might better have picked out any of half a dozen of Mr. Davis's other heroes—Robert Clay of *Soldiers of Fortune,* or Archie Gordon of *The King's Jackal,* or "Masher" Macklin, or best of all the exceedingly bumptious Lieutenant Ranson, who scorned a fifty cent limit, and found profoundly wearisome the amusements of army life and the Civil War reminiscences of a General forty years his senior. These are all unquestionably "office boy" heroes. But then are not most of the heroes of history "office boy" heroes? We judge them according to their achievements, in the light of their elementary qualities of valour and strength. Posterity has no time to devote seriously to the measuring of a great man by his table manners, his taste in stocks or coats of mail, or the casual indications of social ineptitude. And with fiction the stage of fine discrimination too often means the stage of disillusionment. The man is to be pitied who never regarded Edmond Dantes, the Count of Monte Cristo, in the light of a perfect hero, the very embodiment of romance, but who, from the first, recognised beneath the veneer all the coarseness, the ostentation, the colossal negro-like vanity.

With some exceptions Mr. Davis's heroes all belong to the same race, a race of kindly, generous-souled bounders, gentlemen at heart; snobs only because of an over acute self-consciousness and a constant suspicion of themselves and of what others are thinking and saying about them. It is this uneasiness that is continually driving them to *gaucherie* and braggadocio. They perform a thousand simple, generous, brave actions and then contrive to spoil the effect by bad "breaks." In *Cinderella* Van Bibber and Travers join a party of their friends who are connected with the stage and attend a ball given by the servants of a New York hotel. Genuine men of the world would have stayed away, or else would have behaved easily and naturally. But Van Bibber and his friend, being only half fledged, are obviously awed by the vast social gulf which they feel to be between themselves and the other guests. To emphasise this they find it necessary to guy those maid servants with whom they royally condescend to dance and

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those men to whom they see fit to talk. In conversation with a bartender, Travers is asked where he works, and replies that he "mixes drinks at the Knickerbocker Club," which is undoubtedly very funny, but by no means evidence of the loftiest courtesy and breeding. A "break" of a different nature, but still a "break" is that which Van Bibber makes in "Her First Appearance," where he calmly abducts "The Littlest Girl" and taking her to her father, reads that gentleman a solemn lesson on the duties and responsibilities of paternity. The tale is a pretty and pathetic one, yet there is a moment when one is inclined emphatically to endorse Mr. Caruther's characterisation of Van Bibber as a well-meaning fool.

The "breaks" made by the hero of *Soldiers of Fortune* are many, but never irritating. Clay always anticipates your resentment and immediately offers sheepish and good-natured apology for the theatrical aspect of his actions. He turns off the gun display on the occasion of the blackmailing visit of General Mendoza by a remark as to the possibility of having "killed a very good cook." He wears an array of medals that appall even the not over-fastidious MacWilliams, and yet after he has explained that such a one came from the Sultan of Zanzibar, "who gives them away in place of cigars and who happened to be out of cigars the day I called," you see that he has the good grace to be embarrassed and find in his apologetic good-humour a complete excuse for his ostentation. Of the same good sort as Robert Clay is Archie Gordon, the American newspaper correspondent of *The King's Jackal*. Thoroughly amiable and well meaning is he, yet he has to "get in" his "break," and the opportunity comes when he begins to boast about what he is going to do to the blackguardly intimates of King Louis of Messina.

But for the summing up, the supreme type, of Davis heroship one must turn to Royal Macklin, who, if dissociated from the series of extravagant adventures in which he plays a part, will be found a very genuine and clearly drawn character. Here is a man who is struggling to see through himself, who is willing to tell you that he is unpopular among men, and to concede the justice of this unpopularity. The very efforts that he puts into his endeavours to win the liking of his fellows repels them, and half heart-broken at his failure he goes to the other extreme and alienates them all the more. He expresses the belief that it is the easiest matter in the world for the man who has "made good" to be modest, and yet when he has dared lead and steel and Central American fever swamps and become Vice-President of Honduras, he brags all the more, and is ashamed of his comrades of the Foreign Legion and of being in their company when he sees how poor and contemptible their rags appear in the eyes of a chit of a society girl from up in "God's country." To her he must fling his boasts of his shooting cards at West Point. He is always consistent, always conscious and in the limelight. A strange and complex vanity, and so maintained and convincing from beginning to end as to constitute a real literary achievement.

But among Mr. Davis's men there are pleasanter characters to which to turn—gentlemen *sans tache,* in whose lives and deportment one finds nothing to forgive or condone. Where in the lighter fiction of the last ten years can one find a better Don Quixote, a better Sir Roger de Coverley—a figure which better embodies all the ideals, the courtesies, the lofty-minded passions which we like to ascribe to a more chivalrous age—than in General Laguerre? Where has there been a nobler gentleman than the Wyndham Kid, whose father was the champion Regent Royal and whose mother was a black and tan of questionable morals, a vagrant of the streets of Montreal?

IV

HIS WOMEN

There is a professional cynic who often discusses Mr. Davis's books and

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the keynote of their success. According to him, the beginnings of the Davis stories are positive triumphs, because a compositie of them all would run something as follows: "Miss Van Knickerbocker was seriously annoyed. The unexpected departure of the butler was most inopportune. The second man was obviously incompetent; the illness of the *chef* and of the coachman had already complicated her household arrangements, and the affair of the third footman and the fifth and sixth chambermaids," etc., etc. Thereupon, argues the cynic in question, the readers in the rural districts straightway sit up and gasp delightedly. They feel that they are being introduced into the very best society. They know that they are getting "the real thing."

Now this is another more than half truth, for while of late years we have been introduced to a good many of Mr. Davis's heroes who have not been dependent on the services of a "man," we have yet to meet a Davis leading heroine without a maid and a brougham. The heroine may be seen, plainly dressed, doing settlement work somewhere on the East Side, but be sure that just round the corner there is waiting the proper sort of equipage, with the dapper little English groom in livery touching his hat. In a general way the impression that most of Mr. Davis's women make upon one is the impression one gets from catching sight of a beautiful face in a passing carriage. They have great charm, but it is the charm of elusiveness and unattainability. They are the kind of women about whom a man wants to muse wistfully in his bachelor den, to idealise, to invest with a thousand attributes of heart and mind and soul—and then to go out to dinner. Socially, they are delightful, from an ornamental point of view; yet somehow you feel that if you were to meet them *en voyage,* to find a seat next to them at the Captain's table in the saloon of an ocean liner, or at a Continental *table d'hote,* they would propound to you long questions with participles in them, and in general overwhelm you with their superiority. Even the Davis heroes who are brave enough to woo them and win them seem in the moment of triumph ill at ease. Even they do not quite understand. The lives of these heroines are all the same. They have their servants and their carriages and their homes on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park, and their fathers are sedate, quiet-spoken clubmen with large interests in mines and railways. They have all travelled extensively, but always to the right places. They know London, where they always stay at the Carlton, and Paris, where they may choose between the Bristol and Ritz, and Switzerland, and Rome, and Vienna. Berlin, for instance, is not at all necessary. They have wintered at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, and have cruised in private yachts about the Mediterranean, stopping here and there long enough to obtain a superficial knowledge of Algiers and Tunis and Palermo and Tangier. Paint in at hazard a face and figure from Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's sketch-book, and you have a portrait that will do for Miss Alice Langham, or Miss Helen Fiske, or Miss Edith Morris, or Helen Page, or Miss Catherwaight, or Miss Cuyler, or a dozen others. In contrast to this conventional type, however, there are several figures which stand out in sharp and refreshing relief. One is the Ellen in the story of *The Other Woman,* though we knew her but slightly; another is Beatrice Endicott of *Captain Macklin;* and again is Hope Langham of *Soldiers of Fortune,* who perhaps by very contrast with her elder sister remains in the mind as the most tangible, genuine and admirable of all Mr. Davis's heroines.

V

HIS PATRIOTISM

There is a man who used regularly in the stormy days of the spring of 1898, to jump to his feet in the theatre when the band struck up the National Anthem, yet who confesses that he can never really catch the Spirit of the Spanish-American War, or at least that part

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of it which has to do with the operations of our land forces in Cuba, until he has taken up and re-read "The Fever Ship" and had played to him very slowly "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Now in a musical way "A Hot Time" was to a small war what "Marching through Georgia" was to a very big one, and if anyone in fiction has given the thrill and feeling of the conflict in Cuba better than Mr. Davis has done in *The Derelict* and *The Fever Ship* the present writer does not know it. In itself, that is not saying a great deal, for the late war has been productive of very little literary fruit, yet allusion to these tales serves to call attention to the great skill with which Mr. Davis has been for years sounding the note of national patriotism. Nor has this note needed the stimulus of a great general feeling or crisis to call it out. It is rather the patriotism born of the memory of some unforgotten nostalgia. You finds it perhaps at its best in *The Exiles,* and there is one passage to which reference has frequently been made in THE BOOKMAN, but which is reprinted here because there should be no paper on Mr. Davis without it. Near the end of the story Holcombe, the New York Assistant District Attorney, asks Meakin, the Police Comissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?" Well, he laughed and he shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

In a somewhat different way Mr. Davis used the same idea in bringing *Soldiers of Fortune* to an end. The ship bearing the principal personages of the story has left the harbour of Valencia and is lumbering along the northern coast of South America. Robert Clay and Hope Langham are on deck studying the stars that lie low upon the horizon line.

"Do you see that long line of lamps off our port bow?" asked Clay. Hope nodded.

"Those are the electric lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the Rumson Road, and those two stars a little higher up are fixed to the mast-heads of the Scotland Lightship. And that mass of light that you think is the Milky Way is the glare of the New York street lamps thrown up against the sky."

"Are we so near as that?" said Hope, smiling. "And what lies over there?" she asked, pointing to the east.

"Over there is the coast of Africa. Don't you see the lighthouse on Cape Bon? If it wasn't for Gibraltar being in the way, I could show you the harbour lights of Bizerta, and the terraces of Algiers shining like a *café chantant* in the night."

"Algiers," sighed Hope, "where you were a soldier of Africa, and rode across the deserts. Will you take me there?"

"There, of course, but to Gibraltar first, where we will drive along the Alameda by moonlight. I drove there once coming home from a mess dinner with the Colonel. The drive lies between broad white balustrades, and the moon shone down on us between the leaves of the Spanish bayonet. It was like an Italian garden. But he did not see it, and he would talk to me about the Watkins range finder on the lower ramparts, and he puffed on a huge cigar. I tried to imagine I was there on my honeymoon, but the end of his cigar would light up and I would see his white moustache and the glow of his red jacket, so I vowed I would go over that

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drive again with the proper person. And we won't talk of range finders, will we?

"There to the North is Paris; your Paris, and my Paris, with London only eight hours away. If you look very closely you can see the thousands of hansom cab lamps flashing across the asphalt, and the open theatres, and the fairy lamps in the gardens back of the houses in Mayfair, where they are giving dances in your honour, in honour of the beautiful American bride, whom every one wants to meet. And you will wear the finest tiara we can get on Bond Street, but no one will look at it; they will only look at you. And I will feel very miserable and tease you to come home."

Once in *The Exiles* Holcombe and Lloyd Carroll, who has made rather a nasty mess of his life and stays in Tangier as a fugitive from New York justice, stand together by the city ramparts and through wet eyes watch the flag break out from the stern of the American man-of-war entering the bay. When, in *Soldiers of Fortune,* General Mendoza goes by night to Clay's home near the mines and demands blackmail with the alternative of breaking the treaty between the Republic of Olancho and the Valencia Mining Company, Clay says: "Try to break that concession; try it. It was made by one Government to a body of honest decent business men, with a Government of their own back of them, and if you interfere with our conceded rights to work those mines, I'll have a man-of-war down here with white paint on her hull and she'll blow you and your little republic back up there into the mountains." "A man-of-war with white paint on her hull." In that lies the effect. In *The King's Jackal* there is a fine touch in the manner in which Archie Gordon endeavours to console the discredited Louis. He finds an analogy to the King's fallen fortunes in the fact that "in my country there are just as good men out of office as in." Again, referring to the crown which has been entrusted to him by Prince Kalonay, he says: "There are very few of these left, your Majesty, and the number is growing less day by day. In my country we don't have any at all. And I should think that those who had them would want to take care of them and keep them brushed up and looking clean." Again, when the enterprise was threatened by a danger only a week off and other are dismayed and hesitating, he reassures them. "In my country seven battles were once fought in seven days."

VI

HIS HUMOUR

It is not necessary to say much about Mr. Davis's humour, because it has never been seriously questioned. Wherever there has been need of it it has sparkled through one of his tales from Gallegher and the Van Bibber stories down to *Ranson's Folly, In the Fog,* and *The Bar Sinister.* Perhaps as perfect an example of it as any is to be found in the story of *The Reporter Who Made Himself King.*

In this tale a young man who at the early age of twenty-three has acquired all the journalistic experience and knowledge possible—a condition of affairs which despite Mr. Davis we insist on deeming somewhat extraordinary—finds himself, through peculiar circumstances, the American consul to Opeki, an island in the Pacific, of which the only other white residents were a young man from New Haven, Connecticut, who acted as the local operator of a moribund cable company, and two runaway British sailors. A German warship takes possession of the island, fires on the American flag, and in the little touches by which he contrasts the situation as it really is and as through exaggeration it is made to appear in the United States and Europe in the light of an international episode, Mr. Davis reaches humour of a high order. The cablegram of inquiry from the San Francisco correspondent of the London *Times* is a little gem. At the end of *The King's Jackal,* Louis, after the exposure of his treason and trickery, is sitting in the dim dusk in his private suite in the hotel at Tan-

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gier, deserted by all save his two henchmen and the American, Gordon, to whose care the Regent, Kalony, has entrusted the royal crown. But the burden is one to which he has not been accustomed, and Gordon is visibly embarrassed. He says as much to the unresponsive King, suggests that there should be a royal cushion to go with it, and finally asks directly: "How do you usually carry it?" "On my head," snaps His Majesty; and even Gordon sees the humour of the reply.

VII

HIS WORLD

Just as his impressions of men and women are in the main *coup d' œil* impressions, so the various parts of the world, civilised and uncivilised, which Mr. Davis puts in his books, are treated frankly from the point of view of the observant stranger. When he has come to know a city or a landscape too well, when it no longer offers him some new surprise, he passes on. He wrote best of New York when it was fresh to him; when he could walk through a side street and muse whimsically upon the possibility of a mysterious letter apprising him of the maturing of some strange crime, fluttering down from a curtained window. When a greater familiarity took from him the delights of this sort of make believe, he sought out other lands. To-day he is no more a novelist of New York, than he is a novelist of London, or Paris, or Vienna, or Tangier, or Rio Janeiro; the hero of a new story will unquestionably be an American, but we are just as likely to meet him in St. James's Park, or seated at the corner table of the Café de la Paix, or in the Hotel Continental at Tangier, as in the Knickerbocker Club or Delmonicos. And in his descriptions of scenes and places he has the faculty of telling you the most elementary things with a gravity and naïveté which is at once astounding and delightful. There is something confidential in the manner in which he imparts the information that *God Save the King* is the British national anthem, or that Washington was our first president, or that Paris is the capital of France and has been called *la ville lumière*. In a writer of less talent this would exasperate; with him it never does for we accept it as only an indication of a genuine freshness and zest. Nine or ten years ago there was a saying to the effect that Mr. Davis's ignorance must have been acquired, since no one could possibly have been born with quite so large a stock of it. To-day this epigram has lost completely both point and sting; and yet this broader knowledge has brought with it no diminution of originality. His place among contemporary American story tellers is secure and of him may be said as can be said of no other of his day and generation, that he has never published a dull line.

"ALIAS DAVID GRAYSON." BY JOHN S. PHILLIPS

In our March issue we printed the information that David Grayson was Ray Stannard Baker. We wanted an article on Mr. Baker, but we did not plan for it then, for the reason that the man who seemed best qualified to write the article happened to be away from the United States. So we waited, and we think that those who read, in the June issue, "Alias David Grayson," by John S. Phillips, so long the editor of the "American Magazine," will agree that we were wise in waiting.

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DRAMATIC TALENT AND THEATRICAL TALENT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

SIR ARTHUR PINERO, in his lecture on *Robert Louis Stevenson: the Dramatist,* has drawn an interesting distinction between dramatic talent and theatrical talent. "What is dramatic talent?" he inquires. "Is it not the power to project characters, and to cause them to tell an interesting story through the medium of dialogue? This is *dramatic* talent; and dramatic talent, if I may so express it, is the raw material of *theatrical* talent. Dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success on the stage it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study, and generally by long practice. For theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters, not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully-devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre."

It is evidently the opinion of Pinero that dramatic talent is of little service in the theatre until it has been transmuted into theatrical talent; and, indeed, the history of the drama records the wreck of many noble reputations on the solid basis of this principle. There is, of course, the case of Stevenson himself. Concerning this, Pinero says, "No one can doubt that he had in him the ingredients of a dramatist," and again, "Dramatic talent Stevenson undoubtedly possessed in abundance"; but then he adds significantly, "And I am convinced that theatrical talent was well within his reach, *if only he had put himself to the pains of evolving it.*" But a greater instance is the case of Robert Browning. Browning was not merely, like so many of his eminent contemporaries, a reminiscent author writing beautiful anachronisms in imitation of the great Elizabethan dramatists. He was born with a really great dramatic talent,—one of the very greatest in the history of English literature. But theatrical talent remained beyond his reach. He tried to write plays for Macready, but these plays were ineffective on the stage; and, after many futile efforts, he retreated from the theatre to the library.

Many men whose native endowment of dramatic talent was less remarkable than Browning's have succeeded in the theatre by the developed efficiency of sheer theatrical talent. There is, of course, the case of Scribe, who was—at least, from the commercial point of view—the most successful dramatist who ever lived. Scribe knew little, and cared less, about life; but he knew much, and cared more, about the theatre: and, in the matter of making an effective play, he could give both cards and spades to Browning.

On the other hand, there are a few instances—a very few—of men who have succeeded in the theatre by the sheer power of innate dramatic talent, without the assistance of hard study and long practice of the traffic of the stage. There is, of course, the case of Gerhart Hauptmann. When Hauptmann wrote *The Weavers,* at the age of thirty, he had not yet progressed beyond the mere possession of the raw material of theatrical talent. This composition — the fourth in the chronological record of his works—was by no means skilfully-devised in form and order; but it is now acknowledged as his masterpiece, because of the overwhelming power of the artless and unimproved dramatic talent which it easily revealed.

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It is, perhaps, a greater thing for an architect to dream a noble building than it is for a contractor to erect it. Pinero contends that it is only the finished edifice that counts, and that the architect is as impotent without the contractor as the contractor is impotent without the architect. Dramatic talent—which is born, not made—may be a greater thing than theatrical talent—which is made, not born. Pinero asserts that a great dramatist must be equipped with both. The great dramatist must have, like Hauptmann, "the power to project characters and to cause them to tell an interesting story through the medium of dialogue"; but he must also have, according to Pinero, the practiced power to "give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." The best illustration, in the present period, of the second half of this requirement is, of course, afforded by the finest plays of Pinero himself. Endowed with a dramatic talent of a high order, he has evolved a theatrical talent which—in the opinion of the present writer—is unsurpassed and, thus far, insurpassable.

Looking at them in the light of this distinction, it is still a little difficult to place the plays of Mr. John Galsworthy. There can be no doubt whatever that he possesses dramatic talent in abundance. He is certainly a great writer and probably a great man; and, in turning his attention to the drama, he is not merely—like Robert Louis Stevenson—a man of letters toying with the theatre. He sees many things in life that are dramatic—profoundly and tremendously dramatic—and these things he strives to render in the technical terms that are current in the theatre of to-day. For this task he is endowed with many gifts. For instance, he has a lovely sense of form, both in respect to structure and in respect to style; he has a keen sense of characterisation; and, best of all, he comes into the theatre, as many less considerable men come into a cathedral,—to watch and—in a lofty sense—to pray.

Mr. Galsworthy, then, is not merely a man of letters playing a new game, of which he does not know, and scorns to learn, the rules. But two questions yet remain to be decided:—first, whether he has yet evolved a theatrical talent which is worthily concomitant with his innate dramatic talent, and, second, whether he will ever do so. The second question, of course, would be superfluous unless the first were answered in the negative. But has Mr. Galsworthy succeeded, thus far, in producing "the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre?" This is a question which is certain to call forth a divided vote. The present writer—*e pluribus unum*—must still be numbered on the negative side.

No play of Mr. Galsworthy's has ever, until now, made money in the theatre. This consideration might seem sordid, were it not for the fact that the drama is a democratic art and that it is undeniably the duty of the dramatist to appeal to the many, not the few. On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy has never written a play which was unworthy of serious attention. His best plays are not so good as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;* but his worst plays are not so bad as *The Wife Without a Smile.* Always, in his dramatic compositions, Mr. Galsworthy has had something to say; always, he has created living characters; always, he has told an interesting story through the medium of very interesting dialogue.

Why, then, has he failed to capture the great army of the theatre-going public? It is because he is not innately interested in the stage. Mr. Galsworthy is a great man of letters; he is probably a great man; but he is not—thus far, at least—a great man of the theatre. Some of his plays are very effective,—for instance, *The Silver Box, Strife, Justice,* and *The Pigeon.* Some of them are ineffective,—for instance, *Joy, The Eldest Son,* and *The Mob.* Others, like *The Fugitive,* hover tantalisingly between the two extremes. Yet all these

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plays, in workmanship, are equally painstaking. An ineffective play, like *Joy,* is just as well written, and nearly as well constructed, as an effective play, like *The Silver Box.* The difference, then, is not a difference in craftsmanship, but merely a difference in subject-matter. Pinero, the master-craftsman, can make a great play out of next to nothing, as he did in the instance of *The Thunderbolt;* but Galsworthy can make a great play only when he has happened—as in the case of *Justice*—to hit upon a subject that is so inherently dramatic that it will carry itself without the aid of any notable exercise of theatrical talent.

No one can deny that the best plays of Mr. Galsworthy are very good indeed; but the fact remains that, fine artist as he is, he cares much more about life than he cares about the theatre. This is the very thing that, in the vision of the leading literary critics, is said in praise of him; but, in the vision of the present writer, it is said a little—though only a little—in dispraise. Mr. Galsworthy seems never to have smelt the footlights. He has never been an actor, like Shakespeare and Molière; he has never been a stage-director, like Ibsen; he seems never to have "counted the house," like Lope de Vega and the two great dramatists who bore successively the name of Alexandre Dumas. To actors, to stage-directors, to managers who "count the house," and to dramatic critics, Mr. Galsworthy still appears as a lofty man of letters who has not yet utterly become a fellow-labourer in the greatest of all the democratic institutions of the world.

Nobody denies the innate dramatic talent of Mr. Galsworthy. Some few—including the present commentator—still deny that he has yet developed a theatrical talent that is worthy of his native gift. Two or three reasons for this failing—if it be a failing—are evident, and even obvious. In the first place, Mr. Galsworthy considers life as God would look at it, instead of considering life as the average man would look at it. In this respect, he fulfills the natural function of the novelist—to tell the individual what the public does not know—instead of fulfilling the natural function of the dramatist—to remind the public of what the public has unfalteringly known but seemed to have forgotten. Mr. Galsworthy never appears to sit with his spectators in the theatre. He does not really understand and love his audience. Otherwise, he would feel himself impelled to renounce the Olympian impartiality displayed in such a work as *Strife,* and would descend to the arena, to fight and bleed for the humanly and naturally partisan. But Mr. Galsworthy disdains to care about his public; and, only in a slightly less degree, he disdains to care about his actors. He asks them, every now and then, to refrain from doing things which would be exceedingly effective on the stage; and his only reason is that such things are seldom actually done in life itself. In other words, he rebels against an evolvement of theatrical talent from a native and indubitable dramatic talent. He seems, not infrequently, to smile a god-like smile and say, "This passage may not be theatrical; but, after all, it *is* dramatic. Life is bigger than the theatre; and, as the greatest of all novelists remarked, 'Life, some think, is worthy of the Muse.' "

"JUSTICE"

It is quite evident that Mr. Galsworthy disagrees with the opinion of Pinero that "the one great function of the theatre" is "to produce the greatest possible amount of a certain peculiar kind of emotional effect." Given the subject-matter of *Justice,* for example, a theatrical craftsman like Pinero could easily increase the amount of this emotional effect that is produced. When Mr. Galsworthy wrote this play, he was interested solely in his subject-matter and not at all in the technique of the theatre. The subject is inherently dramatic, and that is why the play is powerful; but the treatment of the subject is deliberately untheatrical.

Consider, for example, the unprece-

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dented circumstance that the entire story of the play is told in the first act and the fourth, and that the narrative would still remain complete if the second and third acts were utterly omitted. In the first act we are shown all the motives and told all the circumstances of Falder's crime; he confesses his guilt; and, when he is arrested, his conviction is a foregone conclusion. The detailed report of his trial which is set before us in the second act is, in consequence, not technically necessary. Nothing whatsoever is told us in this trial which we did not know before; and the act is therefore empty of surprise. Furthermore, since the conviction of Falder has been certain from the first, the act is also empty of suspense.

When a self-confessed criminal has been convicted, he is naturally sent to jail; and consequently—from the point of view of craftsmanship alone—Mr. Galsworthy's third act adds nothing to the story. The narrative does not begin to move again until the fourth act, when Falder, having served his sentence, comes back to make his futile and pitiful attempt to begin life over again. For two entire acts—the second and the third—there has been no forward movement of the narrative. Here we have a pattern which Pinero would unquestionably have dismissed as offering an invitation to disaster; yet, curiously enough, these two acts, as Mr. Galsworthy has written them, are the most interesting of the four acts of the play.

The reason is that what we care about in *Justice* is not the story but the theme. The purpose of the author is not so much to interest us in what is done by Falder, nor even in what is done to Falder, as to interest us in a certain social fact. His sole desire is to force us to observe, with due consideration, the way in which that great machine without a soul, called Justice, habitually does its work. He makes us attend the trial because he wants to show us what an ordinary trial is like; and he makes us go to jail with Falder because he wants to show us what an ordinary jail is like.

As a further instance of Mr. Galsworthy's deliberate avoidance of "the greatest possible amount of emotional effect," consider the omission from his last act of what a craftsman like Pinero would certainly have seized upon as a *scène à faire*. Early in this act, before Falder reappears, we are told that the woman whom he loves, and for whom he stole the money, has been driven, by the economic necessity of supporting her children, to sell herself to her employer during the period of Falder's incarceration. As soon as we receive this information, we foresee a big scene between Ruth and Falder when Falder shall find out the tragic fact which we already know. Not only do we expect this scene, but we desire ardently to see it. Yet, when the moment comes in which the hero receives this revelation, Mr. Galsworthy at once removes both Ruth and Falder from the stage and shuts them up together in an adjoining room; and the big scene which we wished to see takes place on the other side of a closed door, while matters much less interesting are discussed before us on the stage. It is evident that Mr. Galsworthy deliberately made this choice, in order that we might remain more attentive to his theme than to the personal reactions of his hero and his heroine.

It has been said above that Mr. Galsworthy disdains to care about his actors; and this point may be illustrated from the text of *Justice*. Consider Cokeson, for example, as an acting part. This character is naturally quaint and humourous; and he says many funny things, although he does not realize that they are funny. It is evident that the actor entrusted with this part could easily call forth many big laughs from the audience if he should play for comedy; yet all these big laughs would be what Mr. George M. Cohan calls "the wrong kind of laughs." They would disrupt the mood of the scene, and would distract attention from Falder or from Ruth. Hence, for the sake of the general effect, the actor playing Cokeson

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is required to suppress and kill the laughs which might easily be awakened by his lines. He is given funny things to say and is obliged to say them as if they were not funny. In consequence, this character, although extremely life-like, is extremely difficult to play. No such task, for instance, is imposed upon the actor by Pinero when he projects a humourous character, like Cayley Drummle, in the very midst of a tragic complication.

The few points which have already been adduced are sufficient to indicate that *Justice* can by no means be accepted as a consummate example of theatrical talent; but it should always be remembered that theatrical efficiency is the one thing that Mr. Galsworthy has made up his mind to get along without. It must be admitted, also, that he gets along without it most surprisingly. So great is his dramatic talent that he seems to achieve more by leaving life alone than he could possibly achieve by arranging life in accordance with a technical pattern, however dexterous theatrically.

It would have been easy, for example, to make the trial-scene in *Justice* more theatrical, by any of a multitude of means. For instance, Falder might have been innocent, and might have been convicted falsely by the piling up of apparently incriminating evidence. Or, if guilty, still the motive of his crime might easily have been made more sympathetic. He might, for instance, have stolen the money to save a dying mother from starvation, instead of to elope with a married woman. Or he might have been persecuted by his employer, or treated unfairly by the prosecuting attorney, or judged unjustly by the judge. One, at least, of these obvious aids to the production of "the greatest possible amount of emotional effect" would have been snatched at by any other playwright. Any other playwright, also, would have increased the suspense and the surprise of the trial-scene by cleverly deleting from the antecedent act the complete exposure of the case against the hero.

Again, in the third act, any other playwright would have augmented the "emotional effect" by making the warden a tyrant instead of a man who is obviously trying to be kind. The very purpose of the play is to attack the prison-system; yet Mr. Galsworthy is, if anything, more fair to the warden and the prison doctor than he is to Falder and the other convicts.

The author's theory, of course, is that life itself is so dramatic that it needs no artificial heightening to make it interesting in the theatre. Whether or not this theory shall work in practice depends, as has been said above, upon the subject-matter of the play. In *The Eldest Son,* for instance, the omission of the *scène à faire* from the last act sent the play to failure at a time when Stanley Houghton's discussion of the same theme in *Hindle Wakes* was carried to a great success by a thorough development of the very passage which Mr. Galsworthy had chosen to evade.

But *Justice,* in which the subject-matter is inherently dramatic, is undeniably a great play,—despite the fact, or possibly because of the fact, that the treatment of the subject is deliberately untheatrical. The test of a play is in the acting; and *Justice,* as produced by Mr. B. Iden Payne with capital supplied by Mr. John D. Williams, is by far the most impressive play that has been presented in New York since *The Thunderbolt* of Pinero was acted at the New Theatre. The piece appeals profoundly to the sentiment of social pity; and, since it is absolutely true and overwhelmingly sincere, it seems all the more dramatic because it is meticulously untheatrical. For the privilege of seeing this great performance of a great work by a great man, the public is deeply indebted to Mr. Williams, who, after every other manager in America had refused for six years to produce the play, risked his own money in the undertaking, and was rewarded for his daring —one is glad to say—by an immediate and rich response from the theatre-going public.

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"RIO GRANDE"

A sharp contrast to Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice* is afforded by the latest play of Mr. Augustus Thomas, which is entitled *Rio Grande*. The material of this play is inherently less dramatic than the material of *Justice;* but the treatment of this material affords ample evidence of that "hard study and long practice" of the traffic of the stage which Sir Arthur Pinero recommends. In extracting from a story "the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre," Mr. Augustus Thomas is exceedingly adroit. He has learned, by long practice, to work a story for all that it is worth, and sometimes for a little more. As an exhibition of theatrical talent, *Rio Grande* ranks high among the works of the acknowledged leader of our living native playwrights: it is, indeed, the most effective play that he has written since *The Witching Hour*.

Yet, in subject-matter, *Rio Grande* exhibits nothing that is new, and little that can be said to be of permanent importance. A young girl whose father has been murdered has married his lifelong friend, because her father, with his dying breath, had commended her to his care. For her elderly husband she deeply feels the sentiments of friendship and respect; but she is drawn toward a young man of her own age by the imperious passion of love. Against her will, she yields herself to the youth she is too young to prevent herself from loving. Their intrigue is discovered by another man, the villain of the play, who happens to be a servant of her husband's. This villain—like De Flores in that great Elizabethan tragedy, *The Changeling,* and like another scoundrel in a famous story by Guy de Maupassant—demands of the heroine that she shall also yield herself to him, as the price of his refusal to reveal the crime of which he knows her to have been already guilty. The heroine, thus cornered, tries to drown herself, and fails. During the few minutes when she is given up for dead, her lover commits suicide. After she has been revived, her husband, now apprised of all the facts, shoots and kills his servant. Then, ultimately, he opens his arms to his erring wife, with the remark that there is much that they must strive, thenceforward, to forget.

This is an old story; but Mr. Thomas, by setting it in an army post, has contrived to make it seem significant of that peculiar abnormality of sexual emotion which arises irresistibly in any of those little pigeon-holes of living which are restricted almost exclusively to a single sex,—as the nunnery is restricted to women or the army is restricted to men. Furthermore, the characters are real and true, and in this respect the play exhibits not only the gift of observation but also the greater gift of understanding. It is scarcely necessary to add that the dialogue is admirably written; for, in this particular detail of craftsmanship, Mr. Thomas never yet has failed.

But, to the studious observer, the most interesting aspect of this play is the clever manner in which an inherently dramatic situation is made to register not once, but twice or thrice, by the exercise of a carefully developed talent for producing "the greatest possible amount of emotional effect." *Rio Grande,* considered as a whole, exhibits only an ordinary appreciation of the dramatic elements in life at large; but it exhibits, in addition, a superlative appreciation of the theatrical possibilities inherent in the traffic of the stage.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion and Theology

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, with the Assistance of John A. Selbie and Louis H. Gray. Volume VIII. Life and Death—Mulla. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Israel's Account of the Beginnings. Contained in Genesis I-XI. By Walter M. Patton. New York: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.

An interpretation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis designed especially for teachers and students of the Old Testament.

Man—God's Masterpiece. By Frank Crowell. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.00.

A religious discussion, purporting to teach "the religion of Christ freed from dogma and creed."

The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements. John Wycliffe, John Wesley, John Henry Newman. By S. Parkes Cadman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Biographical studies of three religious leaders and a survey of the periods in which they lived.

Sociology

Social Travesties and What they Cost. By D. T. Atkinson. New York: Vail-Ballou Company. $1.00 net.

An attempt to outline some of the causes of inherited disease, and to suggest how these causes may be modified.

Business

Cuban Cane Sugar. A sketch of the industry, from soil to sack, together with a survey of the circumstances which combine to make Cuba the Sugar Bowl of the World. By Robert Wiles. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

European War Books

Antwerp to Gallipoli. A Year of War on Many Fronts—and Behind Them. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The record of a great variety of experiences in France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Bulgaria, Serbia, Turkey, and Gallipoli.

Before, During and After 1914. By Anton Nyström. Translated by H. G. de Walterstorff. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

An historical study of the causes of the European War. The author is a distinguished Swedish writer, and his book appeals for sympathy with the Allies.

A Book of Belgium's Gratitude. Comprising Literary Articles by Representative Belgians, Together with Their Translations by Various Hands, and Illustrated Throughout in Colour and Black and White by Belgian Artists. New York: The John Lane Company. $2.00 net.

An expression of the gratitude felt by the Belgians for the help and hospitality of Great Britain and the United States during the war.

Carlyle and the War. By Marshall Kelly. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00.

An attempt to find in the present war a fulfillment of many of Carlyle's prophecies regarding democracy and aristocracy.

The Challenge of the Future. A Study in American Foreign Policy. By Roland G. Usher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

An attempt to formulate an American foreign policy that will meet with new conditions.

Day by Day with the Russian Army. By Bernard Pares. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece and Maps. $2.50 net.

A diary kept by a member of the Red Cross staff during 1914-1915. The book also includes "An Austrian Officer's Diary."

Germany vs. Civilisation. Notes on the Atrocious War. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

A study of the European war and its meaning for America.

War Letters of an American Woman. By Marie Van Vorst. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A record of the author's impressions and experiences in connection with her work in the hospitals of France.

The Way of the Cross. By V. Doroshevitch. With an Introductory Note by Stephen Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.25.

A picture of the flight of the Russian and Polish fugitives from the Germans in the autumn of 1915. The author is a Russian journalist who was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes.

What Germany Thinks. The War as Germans See It. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A revelation of German public opinion.

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The author taught in the University of Erlangen, Bavaria, for many years.

Education

A Book of English Literature. Selected and Edited by Franklyn Bliss Snyder and Robert Grant Martin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

A survey of English literature covering the field of English poetry, exclusive of the drama, from Chaucer to Meredith, and English prose, exclusive of the novel and the short story, from Malory to Stevenson. There is an appendix containing biographical material and notes.

English Grammar Simplified: Its Study Made Easy. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 75 cents net.

A brief survey of English grammar.

English Prose and Poetry (1137-1892). Selected and Annotated. By John Matthews Manly. Boston: Ginn & Company. $2.00.

A text book based on two former works, *English Poetry (1170-1892)* and *English Prose (1137-1890)*. The work has numerous notes and an index.

Hygiene

Breathe and Be Well. By William Lee Howard. New York: Edward J. Clode. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the benefits to be derived from proper breathing and some simple rules to be followed.

Infancy and Childhood: A Popular Book on the Care of Children. By Walter Reeve Ramsey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A practical guide.

Side-Stepping Ill Health. By Edwin F. Bowers. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.35 net.

Simple suggestions on how to retain good health.

Games, Sports and Amusements

A-B-C of Golf. By John Duncan Dunn. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Practical advice for the amateur golfer.

Foster's Auction Bridge for All. By R. F. Foster. Including the Official Laws of Auction Bridge as Adopted by the Whist Club of New York, Revised to February, 1916. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.

An up-to-date handbook for the beginner, the average player, or the expert.

Essays and General Literature

Adventures in Common Sense. By Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

Popular essays on a wide variety of subjects. A few of the titles are: "Things," "In Paris," "What's The Matter With Art," "The Kitchen," "Dancing," "A Wonderful Sinner," "The Fireplace," "Music."

Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With a Note, Mrs. Stevenson's description of the writing, and related passages from Stevenson's correspondence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

The latest volume in *A Famous Series of Stories and Essays.*

Home to Him's Muvver. By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 25 cents net.

A short essay which originally appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The Imperial Impulse. Background Studies of Belgium, England, France, Germany and Russia. By Samuel P. Orth. New York: The Century Company. $1.20 net.

Five essays aiming to sketch the ethnic, economic and political background of the chief nations engaged in the war.

Living the Radiant Life. A Personal Narrative. By George Wharton James. Pasadena: The Radiant Life Press. $1.00 net.

A collection of essays, some of them reprinted from *Physical Culture Magazine,* suggesting how to get the best out of life. Some of the titles are: "The Radiancies of Nature," "Radiancies of Joy, Inspiration, and Serenity," "Radiancies of Moral Courage," "Radiancies of Humour."

Poetry and Drama

The Acorn-Planter. A California Forest Play. Planned to Be Sung by Efficient Singers Accompanied by a Capable Orchestra. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

A play embodying the author's ideas about war and peace.

Army Ballads and Other Verses. By Edwin Clarkson Garrett. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.

A complete collection of all of the author's poems, including those which appeared in *The Dyak Chiefs and Other Verses* and *My Bunkie and Other Ballads.*

The Apostle. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. With an Introduction by George Pierce Baker. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents.

Volume XV in *The Drama League Series of Plays.* A modern tragedy in three acts.

Echo and Other Verses. By Newbold Noyes. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

The Great Maze and The Heart of Youth. A Poem and a Play. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

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The Great Maze is a long poem dealing with the murder of Agamemnon; *The Heart of Youth* a play, in verse, in four scenes, presenting a picture of care-free youth.

High Tide. Songs of Joy and Vision from Present-Day Poets of America and Great Britain. Edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of about two hundred poems by conspicuous poets of to-day.

The Honeysuckle. A Play in Three Acts. By Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Translated by Cecile Sartoris and Gabrielle Enthoven. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25 net.

The tragedy of an Italian family.

Idols. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses in *The New Poetry Series.*

London, One November. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of *vers libre.*

Melinda and Her Sisters. By Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Elsa Maxwell. First Produced at the Waldorf Astoria, February 18, 1916. New York: Robert J. Shores. 50 cents.

A one-act suffrage play produced recently in New York.

Poems: Original and Translations. By James Hervey Hyslop. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

The book consists of a collection of original verses in English; original verses in German with their translations, and a collection of the work of notable German poets and the translations.

Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs. A Handbook for Amateur Managers and Actors. By Emerson Taylor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

The book contains instructions as to "The Choice of a Play," "Organisation," "Rehearsing," "The Amateur Actor's A-B-C.," "Make-up," and "The Stage and the Scenery."

Quinneys'. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A play based on the author's novel of the same name.

Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A new collection of verses on a variety of themes by the author of *Spoon River Anthology.*

Songs of the Soil. By Fenton Johnson. New York: Published by the Author.

A collection of verses purporting to represent negro life of the South.

The Symphony Play. A Play in Four Acts. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

Four one-act plays linked together by "colour, tone and progressive meaning" to form a whole. They are: "Prelude—Billy Boy," "Allegro—The Mother," "Andante—The Brother," "Allegro—The Lady With Wings."

To-day and To-morrow. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of verses on a variety of subjects.

Turns and Movies and other Tales in Verse. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses in *The New Poetry Series.*

Wreckage. A Drama in Three Acts. By J. Hartley Manners. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00 net.

An exposition and indictment of the drug habit.

Fiction

The Amateur. By Charles G. Norris. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

The story of a young artist's struggle for success in New York and of his achievement.

An Amiable Charlatan. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The adventures in London of a wealthy American fond of assuming the pose of detective, going about in disguise and consorting with criminals.

Babette. By F. Berkeley Smith. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

The romance of a peasant girl and a master-criminal, with scenes laid in Touraine and the underworld of Montmartre.

The Beasts of Tarzan. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

A sequel to *Tarzan of the Apes* and *The Return of Tarzan.* The further adventures of Tarzan in the African jungles.

Beggars on Horseback. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Tales of Cornwall and Provence. The titles are: "A Shepherdess of Fauns," "The Ladder," "The Greatest Gift," "The Mask," "A Garden Enclosed," "The Man with Two Mouths," "Why Senath Married," and "The Coffin Ship."

Behind the Bolted Door? By Arthur E. McFarlane. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

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A detective story centering about the murder of a wealthy woman who is found dead in her swimming pool with every entrance bolted from the inside.

The Blind Man's Eyes. By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of mystery and romance. The central figure is Basil Santoine, a blind lawyer with a remarkable power of perception.

Captain Gardiner of the International Police. By Robert Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

A novel of romance and adventure picturing a war of the future in which the awakening Orient rises up against the highly civilised West.

A Cathedral Singer. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

The story of a mother's devotion to her little son. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Luke's Hospital and the National Academy of Design in New York City form the background.

The Curved Blades. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A new story of Fleming Stone in which he unravels the mystery of the death of the wealthy Miss Lucy Carrington, and incidentally falls in love with her niece.

Daddy's Widow. A Long Island Story. By Margaret Barnes Price. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. $1.50.

Picturing the life and romances of a group of country people on Long Island.

Destiny. By Charles Neville Buck. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The career and romance of a young financier in New York.

The Diamond from the Sky. A Romantic Novel. By Roy L. McCardell. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of the many strange adventures encountered by the claimants of a diamond that fell from the sky embedded in a meteor.

Drifting Waters. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a young woman's revolt from the jealous proprietorship of a mother's love. The scenes are in England and Egypt.

Exile. An Outpost of Empire. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A romance of British life in the Orient.

The Fifth Wheel. By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A new book by the author of *Bobbie, General Manager,* telling the story of Bobbie's sister, Ruth Vars, of her revolt against being a "fifth wheel," of her career, and of her romance.

Forked Lightning. By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

The novelisation of the author's play, *The Green Flag,* depicting an episode in society life where a jealous woman becomes the victim of her own machinations.

Fulfillment. By Emma Wolf. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

A love story with scenes set in California of to-day.

The Geranium Lady. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A love story, the setting of which is an island in the Atlantic Ocean. The heroine lives in a cottage surrounded by an acre of red geraniums.

Gibby of Clamshell Alley. By Jasmine Stone van Dresser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a Yankee boy in a New England coast town, his adventures and his friends.

God's Puppets. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.25.

A group of five stories describing the life and experiences of a number of people, some of whom appear in more than one of the stories. The titles are: "A Social Rectangle," "'The One a Pharisee,'" "A Prosperous Gentleman," "The Gods Arrive," and "The Strange Boy."

Golden Glory. By F. Horace Rose. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The book which won the five thousand dollar prize offered by Hodder and Stoughton for the best story of life in mysterious Africa. The story tells of the wanderings of three natives of the African jungle in search of the "Golden Glory"—the crown which had belonged to the chief of the dwarfs' tribe, which had been carried off by marauders.

The Golden Woman. A Story of the Montana Hills. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A story of love and adventure in the West.

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. New York: $1.50.

A fantastic romance the scenes of which are laid in the wilderness of Venezuela.

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Her Husband's Purse. By Helen R. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Just David. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of the son of a great musician who inherits his father's talent.

The Long Road Home. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The hero is a young officer on a coast steamer whose reputation is blasted at the beginning of his career by an accident which befalls his ship. His vindication and romance form the theme of the story.

Mary Rose of Mifflin. By Frances R. Sterrett. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of an optimistic little girl's influence on the people who live in a gloomy apartment house in a large city.

My Lady of the Island: A Tale of the South Seas. By Beatrice Grimshaw. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.25.
A story of adventure and romance, including a great pearl find, a capture by cannibals, and a shipwreck.

The Phantom Herd. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.
The "Happy Family" of some of the author's former books go to New Mexico to make the pictures for the hero's motion picture play, "The Phantom Herd." The story tells of their difficulties, their failures and their ultimate success.

The Portion of a Champion. By Francis o Sullivan tighe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.
A romance of the fifth century in Ireland.

The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.
An account of the further adventures of Dr. Fu-Manchu who first appeared in the author's "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu," a story of mysterious China.

The Rudder: A Novel with Several Heroes. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.
A picture of modern American life. The central figure is a well-bred, socially well-placed young woman. Other characters in the book are her brainless, heartless husband, a successful novelist, a scoundrelly labour leader, some saleswomen, and a shiftless boarding-house keeper.

A Sentimental Dragon. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A comedy depicting the pursuit of culture and social success by an American woman for herself and her beautiful daughter. The scenes are laid in Paris.

Seventeen. A Tale of Youth and Summer Time and the Baxter Family, Especially William. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A humourous story of a seventeen year old boy and his love affairs.

Stamboul Nights. By H. G. Dwight. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
Fourteen stories of Constantinople and life in the East, reprinted from various periodicals.

The S. S. Glory. By Frederick Niven. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A tale of adventure on a cattle boat bound from Montreal to Liverpool.

The Twin Sisters. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.
A modern romance of international society.

When Carey Came to Town. By Edith Barnard Delano. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
What happened when the heroine, a young and unsophisticated girl from an old-fashioned Virginian town, went to a large city and thrust herself upon the protection of two wealthy bachelors.

Where the Path Breaks. By "Captain Charles de Crespigny." New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.
A love story beginning on the battlefields of Europe and ending in Santa Barbara, California.

Young America. By Fred Ballard. Novelised by Samuel Field. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The novelised version of the play of the same name.

Juvenile

The Adventures of Buster Bear. The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net each.
Two new volumes in *The Bedtime Story-Books* series. Animal stories for children.

The Book of Magic. Being a Simple Description of some Good Tricks and How to Do Them, with Patter by A. Frederick Collina. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The Child's Book of English Biography. By Mary Stoyell Stimpson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Simple biographical sketches of the notable men and women of English history.

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Mary Allen. By Eleanor Marvin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story for girls telling of the experiences of Mary Allen in a New York art school.

The Mary Frances Garden Book; or, Adventures Among the Garden People. By Jane Eayre Fryer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Instructions in gardening in story form for children.

Master Will of Stratford: A Midsummer Night's Dream. In Three Acts with a Prologue and an Epilogue. By Louise Ayres Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A play for children in which the boy Shakespeare is the central figure.

The Ocean and Its Mysteries. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Facts about the ocean simply told for young people.

The Shades of the Wilderness. A Story of Lee's Great Stand. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The seventh volume in the Civil War Series, presenting the Southern side of the conflict.

A Warwickshire Lad. The Story of the Boyhood of William Shakespeare. By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A picture of the early home life of Shakespeare.

Vesper Talks to Girls. By Laura A. Knott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A series of inspirational talks given on Sunday afternoons to the students of Bradford Academy.

History

The Foundations of the Ottoman Empire. A History of the Osmanlis Up to the Death of Bayezid I. (1300-1403.) By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. Maps. $3.00 net.

A study of Turkish history covering the period from 1300 to 1403. The work contains an index, a bibliography and six maps.

The Making of Modern Germany. Six Public Lectures Delivered in Chicago in 1915. By Ferdinand Schevill. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A history of Germany's development from her disintegration in the middle ages to the present time.

The Mastering of Mexico. Told After One of the Conquistadors and Various of His Interpreters. By Kate Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The story of the conquest of Mexico, based on the account of one of the sixteenth century conquerors.

The Revolution in Virginia. By H. J. Eckenrode. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

A history of Virginia's part in the American Revolution, and an account of the beginning of the Democratic Party.

Through the Chinese Revolution. My Experiences in the South and North, The Evolution of Social Life, Interviews with Party Leaders, An Unconstitutional Loan, The Coup D'état. By Fernand Farjenel. Translated from the French by Margaret Vivian. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50 net.

A history of the Chinese uprising in 1911 and 1912, and a study of social and political conditions in China.

Travel and Description

A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An account of the author's experiences in many parts of the world.

Camp Fires in The Yukon. By Harry A. Auer. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

An account of the author's experiences and observations as a hunter of big game in The Yukon.

The Dune Country. By Earl H. Reed. New York: The John Lane Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A description of the picturesque sand dune country on the southern and eastern shores of Lake Michigan, with its wild life, and stories of some of the queer characters that inhabit the region. The illustrations are from etchings, pencil sketches and charcoal drawings made by the author.

Biography

Charles Francis Adams. 1835-1915. An Autobiography. With a Memorial Address delivered November 17, 1915, by Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $3.00 net.

In addition to its personal and literary interest, the book throws light on many of the episodes of the Civil War and on the social and economic development of the country during the last fifty years.

Dostoievsky: His Life and Literary Activity. A Biographical Sketch by Evgenii Soloviev. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of March and the first of April:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York, N. Y.	Anne of the Island	The Side of the Angels
Albany, N. Y.	Seventeen	Just David
Atlanta, Ga.	The Real Adventure	Persuasive Peggy
Baltimore, Md.	Seventeen	Life and Gabriella
Birmingham, Ala.	The Real Adventure	Life and Gabriella
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	The Real Adventure
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	The Side of the Angels
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Real Adventure	Destiny
Chicago, Ill.	The Real Adventure	Held to Answer
Chicago, Ill.	The Real Adventure	The Beasts of Tarzan
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Real Adventure	Life and Gabriella
Cleveland, O.	Held to Answer	Seventeen
Dallas, Texas.	Just David	Dear Enemy
Denver, Colo.	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella
Des Moines, Ia.	Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy
Houston, Tex.	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Real Adventure	Seventeen
Kansas City, Mo.	Held to Answer	A Pair of Silk Stockings
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Real Adventure	The Abyss
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Belfry	Seventeen
New Haven, Conn.	Just David	Seventeen
New Orleans, La.	Life and Gabriella	Mr. Marx's Secret
Omaha, Neb.	The Real Adventure	Seventeen
Philadelphia, Pa.	Mrs. Balfame	Held to Answer
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Held to Answer	Mrs. Balfame
Portland, Me.	Seventeen	Held to Answer
Portland, Ore.	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Providence, R. I.	Seventeen	Mrs. Balfame
Rochester, N. Y.	The Real Adventure	Mrs. Balfame
St. Louis, Mo.	The Side of the Angels	The Beasts of Tarzan
St. Louis, Mo.	Old Delabole	The Real Adventure
St. Paul, Minn.	Seventeen	Just David
San Antonio, Tex.	The Side of the Angels	Life and Gabriella
San Francisco, Cal.	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella
Seattle, Wash.	Then I'll Come Back to You	Held to Answer
Spokane, Wash.	Life and Gabriella	Then I'll Come Back to You
Tacoma, Wash.	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella
Toledo, Ohio	Seventeen	Just David
Toronto, Ont.	The First Hundred Thousand	Six Star Ranch
Utica, N. Y.	Seventeen	Mrs. Balfame
Waco, Tex.	Just David	The Real Adventure
Washington, D. C.	A Man's Reach	Life and Gabriella
Worcester, Mass.	The Fifth Wheel	Seventeen

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Belfry	My Unknown Chum	The Curved Blades	The Outlaw
The Blind Man's Eyes	Uneasy Money	The Long Road Home	The Real Adventure
Mrs. Balfame	Life and Gabriella	Prudence of the Parsonage	Mildew Manse
The Conquest	Mrs. Balfame	Boy with Wings	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley
Mildew Manse	Held to Answer	Pollyanna Grows Up	Prudence of the Parsonage
The Yellow Dove	The Belfry	Three Things	Research Magnificent
The Bent Twig	Life and Gabriella	The Belfry	The Bloom of Youth
Life and Gabriella	The Bent Twig	Clipped Wings	Dear Enemy
Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella	Prudence of the Parsonage
Held to Answer	Mrs. Balfame	Destiny	Mr. Bingle
Seventeen	John Bogardus	The Golden Woman	The Side of the Angels
Life and Gabriella	Destiny	The Golden Woman	Mrs. Balfame
Seventeen	The Strangers' Wedding	Prudence of the Parsonage	Clipped Wings
Clipped Wings	Mrs. Balfame	Held to Answer	The Real Adventure
Prudence of the Parsonage	The Real Adventure	Still Jim	Michael O'Halloran
Pollyanna Grows Up	Persuasive Peggy	On Trial	The Turmoil
Mrs. Balfame	The Bent Twig	The Accolade	The Strangers' Wedding
Mrs. Balfame	Speaking of Operations	The Beasts of Tarzan	The Side of the Angels
Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu	Mrs. Balfame	John Bogardus	Life and Gabriella
The Outlaw	The Beasts of Tarzan	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
Mrs. Balfame	Mary Rose of Mifflin	Drusilla with a Million	The Fifth Wheel
The Real Adventure	Rich Man, Poor Man	The Genius	Clipped Wings
Heart Thunder Mountain	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	
Seventeen	Destiny	The Golden Woman	The Belfry
The Real Adventure	The Story of Julia Page	The Side of the Angels	Destiny
Mrs. Balfame	The Side of the Angels	Dear Enemy	The Long Road Home
Held to Answer	The Real Adventure	The Gray Dawn	The Turmoil
Our Miss York	The Fifth Wheel	The Rudder	Just David
Life and Gabriella	The Side of the Angels	Held to Answer	Pollyanna Grows Up
Seventeen	Within the Tides	Life and Gabriella	Held to Answer
Life and Gabriella	The Belfry	The Side of the Angels	Then I'll Come Back to You
Clipped Wings	Mrs. Balfame	Held to Answer	The Real Adventure
Prudence of the Parsonage	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings	Athalie
Dear Enemy	The Real Adventure	Mrs. Balfame	Seventeen
Clipped Wings	The Rim of the Desert	Life and Gabriella	The Dual Alliance
"K"	Dear Enemy	The Promise	Cam Clarke
Clipped Wings	The Rim of the Desert	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Gray Dawn
The Side of the Angels	Life and Gabriella	The Bent Twig	The Fifth Wheel
The Real Adventure	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella	The Boy with Wings
Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy	Prudence of the Parsonage
Clipped Wings	The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu	The Fortunes of Garin	
The Side of the Angels	Dear Enemy	The Real Adventure	Clipped Wings
Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella	Then I'll Come Back to You	Mrs. Balfame

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Roosevelt.
"Speaking of Operations." Cobb.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
Ordeal by Battle. Oliver.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
The Challenge of the Future. Usher.
Notes of a Busy Life. Foraker.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 350 and 351) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any lists				receives	10
" " "	2d	" "	"	"		"	8
" " "	3d	" "	"	"		"	7
" " "	4th	" "	"	"		"	6
" " "	5th	" "	"	"		"	5
" " "	6th	" "	"	"		"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Real Adventure. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	180
2. Life and Gabriella. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	178
3. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	170
4. Held to Answer. MacFarlane. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	124
5. Mrs. Balfame. Atherton. (Stokes.) $1.35	120
6. Dear Enemy. Webster. Century Co.) $1.30	103

(*Continued from page* 349)

A study of the character and career of Dostoievsky in their bearing upon his literary work.

Geraldine Farrar. The Story of an American Singer. By Herself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The autobiography of the well-known singer.

My Harvest. By Richard Whiteing. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50 net.

The reminiscences of a well known figure in English literary and journalistic circles of the last fifty years.

Molière: His Life and His Works. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A new and cheaper edition of a work first published in 1910.

Shakespeare as a Playwright. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A new and cheaper edition of a work first published in 1913.

Feminism

The Eden Sphinx. By Annie Riley Hale. New York: Published by the Author.

A study of the various aspects of the feminist movement.

Woman Suffrage. A Study Outline. Prepared by Justina Leavitt Wilson. White Plains, New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. 25 cents.

A bibliography on the feminist movement from the time of Plato to the present.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The American City. An Outline of Its Development and Function. By Henry C. Wright. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.

A popular study of the social and economic aspects of the American city. In *The National Social Science Series.*

From Pillar to Post. Leaves from a Lecturer's Note-Book. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.60 net.

A humourous account of the author's experiences during ten years as a lecturer.

Modernising the Monroe Doctrine. By Charles H. Sherrill. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A discussion of the Pan-American situation, with suggestions for future policies. The author is a former United States Minister to Argentine.

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